



Blackwood Milk Farm

A Mist Valley Slice of Life Adventure

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Blackwood Milk Farm

Book 1

Chapter 1

New Beginnings

The door creaked open. A small breeze whipped through the open doorway, sending up dust into the stale air. A shadow of a man stood at the entrance, a gloom filling the countryside behind him.

Asher Blackwood stood at the entrance to the rundown home with steady eyes. His ears drank in the still silence, listening to see if anything stirred from within the home. His gaze moved slowly from left to right, noticing the white sheets covering much of the furniture. In his right hand was a dagger. In his left hand was a note he had read a hundred times.

Lifting a weathered boot, he stepped into the home. Asher walked slowly, feeling the silence press down on him. He measured every step, and moved like a silent viper in the dark. A bow was slung over his shoulder, and a short sword hung from his belt. A brown leather jacket covered his upper body. His leather armor underneath was a dulled brown, with faded markings. His clothes were also a dim green.

He reached the center of the living room. When he didn't sense any creatures or animals living in the home, his shoulders relaxed and he let out a tired sigh.

Lifting his left hand up, he looked at the letter again.

Dearest Nephew,

If you are reading this, then my time on Valoria has come to an end. I hope my end was a swift one.

As you may know, your father and I disagreed on the adventurer life. Don't misunderstand, your father was one of the best rangers in the world, but even he couldn't outrun fate. I never felt you should have followed in his footsteps, but that was something between the two of you.

You discover a lot about your life when you grow older. I wrote this letter when I decided to close down the Blackwood Farm. I have many wonderful memories in this place. It's special in many different ways. That is why I am leaving it to you. I hope it tempts you to leave the adventurer life, and settle down for a time.

I will be taking a long vacation across Valoria. I want to see distant lands and drink my days and nights away.

Your inheritance is the farm, and surrounding lands. Mist Valley is a

wondrous place, filled with magic and mystery. It should keep you very entertained if you settle down there. The town of Star Fall is filled with interesting townsfolk. With time, they will accept you as one of them.

You may be questioning what I exactly farmed at Blackwood. It's a secret, one you will discover as you explore the farm. But I can tell you, I didn't choose this location by chance. It lies close to a nexus point, where many unusual beings, from our world and others, come through for a time. You will understand.

Take care of yourself, and the farm. Be careful of monsters and try to enjoy your time here as much as I did.

Yours truly,

~Uncle Aric

Asher read the letter two more times before he folded it close and slid it into his leather jacket.

A memory washed over him as he, and what was left of his party, barely made it back to Summer Spire. They had braved an ancient ruin with a deadly dungeon. There were rumors of grand treasure in its depths. Asher knew this was his chance to get out of the adventurer's life. He had lost too many friends on expeditions, his soul not much older than his youthful twenty-eight summers on Valoria.

When there was no treasure to be found, and fighting many groups of monsters, it dawned on him that if they continued, they would all be dead, either from this dungeon, or another. If he continued, he would be dead, just like his father.

Battered, cut, and bruised, he and his friends had to retreat to ensure they could fight another day. But it didn't sit well with him. He was sure he could find enough fortune to start a new life, but it didn't come to pass.

Wallowing with his friends at the guild hall, he drank his troubles away, until a courier came and delivered the letter he just read. There was a second letter with it, clerics explaining that his dear uncle was on a ship for the Dream Isles, when it was attacked by a sea serpent. His body was recovered, among many others. The clerics followed his written wishes and had the letter delivered.

Asher looked down with gloomy eyes. After reading the letter, he talked about it with his friends and guild mates. He thought they would talk him out of it, but instead, they encouraged him to follow his uncle's last wishes. They all tasted grand adventure, and hard losses. They talked him into it, not that they needed too. Asher already felt he wanted to slow down and live a simple life.

Asher's shoulders sank lower.

"I'm really doing this. I'm going to be a farmer," he exhaled.

Standing straighter, he shook his head as if to dislodge the feeling he was making a mistake.

"I have to give this a chance. If it doesn't work out, I can always go back to the guild," he shrugged.

Asher looked down and long shadows covered his face.

"I could go back and die, just like my old man," he said darkly.

Mentally pushing every thought aside, the ranger sheathed his dagger and began inspecting the home.

The main room was large, really large. It looked like it could be a comfortable place to entertain dozens of people. A stone fireplace took up the west wall. The front door was to the south. A wide staircase led up to the second floor. Past the staircase looked like an entrance way to a large kitchen.

Asher began exploring the house. The archway did lead to the biggest kitchen he had ever seen. The east side of the house had many different rooms. In the corridor with the stairs leading up, and to the right of the main room, were a collection of medium to large rooms.

When he took the flight of stairs to the second floor, he quickly noticed there were over fourteen bedrooms. Most of them were the same size. A few of them were a little larger. The master bedroom was at the end of the hall, and it was huge. It even had the biggest bed he had ever seen in his life.

He continued to explore the farmhouse before venturing back outside. The farm did lay in a misty valley, mountains to the north and south. A thick dark forest was to the west. The road he came by was to the east, which also led to the town of Star Fall. Wood posts and fences marked the land he now owned.

Asher scratched his head as he was outside and looking around. He didn't see a barn, or fields where he could grow crops. For a farm, it didn't seem to have the basic buildings and areas needed for it. He did wonder if his uncle tore them down. Asher had some skills with wood and metal smithing. Maybe this was his time to slow down and improve them by working on the farm and land.

After another hour, Asher decided he had done enough and began cleaning. He moved quickly through the house, pulling off dust sheets and sweeping. He stuck a few provisions he brought into the giant kitchen cold chest.

During his cleaning, he found a locked door under the stairs. He assumed it led to a basement, and he mentally made a note to look for the key.

Cleaning the home was tiring. Asher removed his leather armor and weapons, putting them in the closet of the master bedroom before getting ready to get back to work. He was about to close the closet door, when he noticed something was askew. The floorboards didn't quite match up, like in the rest of the house. No one would have noticed it right away, but Asher always had a keen skill and eye for anything not blending together. It helped him with tracking and hunting, but here, it showed that the floor was simply not right.

He bent down and ran his fingers across the floorboard edges. When he grabbed an odd floorboard edge, it came away easy and he picked it up.

In a space below the closet, a dusty book lay in the small darkness. Asher reached down and picked it up. He replaced the floorboard and stood up, book in hand.

The book title was The Lac Codex.

Quirking an eyebrow, he opened it. When he turned it to the first page, there was writing that was addressed to him.

You found one of my secrets! The tome in your hand has some of my alchemy recipes. They will help you with running your farm. Never let this book fall into anyone's hands. There is a reason this farm is special. Read it and memorize as much as you can. It will unlock more than you know.

Asher flipped the page and looked at the writing. His eyes narrowed as he saw that it was written in elvish. His elvish was a little rusty, but he could make out some words, like potions, intelligence, effects, and breasts. This was all on the first page. The more pages he turned, the more recipes he looked at, but they were all in different languages. Many of them he didn't understand, but it was all written in his uncle's handwriting.

"I'll have to look at this later," Asher said and placed the book on the upper closet shelf, just out of view.

The young man resumed his intense cleaning.

Hours slipped by and evening approached. Asher finished having a simple soup and some bread. He cleaned his dishes and made his way upstairs.

When he entered the master bedroom, it was already dark. Keen eyes cut through the darkness as he made his way to the edge of the bed and a nearby nightstand. He lifted up the lamp to check the oil,

when he noticed there was a ring of keys still on the nightstand. The lamp's wide base had covered them from any casual glances.

"There you are," Asher said as he picked up the key ring.

It had a few old and worn keys attached to the ring. Asher assumed one of them opened the basement door. A tiredness washed over him, and he decided he would investigate it tomorrow morning.

With the lamp lit and placed back on the nightstand with the ring of keys, Asher turned and flopped onto the bed.

Despite the long time not in use, the bed was very comfortable. Sleep whispered to the ranger as he slowly began to drift into slumber's embrace. The last thought he had was wondering what his uncle farmed, before he fell into deep dreamscapes.

A warm wind washed over the dark forest. A void opened between a group of trees, wisps of purple and black energy swirling. A figure stepped out from the void and stumbled a few steps. They moved their head from left to right, taking in their surroundings. They walked away from the portal as it slowly collapsed on itself.

The figure moved gingerly through the primal dark forest, around trees and past bushes. When they reached the tree line, a pair of oval eyes stared out in muted fascination.

A light winked out from a second story window of the old farm house.

The figure nodded to themselves before stepping out from the tree line and walking directly toward the now dark homestead, as stars shone high in the evening sky.

Chapter 2

Elven Heart

Asher's eyes slowly opened. He remained on his back, listening to the wind outside. Something triggered his senses, much like when he would camp in places far away from civilization. It was a sixth sense, and it kept him alive in several dire circumstances.

A creak from downstairs forced Asher to sit up. He swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood. He moved silently to the closet and opened it. He drew his short sword and made his way to the bedroom door.

The young man moved silent as a shadow along the long corridor. He listened, hearing another creak downstairs. It sounded like it was from outside, maybe on the porch. He wasn't sure, but someone or something was skulking about. There was no telling what animals may pass by or investigate the farm house. His scent may have alerted them to food.

Asher made his way downstairs and into the main room. He glanced to a window, his keen sight catching the edge of a shape just move out of view. The ranger held his sword at the ready, readying himself if something was going to break down the door.

The figure outside moved a little from side to side, their creaking telling Asher that they were humanoid. Then a knock came from the other side of the door.

Asher's eyes widened.

"Hello? Is anyone home?" came a voice from outside.

Asher relaxed and lowered his short sword. He laughed at himself, wondering if it was one of the locals coming to visit.

He stepped to the door and pressed his ear to it.

"Who's asking?" Asher said through the door.

There was a moment of silence.

"Are you Lord Blackwood? I've heard the tales about your farm. I've come here the last three nights. I had nearly given up. Tonight, was going to be my last attempt, but I saw a light in the window a short while ago," a woman said.

Asher stood to his full height and shook his head. He had barely fallen asleep and someone arrived to speak with him.

“No sense being rude,” Asher muttered before he unlocked the door and opened it.

The young man’s eyes widened a hair as a scantily clad elf was standing on the other side of the entrance. She had long, blonde hair tied back into a ponytail. Her skin was flawless against high cheekbones. Her eyes were nearly perfect ovals, green eyes staring back at him. She was wearing a white dress, but it barely covered her voluptuous form. Slits ran from the hips down, revealing the sides of her legs. The dress hugged her waist and her top, displaying a deep cleavage. Long, pointed ears graced the sides of her head and plump, full lips parted in shock.

Asher blinked. He had encountered enough of the different races of Valoria to know them on sight. The elf before him was not a young one he had often seen wanting adventure. They had slim bodies, small breasts, and a passion for exploring the world. The elf before him was an elf he would see in their cities, when he passed through, already having seen much of the world. They looked mature, but still held an elf’s immortal youth in their faces.

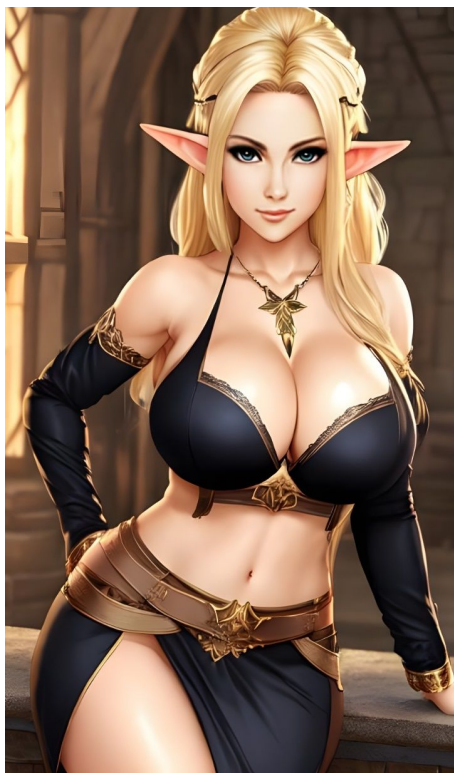
The elf stared at Asher with calm eyes. She drank in his handsome features, strong jaw, and long black hair. She admired his strong neck and shoulders. His eyes glowed an emerald green, even if she noticed he looked at her in stunned shock.

“Lord Blackwood?” the elf asked.

Asher woke up from his stunned gaze. “I am Lord Blackwood, the new Lord Blackwood. My uncle no longer resides here, if that’s who you came to see.”

The elf gave Asher a warm smile. “I see. This may be a little strange, but I only know some of the stories about Blackwood Farm. I’m afraid I may be at a disadvantage in this conversation, for everything I know is from others from many years ago. It may be a little difficult to explain.”

The elf bowed to Asher. “My name is Elara Moonwhisper. I’ve come for the Spiritual Milk Experience.”



Asher blinked. “I’m afraid you have me at a disadvantage. I’m not sure what a Spiritual Milk Experience is?”

Elara stood up and eyed the young man with cool eyes. She then looked away with a sliver of disappointment in her gaze.

“I had a feeling I missed my opportunity. The stories were so grandiose, almost to the point of legend. Of course, like any legend, the real experience cannot last forever.”

Elara slightly turned away, “Pardon my interruption. I’ll take my leave.”

Asher’s soul pulled at him as he lifted a hand. It was almost instinctual, as if he couldn’t let a chance fade away when he himself had so many questions about his uncle and his farm.

“Wait,” Asher blurted out.

Elara didn’t finish her turn. She looked at him with curious eyes.

Asher regained his composure. “I mean, you don’t have to go just yet. Today is my first day at the farm, and my uncle left me some cryptic letters. He passed away a month ago while at sea.”

“My condolences,” the elf said with a deep bow.

Asher's expression softened, the beautiful elf calming his spirit. "You can come in. It's late, and dangerous to travel at night. I have plenty of beds, and you can leave in the morning, if you wish?" He offered with a sincere smile.

Elara stood up with cool eyes and a smile. "Thank you, I will accept your offer. The portal to my home will remain open for another day, before it cycles to another realm on Valoria. After that, it will take thirty-days before it cycles to my realm again."

Asher nodded before stepping aside. The voluptuous elf walked past him.

A scent drifted off her as she passed the young man. His sensitive nose breathed it in, her scent relaxing him into a state of near drunkenness. The darkness from deep within him stirred, knowing his secrets. He quickly shook it off, closed the door, and locked it.

Elara made her way into the large main room. She moved to a couch and sat down.

Asher moved to a single, cushioned seat that stood beside the couch. He sat down when a thought struck him like a hammer.

"My apologies. I don't have much, since today is my first night here. I can offer some of my rations, and water."

Elara smiled politely. "I understand. You haven't had a chance to make the farm your true home. It is I who feels like a rude guest. I can supply us with some food, and wine."

Asher was about to protest, wanting to tell her she didn't have to do anything, when he stopped short. Elara lifted a smooth hand and whispered a small string of arcane words. A black slit appeared out of thin air. It hovered over the long coffee table as she reached over with two hands and they slipped into the floating oval void.

Asher watched in fascination as she pulled out a large, wooden plate, covered in fruits, cheeses, meats, and the edges surrounded with flowers. She placed it on the coffee table before reaching up into the void and pushing her hands in. She concentrated as she rummaged around. She pulled her hands back out, one with a bottle of wine and a corkscrew. The other hand was holding two wine glasses by the stems. She set the glasses down and held the wine bottle. She stabbed the cork with the corkscrew. After a few twists, it popped free from the mouth of the bottle.

"Never travel far without snacks," Elara said as she began to pour into the glasses, one at a time.

"You're a mage?" Asher smiled.

“Not a full-fledged mage, but I know some spells,” the beautiful elf shrugged before putting the wine bottle down and picking up both glasses. “Most of my people can summon and use dimensional pockets. Backpacks and satchels often ruin clothes at some point, but we still use them from time to time.”

The elf handed Asher a glass of deep red wine and he took it.

“To new friendships,” Elara smiled.

Asher nodded before they clinked glasses and took a sip.

“This is still a little strange for me,” Asher said as he licked his lips from the delicious wine. “And I don’t mean to be rude, but where do you hail from?”

“It’s not rude at all,” Elara said with a warm giggle. “I’m from Thallamer, the second province of the Sun Empire.”

Asher’s eyes widened. “The Sun Empire? That is on the other side of Valoria! I have only heard of your empire, and met some of your people. I dreamed of visiting it one day during my travels.”

The sudden outburst caused Asher to look away. He gave up the adventurer life and figured he would never see those lands in the near future.

Elara caught the sudden shadow under his eyes and spoke with a warm tone. “The Sun Empire welcomes all visitors. You still can see and travel to it, through the portal in your forest.”

The young man woke from his sudden regret with attentive eyes. “There is a portal in the forest. My uncle did mention it in passing when he would visit our side of the family. He was often drunk, so I thought he was making it up.”

“There are wild portals all across Valoria, in many hidden places. Only those skilled and knowledgeable enough can use them. They act as gateways from within this realm, and others beyond. The portals shift every few days to different locations.”

“And you took a portal to come here, for a spiritual experience?” Asher asked as the wine calmed his nerves.

Elara nodded as she sat back and sipped her wine.

Asher’s gaze was pulled by the inherent gravity of Elara’s more than ample chest. He couldn’t deny her allure, no matter how much he mentally told himself otherwise. The longer she took to sip her drink, the more Asher felt she was doing it on purpose. Her upper body was arched back a little. Her sheer white dress could not hide the color, or press down her standing nipples. The dress was cinched

at her waist, but the edge of her hip and leg was plain for him to see, one over the other. When she finished her sip, she held her wine glass while resting her wrist on her knee.

Asher's gaze shot back to the elf's amused gaze. She did nothing to hide herself from him.

"Your uncle never told you the stories? So strange, since many of them have been written, and passed around in secret for decades. Some have made it far and wide to those who have heard of it."

Elara took another sip of wine before looking at Asher's attentive gaze. She could hardly maintain her composure, watching him as he watched her. She could taste the magic as it mingled with the wine, and she did not recoil.

"I will admit, I have not experienced it myself. I had only recently come into possession of a small book given to me by one of my friends before she left for her own adventures. It's written in a way that doesn't give named places, but anyone remotely skilled in deciphering puzzles can easily figure it out.

"The Blackwood Farm is one of several famous places, hidden across Valoria, where they provide a unique experience of spiritual fulfillment.

"You may know, the culture of my people can be very judgmental, strict, and lacking in color sometimes. It is more of a curse, than a blessing, and has caused many frustrations from the very beginning of our society. So much so, when we reach a certain age, some of us begin to question it. When that begins, others will aid us in our times, with information and knowledge.

"I recently reached the time where I was changing from youth to elder, and I was not pleased. When a friend gave me her copy of Blackwood Farm, I took it and read it in one night."

Elara put her wine glass down and leaned forward a little in her seat. Asher glanced at her cleavage once again, lifted a leg and crossed it, to hide his interests.

"This farm, among a few others, offers an experience, where we can truly let down our guard and be free. There is an exchange of sorts. The book spoke of drinking a potion, and allowing our bodies to change for a time. We become one with the true mother, the being that created our world. A visitor may stay for as long as they wish, to enjoy the change."

A gleam touched the edge of Elara's oval eyes. "The change and experience allow us to produce milk, like a spiritual mother. It is a

defined and liberating time, where we connect spiritually with the world around us.

“The lord, or lady, keeps it and may sell it for its magical properties. We pay nothing except with our milk.”

Asher stared with wide eyes.

My uncle had a milk farm where he milked women and sold it?!

Elara's demeanor shifted into a slight shyness. “After saying it out loud, you can understand my embarrassment arriving at your door, late in the evening. The stories were fascinating, so fascinating that I followed the secret directions to a Wild Gate, and made my way here for the last few nights. When I saw that the farm was dark, I feared I had come too late. The book I have only leads to this farm, and not any of the others, so I held hope that someone would be here the few nights I tried to visit.”

Asher lifted his hand and rubbed the back of his head. “That is incredible to say the least. I had no idea what my uncle was doing out here, but now it makes sense,” he trailed off, not sure what to say next.

The elf picked up a piece of cheese and nibbled on it. Her gaze slid sideways to the young man as he looked down in confused silence.

“Does it trouble you?” she asked.

Asher lifted his gaze and shook his head. “No. It was just a surprise. I'll admit, it is interesting to know what was going on here, but I'm not sure what to think about it. My uncle left a lot of secrets to this place, and I have only just begun to find any of them.

“Your arrival has cleared some things up, but now I have more questions. Questions that I may not have fully answered for a time.”

“If you don't mind me asking, did you come here simply because of your inheritance?” Elara asked.

It was Asher's turn to relax in his seat, pick up his wineglass and take a small sip. “It's one of many reasons. I'm not sure you came out here to hear my tales?”

Elara's eyes lit up. She leaned forward against the cushioned armrest of the couch with attentive eyes.

“I would love to hear your tales! I never ventured far from the empire, so stories from other places fascinate me.”

Asher smiled and nodded. “It all began a short time ago, when a dungeon raid went wrong...”

Asher explained how and why he came here. He told Elara about his life growing up as a ranger and adventurer. How the work didn't pay enough for him to continue. How his guild mates helped talk him into giving up the life, and take a long vacation. He told Elara how much he simply wanted to slow down for a time, and maybe find a new start.

The elf was mesmerized by his story. She never interrupted and listened intently. The pair drank and ate from the board. Asher relaxed, feeling like a great weight was lifted off his shoulders. He had been fighting for so long, it was indeed a relief to simply sit and talk without the pressure of going back out into the world and facing life and death again.

"It's not a strength to give up," Asher finished, a little disappointed in himself.

Elara sat up and leaned her elbows on the couch edge, giving Asher an eyeful of her cleavage.

"It is not a weakness to reconsider your life choices. For some, it takes immense strength of will, spirit, and character to change your life. This was a mystical moment, where you can take a breath, and decide what future you want to have," the elf said with warm eyes.

Asher looked at the beautiful elf and gave her a single nod.

Time swam on as they drank, ate, and talked. A fuzzy cloud fell over their senses as they truly enjoyed each other's company as the wine drained away from the bottle.

Elara looked at the wine bottle, and the almost empty snack board. "It would seem we've run out of wine," she said with half-closed eyes.

"Just as well. It's getting late," Asher said, trying to be polite.

"It's never too late to begin a new bottle," she said with a wink.

Asher let out a laugh as his body felt warm and relaxed.

"I'm sorry the farm wasn't what you expected," he stated plainly.

"No need for apologies. It turned out better than expected. I spent the evening with a charming, and handsome man. What more could I ask for?"

Elara blinked as pink colored her cheeks. "Have you considered taking up your uncle's work?"

Asher chuckled. "I hadn't had a chance to think about it. I don't know what I'll do with the farm, but I won't sell it. My uncle left me many secrets to find, and I wouldn't feel right leaving and not

discovering them.”

“Maybe, with time, you will consider it,” Elara said with a heat in her tone.

Asher kept his gaze on her. The flirtatious gleam in her eyes, and warmth in her voice, spoke to him on levels he barely acknowledged. Spending most of his life working on his skills and survival, left little room for anything else. But even with that, he liked what he saw, what he felt. There was an attraction, and Elara was not hiding it at all. She was mature, direct, and sometimes shy, but she seemed to change it when she felt it. He watched as her pink cheeks returned to alabaster white, but her eyes spoke more than words.

“And if I do consider it, will you be my first guest?” Asher talked with a drunken haze before he could stop himself.

Elara gave him an infectious smile. “I am already your first guest. You have opened your home to me for the night.

“As for the future, who truly knows which cards fate will deal. Maybe I will simply stay and be your love slave?”

Asher’s pulse quickened as his leggings grew uncomfortably tight. “We barely know each other.”

Elara’s eyes took on a knowing gleam. “We know enough. It goes beyond words, but maybe you’re correct. As lovely as this has been, the wine may be speaking more than what needs to be said.”

The scantily clad elf stood up on shaky legs. She touched the side of her head as she weaved.

“Please, show me to my room. I believe the wine has gone to my head.”

Asher stood up. Elara eyed him with sleepy eyes and a wry smile. Asher walked toward the stairs with the elf close behind.

Climbing the stairs, Asher’s mind was running full tilt. Heat blazed through his body as the sudden, and unabashed elf spoke freely. It was nearly surreal, not that he didn’t have similar experiences before. There were many times he walked into a tavern with his guild mates and spotted one, or three pairs of eyes glancing at him. After a drink of two, they came to him like moths to a flame. The next day he would wake up in a tangle of bodies.

And there lay the rub. Those lurid and hot moments felt empty afterwards. Most were his age, or slightly younger. There was no lasting satisfaction. Just a series of encounters that led to working out their needs, but holding nothing afterwards. In the last few years

alone, he found his eye wandering, not to young women with nubile young bodies and loose morals. No, he began eyeing slightly older, mature women. He caught moments with them, seeing that they were direct, demanding, and didn't hide behind pretenses. It grew into a fascination, one he didn't directly explore, but he always knew deep in his spirit.

The pair reached the top of the stairs and looked at the row of doors leading down the hall.

"You can have any of the rooms. They have linens and privacy," Asher said, trying to not assume anything.

Elara stepped forward at a small distance and looked around with keen eyes. She lifted a hand and tapped at her cheek a few times, before turning and facing the young man.

"I said, show me to my room. The room where we both shall be sleeping in," the elf said with a wicked gaze.

Chapter 3

Exploring Souls

The corridor swirled with hazy heat. Asher looked at the elf with hungry eyes, his familiar confidence returning. The suddenness of his uncle's death, owning a farm, and meeting a beautiful elf just a few hours ago, bled away to the moment of standing in a corridor with an elven woman who clearly had her own ideas of how the night was going to go.

Elara stepped closer to Asher, the dim light from a lone lantern in the corridor casting a comfortable glow. She lifted her arms and rested them on Asher's wide, strong shoulders. An impish smirk stabbed into her cheek as she looked at him with sultry eyes.

"We both felt it, the pull between us. Or am I wrong?" she asked with a breathy whisper.

"We felt it," Asher simply stated.

Elara's gaze ran along his handsome features, drinking them like fine wine. She leaned in closer, her large breasts pressing against his chest as her lips moved close to his ear.

"We can talk more about it, in the morning," she said with a seductive whisper.

Asher's hands lifted and touched her hips. The heat was coming off the elf in waves. His own desires continued to stay hard, logic drifting away with the new tides of closeness.

"None of this is strange for you? The idea of going to a place and being milked like livestock?" Asher asked while holding onto one last strand of logic.

Elara slowly blinked. "When you reach a certain age, very little surprises you. And when something does surprise you, it turns into a new adventure and experience. You have a clarity of mind, to simply have fun and enjoyment with new endeavors."

Elara's arms pulled back and she touched Asher's shoulders. Her smooth hands slid down his cut, strong arms, until she reached his waist. Their bodies touched, but their faces were barely inches apart.

Asher gazed into her eyes, seeing the emerald green pools with flecks of amber brown. A thought clawed to the surface, his curiosity trying to not kill the cat, or the moment.

“You’re wondering how old I am,” Elara stated with a mischievous grin. “Would knowing my age add, or take away from this moment?”

“Add,” Asher said as his fingers gripped her waist a little tighter, not allowing her pull away.

Elara felt his touch and was trapped in his strong hands, not that she would attempt to escape.

“I’m four hundred and seventy-three years old. Considering my people live about a thousand years, without any magical means to prolong it, I am practically middle aged. In your years, I would be about forty-seven, or forty-eight.”

Asher’s cock stiffened to the point it nearly vibrated.

Elara’s hand moved between them and pressed her palm to his thick member straining to be free.

“Knowledge did add to the moment,” she said with seductive flair.

Asher slightly pushed the elf away and his hand took hold of hers. He began walking down the corridor to the master bedroom with Elara trailing behind. She giggled her enjoyment, feeling his overwhelming urges taking control of the virile, strong, younger human man.

They stepped into the master bedroom. The curtains were partially open, small light from the night sky filtering in. Asher’s eyes had already adjusted as he turned to the voluptuous elf. The pair stood in the center of the bedroom, the bed a few feet away.

Elara stepped closer with hungry eyes. She licked her full lips as she eyed his strong neck.

“I like to talk. I like to beg,” she stated with a whisper. “I would like to make you my toy, until I’m so weak, I am your toy,” she added.

Asher gave a single nod as his eyes gleamed like a predator in the dark.

“Say what you want as we play. We can sort it out in the morning,” she said before pressing her lips to his.

Asher’s hands grabbed her lower back and held her against him. Elara writhed like an animal in heat, rubbing her body against his as tongues danced and swirled. Asher was hypnotized by her taste and scent, reminding him of cream and berries. Elara’s eyes and heart fluttered, the man’s musk and his body heat sending her over the edge. She pulled away to gasp for air as her body cried out for more of his scent, more of his touch.

Elara’s hand touched his thick bulge, her thumb caressing his

covered shaft. It throbbed to her touch.

“I want you to pull it out. Show me how proud you are,” she whispered before kissing him again.

Asher didn't want to stop holding her close, but relented. His hands moved to his leggings. One hand pulled down at the top, while the other dove in and grabbed his cock. Elara broke their kiss and pulled back a little to look down. Her eyes widened a hair as heat crawled up her neck.

“I see you are very proud of yourself, as you should be. I've seen sea serpents smaller than your cock,” she said with playful hiss.

Asher couldn't fight his smile, stroking his cock to the beautiful elf.

A weakness stabbed into Elara's legs. She ran her hand over Asher's hand which was stroking his cock. They stroked him together as she looked down with fascinated eyes. Her breathing deepened, seeing and feeling his thick, veiny cock as they worked together to keep him hard.

“Take off your clothes and sit on the edge of the bed,” Elara ordered.

Asher pulled away and moved like a dark shadow. He made his way to the edge of bed, and began to get undressed with his back to the elf.

Elara stared at him, seeing him pull down his leggings and step out of them. His hands moved to his shirt and lifted it over his head. He threw it away and she was delightfully stunned at his strong back. Asher turned around and his member bounced upon seeing her again. He sat down, but his rigid cock chose to continue to defy gravity.

Elara slowly walked toward Asher, her hands taking hold of the top of her sheer, white dress. She pulled it down, her pert nipples catching the fabric for a moment, before they were pulled down further. Her full, firm breasts were free, bouncing slightly with each step. She snaked her full hips out of it and it fell into a puddle. She stepped out of it and simply stood three feet away from the younger man.

Asher admired her now naked body. Her skin was smooth and flawless. It was pale, glowing in the dim light of the room. Pert, brown nipples were hard enough to cut glass. She had a softness to her, but it didn't diminish her womanly body. Her thin waist spread out to shapely hips. She continued on with thick thighs that led to small feet. She truly had an hourglass figure. Asher's gaze shifted to

the triangular, thin blondish forest between her legs. Even in the small light, his skilled gaze caught a drop of wetness sliding down an inner thigh. Pink lips budded as she stood relaxed before him.

“Am I beautiful?” she asked with confidence, knowing she already was.

Asher’s cock bounced before he gave a nod.

“That was the right answer,” she said as she lowered herself down to her knees before him.

Asher noted the distance, their bodies not touching, but he could reach out and grab her.

Elara’s gaze fell to his still throbbing and veiny member. Her right hand snaked between her parted thighs, fingers working her personal magic. Honey coated her fingers as desire reared its beautiful head.

“You poor thing. We should speak,” she said directly to Asher’s cock as he sat.

The young man watched as she crawled a little closer on her knees and one hand. When she was close, she sat back on her ankles with her thighs slightly parted. Fingers continued to massage her clit as drops of honey touched the floor.

Elara leaned forward and brushed her lips against his shaft. She snuggled closer, running her lips along his meaty flesh. Her tongue slid out, giving it a long lick before looking up into Asher’s unblinking eyes.

Her free hand rose up and took hold of his member. She gently stroked it as she rubbed her own clit with her other hand. Arms pushed her large breasts together as she eyed Asher with an inviting smile.

“You can talk to me while I’m busy,” Elara said before her lips closed on the head of Asher’s cock.

Asher gritted his teeth as pleasure exploded along his cock head. Elara slowly moved her lips down his shaft as her tongue moved under his purple head. Muffled moans rose up her throat as she ran her lips along his sensitive shaft. Inches pushed a little deeper as her tongue slathered and whipped at his manhood.

Asher was temporarily stunned. He watched as Elara closed her eyes and slowly bobbed on his cock. The muffled moans continued as her scent drifted up. He took in a deep inhale, her scent dripping with erotic lust. It overwhelmed him for a moment of time, before his hips moved slightly, pushing in another inch into her mouth.

Elara moaned louder, upping the tempo slightly, but keeping a steady rhythm.

“When I saw you at the door, I didn’t want to speak. I wanted to just pull you in,” Asher admitted without a hint of regret.

Elara moaned louder with a full mouth, sucking on him like a wild animal in heat.

“The more we talked, the more I wanted,” Asher said and let out a small grunt.

Asher felt himself getting closer to release. Elara, the wine, and the moment had taken control, and he was rapidly losing control over himself.

Elara’s head bobbed. Wet lips smoothed over bulging veins. Her tongue searched for pleasure points, and was rewarded with his cock thickening to her touch.

“I can be demanding,” Asher said with a low growl, fighting to keep control.

The voluptuous elf moaned louder. Asher’s cock touched the back of her throat and she upped the tempo again.

“But I can be loving too,” he added as his body tensed.

Wet sounds and moans rose up between them, turning into a private symphony.

Asher lifted his hand and touched the back of her neck. Fingers ran along her smooth skin, till he touched a certain point.

Elara’s eyes shot open with Asher’s cock halfway in her mouth. The mood, his words, the whole moment crashed together into a blazing fire. When he touched the sensitive spot on the back of her neck, it was she who lost all control.

Elara’s hand worked feverishly as she made hard circles between her parted thighs. Nerves bundled and tightened to the breaking point. Heat burst from her heart, filling her body with undeniable ecstasy. His honesty only made the moment sweeter.

“If you stay, there will be times I won’t ask. I will simply take. I will feed you my cock, and afterwards, I will snuggle to your tits and let you stroke my cock until I’m hungry again. And I get hungry a lot,” Asher said matter of fact.

Elara’s eyes rolled into her head as her lips slid down to the base of Asher’s cock. Between her thighs, nerves blasted into magical explosions. The elf made deep, muffled moans, unable to break away from the tidal wave of bliss. It slammed into her so hard, she was

swept away with the current. Her soul tumbled as heavenly bliss glowed along every part of her body.

Wetness surged and squirted. A river of watery honey spilled between her fingers and onto the floor. She didn't hear the sudden splash and drops, her soul a million miles away in heavenly ecstasy.

"It feels nice, doesn't it," Asher said as he ran his fingers along her neck and touched a pointed ear.

Elara was trapped in a bliss loop, unable and unwilling to break free. When Asher touched her ear, and gently ran a fingertip close to the point, she was not prepared for the second wave of orgasms. She pulled back just to be slammed with another tidal wave of bliss.

"I know where to touch to make you surrender," Asher smiled.

Elara mentally crawled back from the edges of bliss. In a desperate moment, she ran her tongue along a spot on the underside of his shaft. The tip of her loving tongue slid across it.

It was Asher's turn to take in a deep, sudden inhale. His eyes widened before he threw his head back. His cock thickened. A loud groan filled the air as spurts of seed painted the back of Elara's throat. She continued to suck on his cock, thick ropes of come splashing in her mouth and along her tongue. She greedily drank it down, before being rewarded with more.

The couple were locked in exploding bliss. They moaned and groaned as time stood still. When time resumed, Elara pulled her head back and gasped for the deepest breath of her life.

She glanced down to see come dripping from her lip and onto her breast. Past them, she saw a puddle on the floor, between her legs.

"H...how?" she asked in astonishment.

Asher was breathing hard as he looked down at her with half-closed eyes. "I'm a ranger. We know how to hunt and we know how to slay."

Elara's astonished look shifted into hard eyes. She stood up and looked down at Asher's still half hard cock. She smiled to herself as she saw he was getting hard again right before her eyes.

"Naughty young men are punished," Elara said as she crawled onto him.

Asher didn't stop her as she shoved her breasts in his face, while taking hold of his cock. He couldn't see, but felt wetness touch the head of his cock. Elara moved with expert skill as she mounted onto his cock. Her tight valley parted open to heat, lust, and gravity.

Asher's cock hardened once again as she slowly impaled herself on him. Inch after inch disappeared from sight as she gently slid down to his base. Once there, she let out a warm sigh, but didn't move.

Elara looked into Asher's eyes as heat crawled up her pale neck again.

"You are not allowed to come unless I say you can. You will listen to every word I tell you," Elara hissed before gently moving her hips.

Asher could hardly think as the mature elf moved with ease, sliding just enough to entice. He couldn't wilt if he tried. He firmly felt he was trapped by her vice-like elfhood. It was so strong that he questioned if he could even come if he wanted to.

Elara bent her head back slowly and closed her eyes. She held onto his shoulders as her hips moved. Wetness dripped from their snug connection.

"Doesn't that feel nice," she said with a warm whisper.

Asher was distracted, her breasts an inch from his face. He moved his head forward an inch and his lips closed on a pert nipple. His tongue swirled as she gently moved on his rigid member.

"So nice," she whispered again and bit her lip.

The couple moved silently to the flow and ebb of their bodies. They held onto each other, not wanting to let go, or break the soothing rhythm.

"I can already feel, you will be a handful. You defied me, tricked me."

Thick inches appeared and disappeared between their union.

Elara leaned in a little closer. She seethed with pleasure as he sucked and licked her nipple. Electric tingles ran from her breast and into her soul. She gasped as his cock thickened, pushing her inner walls to nearly the breaking point.

"And now, you cannot come until I say so. How tragic," she gasped as she moved up and down on his cock.

Asher's eyes widened a hair. The urge to come was growing, but her hold on him prevented him from releasing. He had no idea how she was doing it, but a dam was cutting him off, and the storm was only brewing louder along his entire soul.

Elara opened her eyes and lazily moved on his cock. "You're not the only one with rarely discussed skills."

The storm grew thunderous and louder. Asher began to panic, the

pressure building but there was no sign, no hint of release.

“I would be your love slave,” Elara said warmly. “I would fall to my knees and suck on your cock for hours, but I need my play thing too. I have my appetites. I have my needs. I must know, if I call on you, you will answer.”

Elara leaned her head forward and pressed it to Asher’s head. He let go of her nipple. He gave her cleavage a kiss as he held her close. The pair moved with sensual longing, as confessions filled the intimate space between them.

“Asher, I seek a different kind of adventure. My people are stiff, withdrawn, and unfeeling at times. Life, even for my people, is too short to be wasted.”

Elara gasped and shuddered. Asher noticed the orgasm. A breath later, more wetness dripped from their union.

“As my people grow older, a certain kind of madness, a lust, grows louder. We fight it, but it's always there, gnawing at our spirits. I want you to help tame my madness. I want you to be there, to hold me, and to fuck me.”

“What if I want you? What if I want others to join us?” Asher asked with a heated whisper.

Elara’s body moved with urgency and she let out a half cry, half moan. She bounced on his lap with her legs wrapped around his waist. She used her thigh and back muscles to move like a loving serpent on Asher’s cock.

The elf kept her forehead touching his as a wicked leer formed across her lips. “I would not be speaking the truth if I said I didn’t enjoy it. You would only have encouragement from me. As long as our needs are met, we can do as we wish.

“The written stories and tales of such places like your farm are filled with such...debauchery. It, among many other details, is what brought me here. I seek no fame, or fortune. I only seek the tender caress, and the hungry urges of a young man, such as you.”

The storm crashed against Asher like a hurricane. It battered his spirit, pieces of him blown away, but he stayed the course. Elara squeezed and moved on his cock, like she controlled it with black magic. He grunted in defeat, his world falling into a simple need to release his soul.

Elara pulled her head back a little and kept a wicked smirk. She moaned as she moved on him, riding his cock like a monstrous seahorse on turbulent waves.

Asher held her by the hips. He moved her along, hoping it would allow him a glimpse of sunny shores. Instead, the iron chain kept him in place, a slave to her will.

“You want to fill my valley with your seed, don’t you?” she asked like a loving friend.

“I do,” he said harshly.

The tempo grew quicker, rougher. Elara bounced on Asher’s cock like a succubus in heat.

“There doesn’t have to be any promises between us, but we can explore many things together. You can be my master, and I will be your servant. I will be your mistress, and you will be my servant. I will tenderly suck the poison out of your loins. You will lap up my honey and ask for more.

“We can explore our perversions together,” Elara said, the last sentence with a faint whisper.

“I would like that,” Asher said with genuine warmth.

The hold on him vanished. Elara let out a loud, crying moan as she rode the younger man’s cock. Asher growled his frustration as the storm blasted every part of his body. His cock swelled as Elara shuddered hard on him. She slid down, impaling herself to the hilt, her body glistening in sweat.

Asher roared as white touched the edges of his eyes. Thick spurts quickly filled the beautiful elf’s thin, inner world. Asher continued to roar as it seemed his body could not stop the flood of seed. Elara laughed and cried as orgasms blasted her nerves to glass.

The couple’s bodies moved of their own accord, wetness and seed mingling from their union and spilling between their connection.

The roars and screams died down. The couple huffed as they pressed their foreheads together. Satisfied smiles bloomed between them.

Asher’s mind returned. The peculiar oddness of the day and evening swirled together into a soup of peace. The stress and anxiety of coming here was washed away, and replaced with something he hadn’t had in a long time, hope and purpose.

Asher looked at Elara as she still moved on his cock, milking every drop from him. She opened her eyes and looked back at his gaze.

“I need some more,” the pair said at the same time.

The master bedroom filled with relieved laughter for a time, before falling back to heated moans and needs.

Chapter 4

Secrets

Birdsong filled the morning air. Sunlight filtered in between curtains as Asher slowly opened his eyes. The ranger blinked as he drifted up from deep sleep. A peace pervaded over his body and spirit, like a tremendous weight had been lifted and the world was just a little brighter.

He turned his gaze to the window, seeing bright sunlight beyond the parted curtains. He reached over, under the blanket, to touch Elara so he could pull her close. When he didn't feel her, he turned his head and looked at the vast, empty space beside him.

The elf was nowhere to be seen.

Asher rose up and looked around. Memories and concerns filled his mind. Most of the night was spent in intimate embraces and enough dirty talk to cause a cleric to pray for their souls to the many gods. Asher smiled, but it quickly faded away, a feeling overcoming him that she was gone for good.

"No promises were made," the young man whispered to himself.

Sudden alarm took root. Asher threw the blanket off of himself and bounded out of bed. Naked, he moved to the closet and pulled open the door. He looked down to see his gear was still there, Elara not taking what she could and running off. He lifted his gaze to the shelf above, and relief washed over him. He reached up and plucked the book his uncle left him and pulled it to him.

Asher stepped back from the closet and turned around. He opened to the first few pages again, and concentrated a little more on some of the elvish writing. He walked over to the bed and sat on the edge, a focused gaze on the pages.

With a clear mind, and remembering what he could learn during his travels, he managed to make out what some of the words meant. Slowly, he pieced it together until he was able to understand what his uncle was trying to write.

Asher lifted his gaze and stared out at nothing. "It's a potion recipe for the Spiritual Milk Experience. An elixir," he whispered.

He returned his gaze to the page and read on. It was a detailed recipe and instruction of the experience. From what Asher could make of it, the potion had an odd combination of ingredients that can be

found in any forest, from weeds, to flowers. When mixed together, it created a potion for women. If they drink it, they will produce milk for thirty days.

Asher simply wondered if this was just some kinky thing his uncle, and maybe a few others did to justify their perversions, but as he read on, he realized what the true purpose of it was. His eyes widened a little as he read that the milk from different races create magical effects for anyone who drinks them.

On the second page, it gave details when it came to elf milk. It would temporarily raise a drinker's intelligence, and allow them to use simple spells. Asher flipped pages, each one with different languages for each race.

Frustration colored Asher's eyes, seeing that his uncle made it difficult for anyone to copy his work and use it for themselves. Remembering his Uncle Aric, he was a man of the world. He often traveled to different cities, instead of dungeons. He did speak many languages, and knew many customs, but now, Asher began to connect the dots. His uncle was running this farm, and working with the women who would come here for the experience. He must have learned so much from different cultures, it made him a man of the world, instead of a dungeon crawler like Asher's own father.

Thoughts shifted to Elara. Asher's heart swelled at the thought of her, before it shrank in disappointment. She was very much what he desired, and now, she was gone.

The ranger shook his head as he closed the book. He put it down on the bed and stood up. A conviction filled him, one of new adventures.

"Maybe I've been viewing adventure life all wrong? Maybe, I need to try something different and see if I like it. My uncle did it, why can't I?" he said to himself.

A memory touched his mind of the door to the basement and the key ring. Asher stepped to his clothes on the floor and began picking them up. He began getting dressed, wondering the whole time what could be in the basement.

When he finished getting dressed, he picked up the book and walked for the bedroom door. A short time later, he was on the first floor with the key ring in hand. He stepped to the basement door, inserted a key that looked like it fit. It slid in perfectly. He twisted it and unlocked the door.

The door swung open and stale air touched his nose. Lanterns glowed along one side of the wall, leading down. Asher assumed they

were magical in nature and made his way down. He reached the bottom and turned to a large, underground room with interested eyes.

The chamber was vast, but the ceiling was only a foot over his head. The walls were simply carved stone. Tables, chairs, and a bed took up parts of the chamber. Shelves filled with books and artifacts lined the walls. There was a fireplace at the other end, including a few cauldrons. The tables themselves were filled with all kinds of potion making equipment, from glass to metal. The chamber had a lived-in feel, like his uncle had stayed down here a lot of his time.

Asher stepped in, drinking in his surroundings. Many shelves contained bottles of ingredients. The books on other shelves looked worn, as if his uncle routinely pulled them out many times.

When Asher reached a table with potion making equipment, he looked down at words carved into the very wood of the table. They were in common and he read them.

Here lies the means to bring dreams to those searching for them.

Below the words, was the recipe for the Spirit Milk Experience in plain common. Asher realized this recipe was the cornerstone of the farm.

“It would seem, I am taking up the family business again,” Asher smiled to himself.

Thoughts of last night, how he and Elara talked about new adventures added a new spark to his soul. Even though she was gone, he could still continue on his own, finding out how far he could go with a farm that created magical potions from the milk they provided.

“It’s strange, but no stranger than anything else in our world,” Asher chuckled to himself.

A distant knock at the front door woke him from his thoughts. The young man left the book on the table, and raced upstairs. His heart pounded, thinking it was Elara returning. When he reached the door, he opened it and saw a man with a thin, white beard and steely blue eyes. He was wearing a robe of some kind of political official, dark blue with gold bands running down the front.

“Asher Blackwood?” the man asked.

Asher nodded. “I am. How can I help you?”

The man gave an almost relieved sigh and nodded. His entire demeanor seemed to melt a little, like a distant prayer in the past was finally answered.

“I’m Mayor Victor Oak. I lead the town of Star Fall here in Misty

Valley. I heard from a few people in town that spotted you coming to the Blackwood farm. They didn't know who you were, and brought it to my attention. I came out to investigate, but I had known for some time you would arrive. May I come in?"

"Of course, mayor. My apologies," Asher said and stepped to the side.

Mayor Oak stepped in and Asher closed the door.

"Can I get you anything?" Asher asked.

"No, thank you. My visit will be brief. I understand you may have a lot on your plate, and I don't want to take up too much of your time. I'm very pleased you have come to our valley to help continue your uncle's work."

The two men sat down. Asher sat in his chair, while Mayor Oak sat on the couch.

The mayor leaned forward, pressing his fingertips on each hand together. He seemed anxious, or nervous, from what Asher could discern.

"Now that you've come to the farm, have you considered taking up his work again?" the mayor asked bluntly.

Asher eyed the man. "I haven't completely decided yet. There is a lot of work that needs to be done here, and I haven't finished exploring every room yet. I spent yesterday mostly cleaning and coming to terms with his passing."

Mayor Oak's expression took on an edge of sorrow. "I must apologize for being so direct. Your uncle was a legendary man. He helped our town prosper for several decades. It was truly a dark day when he decided to close the farm, and move on. It was a sadder day when we learned of his passing, just as his new adventures were beginning."

"Mayor, you seemed concerned," Asher said politely.

The mayor nodded. "I am, or, the town is. Your uncle left, and he took what made our valley special. The town of Star Fall has about forty residents. They have their shops, and places of work, but it was this farm that was the lifeblood of the town.

"I don't wish to burden you with our troubles, but our town has had better days. I won't mince words, I begged your uncle to stay. The potions he shipped from here were treasures. Many kingdoms to the north of our valley relied on them, from helping people cure illnesses, to aiding in battles.

“When he closed down the farm, it was like our world out here became invisible. I tried to convince him to at least teach someone in town his mystic arts, but he refused, saying he was going to keep the farm in the family. He told me, since he had no children on his own, he had planned to leave it to his nephew, Asher Blackwood.

“I respected his decision, even if I didn’t like it. It has been over a month since his demise, but our town was feeling the loss of him the moment he left. I’m asking if you are taking over the farm, so I can bring back a little hope to the people of the town. We are a community, a family of sorts. Any news would be good news to them, and myself.”

Asher nodded as he listened. Thinking about what he told himself earlier, and seeing the sad, haunted look in the mayor’s face, he couldn’t let them wallow in uncertainty.

“I did think about it this morning. And, perhaps, I may take over the farm and bring it back to life. It may take some time, but I will honor my uncle’s last wish,” Asher smiled.

Mayor Oak’s face lit up like a bright, sunny day.

“Thank you, Lord Blackwood! This will be a boon to our community, and way of life!” the mayor said as he stood up and took Asher’s hand, shaking it vigorously.

Asher stood up only because the mayor shook his arm so much, it chattered his teeth.

“You will have the full support of myself and the town. When you’re fully settled, we can discuss business arrangements! Again, thank you!” the mayor said with excited flair, and finally let go of Asher’s hand.

“I’ll take my leave. But if you need repair work, or added additions to the farm, please come into town. I will introduce you to Dina Hammer. She does amazing work, and has a small team of builders.”

Asher smiled. The mayor walked toward the front door, the new farmer not far behind. Front door open, the mayor stepped out into the sunny morning with an extra pep in his step.

Asher watched him go. It was nice to know he could help the whole town, but Asher did wonder if the mayor, or the town, knew what the farm truly produced.

The new farmer looked out at the woods across the road, and the beautiful sunny sky. A relief and calm washed over him as he closed his eyes. The sunlight on his face was warming, and when he opened

his eyes, he spotted a figure emerging from the forest.

Elara stepped out of the forest. The beautiful elf was wearing traveling clothes, but her shirt was open enough to display her deep cleavage. She had a pack over one shoulder, and a happy smile across her expression.

Asher stepped out of his new home and walked toward her. The pair met at the entrance gate. Asher pulled it open, as Elara dropped her pack onto the dirt road. The pair grabbed each other and embraced with a deep kiss. Tongues played with one another as bodies were held close. When the moment passed, the pair pulled apart with happy smiles.

“You thought I ran away, didn’t you?” Elara grinned.

“Hardly the thought. I thought you went out to get something to break our fast,” Asher joked.

Elara let out a happy giggle. “I did bring many things, for my stay here, and for us. No promises were made, but that doesn’t mean last night meant nothing. Shall we go inside and talk over some food? I want to keep your strength up.”

“Sure. We both need to keep our strength up,” Asher winked.

Chapter 5

Milking Knowledge

Plates filled with crumbs remained as Asher and Elara sat at the kitchen table, talking the morning away. Asher listened as Elara explained that she had to inform others of her trip away and how she would not be reached for some time. She set her affairs in order, with time, she may return to resume her duties. Asher was fascinated that she explained she was an assistant to several powerful mages who taught at a specific academy. She mentioned that she had to send some letters out before she made her way to the secret portal. When she arrived here, the portal shifted, and that was her last chance to go back for some time.

“I don’t regret coming here at all,” the elf smiled. “You’re stuck with me for a time.”

“It’s good to know, and happy you’re here,” Asher began and told her about what happened with the mayor of Star Fall.

Elara listened. When Asher finished, she smiled.

“It would seem we have our work cut out for us. This is your farm, but I’m here to help in any way I can,” the mature elf said with excited eyes.

Asher sat back in his chair with a thoughtful expression. “The farm needs work in many different ways. My uncle may have been running it, but I think it can be better. You came for an experience, and if others come, they will want an experience too.”

“I’m excited already,” Elara grinned.

Asher continued, “The farm doesn’t need to look like just a farm. The property is big, and several different buildings can be built here. There is a small shed out back, filled with tools. I have built wood structures with my own hands, and may have my work cut out for me. There is also a question of coin.”

“I have some. It’s only a few hundred, but I pledge it to you to help with the farm,” Elara offered.

“Thank you, but maybe we need to focus on starting what the farm actually is for. Would you be willing to try the experience? Maybe then, I can understand it better, and get it ready for any others who may arrive.”

Elara looked away in delight. "I wished to save the news for when we were in bed, but now is a better time than any. The letters I sent were to friends who were very interested in the stories of Blackwood Farm. We often had many correspondences, speaking in depth of the experience, and farm life for a time. With time, a few may indeed come here."

"It seems like it's all coming together, but I still have to test the potion involved."

Elara gave the young man a knowing and playful smile. "I came for an experience, in more ways than one."

The pair burst out laughing. Asher held his stomach as he laughed, but he noticed Elara looking at him with such love and warmth as she laughed, it made the moment sweeter.

When the laughter died, Asher grinned.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked.

"Oh, I love secrets. I can keep yours if you keep mine? If anyone truly knew what I was doing here, my status in the province would be destroyed."

Asher nodded. "I want to show you something."

The pair left the table. Asher led the way. They reached the basement door and he unlocked it. They made their way down to the large, lit chamber.

Elara's eyes widened as she took a stunned gasp. "It's just like in the stories," she whispered.

Asher watched as she stepped forward and looked around in astonishment. She drank it in, her gaze moving across the room until it fell on the book on an arcane table. She stepped closer, moving the book aside to see the words carved into the table.

"Is this the recipe?" she asked.

Asher nodded. "It is."

She ran her fingers along the engraved words. "It has a spell on it. I think I understand it. If you look away, you forget what it says."

Asher lifted an eyebrow. "I still remember it."

"Maybe it's a protection spell, and it only works against others not of your bloodline. It matters little to me. I have no desire to sell your secrets."

Elara turned around and rested her more than ample ass against the edge of the table.

“I’m ready to assist,” she said with a wicked edge.

“Let’s get started,” Asher said and moved to the table and Elara.

Time swirled as the pair gathered ingredients off shelves. Asher gave directives as he pulled up a small cauldron from under the table. He had plenty of knowledge of healing herbs and how to fight poisons, but alchemy was a little more involved. The recipe was written plainly and with specific instructions. A layman could do it, if they could read it.

Herbs and contents from small vials were dropped or poured into the small cauldron. A gentle steam rose up, even if there was no fire heating the cauldron. Asher began to mix as Elara pawed at him. Her hands seemed to explore him as he stood and worked. Asher made no attempt to stop her, enjoying her touch along his body.

After a time, the potion sparked and cooled into a milky substance. By the directions, he knew the potion was ready. He poured some into a small saucer and held it up to his gaze to inspect it.

“It’s ready,” he said.

“I’m ready too,” Elara said as she smiled at him.

“Should we do this down here, or upstairs?”

“Upstairs, in case we get a little wild,” Elara grinned.

The couple made their way upstairs. In the main room, they moved to the couch and stood beside it.

“I’m not sure exactly what it will do to you,” Asher admitted.

“I know what it will do. I read it many times,” Elara said. “It will cause my body to change slightly. My breasts may get bigger, and start producing milk. But that is not all. The experience will awaken a primal side of my soul. It will connect me to the Divine Mother, and I may become her servant. It is said to be a freeing, and deep experience, connecting the drinker’s soul with the great beyond.

“I am very excited to try it. It is one thing to read stories, but to experience it is beyond measure.”

Elara’s eyes took on a wicked gleam. “You may have to take control of me. Do what you must. I trust you.”

Before Asher could utter a word, Elara gently took the saucer of milky liquid and lifted it to her lips. She tipped it and drank its contents. When she finished, she placed it on the coffee table and stood before Asher.

“It feels warm,” she smiled.

“Do you feel anything else?” Asher asked with curious eyes.

Elara parted her lips to speak, when they widened. She took a step back and let out along, heated exhale. Asher rushed to her, taking hold of her in his hands to help steady her. He watched as her eyes half-closed and she was breathing harder.

“My whole body...tingles. It...it feels incredible,” the elf said with a breathy exhale.

“Maybe you should sit down,” Asher said as he still held her.

“No!” she nearly shouted as her fingers dug into his arms, keeping him with her.

“It’s...amazing,” she said with faraway eyes.

Asher glanced down to her heaving chest. Her breasts grew slightly, straining against her already tight shirt. They seemed to defy gravity as she gulped down air. Heat burst from her body, making the space between them warmer. She looked down, her whole body seething with a glowing heat.

Concern stabbed at Asher, not sure what was happening.

Elara pulled away from Asher, her hands grabbing at her own shirt and vest. The elf let out a long exhale as she pulled at her own clothes. She pulled harder, almost as if she was trying to rip them off.

“Help...me,” Elara said as she bunched her shirt into her hands.

Asher stepped closer, and grabbed her vest. He pulled it off and then grabbed her shirt. He lifted it over her head as she heaved and huffed. Her breasts were free as she stood topless.

“I...I...” Elara said as she stared at nothing.

Asher raised his hand close to her side, wanting to guide her to the couch so she could sit and relax. The moment he touched her, Elara’s entire body relaxed. Eyes clouded into a haze, as if she was at peace with the entire universe. She flopped forward into his arms, pressing her forehead to the side of his neck.

For a small time, Asher simply held the beautiful, voluptuous elf. She moved closer and held onto him for dear life, as her eyes fluttered.

“Are you okay?” Asher asked softly.

Elara gave a small, weak nod. “I feel incredible,” she let out with a sultry whisper.

“Can you tell me what is happening to you?” he asked with a nurturing tone.

“It’s like I’m in a waking dream. Everything feels so wet, and relaxing. I...don’t know if I ever felt this way before, except for last night,” she whispered.

Asher could feel her tremble in his arms. He moved her to the couch and they both sat down. Morning sunlight streamed in from the partially open curtains. The house began to warm, but not from the sunny day outside. Asher and Elara sat on the couch, holding each other. She leaned into him, her eyes fluttering as an ancient bliss curled along her spirit.

“I’m...so wet. Please, undress me,” Elara said with a faint whisper.

Asher did as he was asked. He moved off the couch. He took hold of her belt and unbuckled it as she writhed in a state of ecstasy. He pulled off her boots and placed them to the side. Next, he took hold of her leggings and pulled them down.

Elara was wearing nothing underneath. The leggings slid off as she gasped at the air touching her skin. Asher could see the wet spot in the crotch of her leggings before he put them down. He stood up and looked at her naked beauty, when Elara’s hand moved between her thick thighs and began massaging herself with a delicate touch.

A moan spilled from her lips as her eyes closed. Fingers pressed and made small circles, gently rubbing her sensitive clit, not bothered at all by Asher’s watchful eyes.

The young man could not look away, seeing Elara writhe and touch herself in reckless abandonment. Her breasts swelled and she let out a half cry, half moan.

“Touch me, my warrior,” The beautiful elf whispered as if caught in a dream.

Asher didn’t hesitate. His hands touched her skin and she seethed in delight. Her hips, legs, and stomach moved like a serpent as the young man ran his hands along her smooth skin. Fingers pressed into her inner thighs, and she parted them a little further. The gentle touch moved, further and further up. Asher watched over her like a mystical guardian. She glowed like a treasure and all he wanted to do was hold her close. Her chest heaved as her breasts seemed engorged. He lifted a hand and cupped a heavy, gravity defying breast. When his thumb slid over her standing pert nipple, Elara let out such a soul-crushing groan and her body shuddered hard.

She continued to rub her clit in deepening circles, when her

nerves flashed with power, and exploded in fiery swirls. It was sudden and welcomed. Elara let out a desperate moan as her body shuddered hard again. She trembled in Asher's arms, her body betraying her once more to a third flash flaring orgasms.

Asher squeezed and held her close as she seemed trapped in a loop of ecstasy. Her hand between her thighs stopped moving. Asher ran his fingers along her inner thigh until he touched her dripping valley entrance. He drank in her creamy scent as he took over, gently massaging her clit. Hips moved slightly as Elara's eyes fluttered open. She looked down like she was trapped in his touch. She let out a deep, crying moan as his fingers worked a wicked magic.

"I can feel more than your touch," she said with a heavy breath. "My body is changing, slowly. Please, don't stop rubbing my clit. It feels so good. I can feel the moon goddess smiling on us."

Asher stayed to task, despite his own erection fighting to be free. Keeping Elara happy blazed hot across his thoughts, feeling like his spirit wanted to leave his body and join hers in the throes of distilled passion.

Elara's eyes widened. "I'm coming again!" she shouted before her body shuddered hard.

Wetness squirted from her thin valley, drenching Asher's hand as he didn't stop rubbing her clit.

Asher gave Elara a knowing and comforting smile. He held her close, one hand now around her hip, while his fingers on his other hand made intimate circles. It was Elara who lifted up her own hands and grabbed at her large, firm breasts. She squeezed them and cried out as sweet sensations whipped at her spirit. Fingers rubbed pert nipples as her hips moved to Asher's touch.

"I..." Elara managed before her eyes rolled into her head and she passed out.

Asher slowed his movements as he saw she was out cold. He moved to the edge of the couch, and snaked his arms under her. Standing up, he held the unconscious elf cradled in his arms. He then moved to the stairs and began to climb them.

Asher looked at the elf as she snuggled her head to his chest. The tendrils of oddness that laid in the back of his mind, how strange and bizarre all of this was, began to cool and retreat. His heart beat strong, knowing that he liked everything that was happening. Elara was such a free spirit, even after spending centuries living a life in a world where she didn't feel completely fulfilled.

After a moment, Asher stepped into the master bedroom. He walked over to the large bed and placed Elara down on it. She moaned as he put a blanket over her.

“Rest. I’ll run my errands for the day and come back and check on you,” Asher whispered.

The young man turned and made for the door. Once he stepped out and closed it behind him, Elara whimpered.

Dreams pulled at her. Despite being asleep, her spirit cried out for his touch again. She slept on, as thin sunlight from a window painted the floor in glowing brilliance.

The sun moved across the sky. It touched the horizon and sank past it, the end to another day had arrived. Night’s cloak covered the world in darkness and starlight.

Blackwood Farm stood, contrasted against the night sky and snow-capped mountains in the distance. The light on the second floor went out, the end to a full day.

A figure emerged from the shadows of the nearby woods. They moved silently, reaching the wood gate and climbing over it. A hand slipped into a deep pocket, and pulled out many white stones.

The figure moved to the dirt path that led from the gate to the front door. They knelt down and began placing white stones into a simple symbol. When they were finished, they stood up and looked at the now dark house.

As silently as they came, the figure slid over the wood fence and walked on. They stepped into the inky shadows under trees and vanished into the night.

Chapter 6

First Taste

Bliss and pleasure spiraled along Asher's nerves. A sucking sensation pulled him from deep sleep. The crooning of a rooster in the distance brought him closer to the waking world. The jumble of everything snapped him back to reality. A wet feeling covered his cock, lips smoothing up and down his rigid shaft. Asher lifted his head slightly and caught Elara, running her lips up and down his impressive member in the morning light.

The elf was on her knees between his legs. She was bent forward, her head bobbing up and down. Hands were flat against his strong legs and her fingers slightly pressed against his flesh. The muffled moans sang as she hungrily worshiped his standing member.

Asher bunched up a pillow under his head and watched the mature elf as she didn't break her stride. She opened her eyes and looked up to him, her head still bobbing and her tongue pressing his thick member against the roof of her mouth.

She continued her masterful conversation with his cock. Asher could hardly hold back. The day yesterday was slightly frustrating. He wanted to spend time with her, but she had fallen into a deep sleep. Despite slipping to bed, and holding her close, she showed no signs of waking up. He passed out with a raging hard on. Waking up to Elara sucking on his cock, was a good way to rise in the morning.

When Asher's cock thickened in Elara's mouth, she moaned louder and was rewarded for her morning activity. Thick seed painted the back of her throat as she sucked it down. Ropes of come splashed in her mouth as she gently squeezed his balls. Asher grunted in pleasure as another volley of seed pumped into her mouth and Elara moaned her delight.

When he was drained, she lifted her head up and smiled at him.

"Good morning," the mature elf said with several locks of golden blonde hair framing her near perfect features.

"Good morning," Asher said as he curled up and touched her neck.

Elara gasped as he pulled her closer and kissed her. Tongues writhed as the couple enjoyed the morning kiss. When they pulled apart, they rested their foreheads against each other.

“Was that a rooster I heard?” Elara asked with a warm whisper.

“It was. While you were sleeping, I ran some errands. There is a small chicken coop out back. I went into town and bought some chickens and a rooster. I also bought some food items and placed them in the kitchen cold chests.”

Asher pulled back a little and eyed the beautiful elf. She was on her hands and knees, looking at him with happy eyes. His gaze was pulled down to her breasts. They swung freely, but looked bigger. Not too big where they would be comical. They appeared swollen, and her brown nipples pointed down as she remained on all fours.

Elara eyed the young man in bed. Seeing his strong body caused her to lick her lips. If she had a list of desires, he would check off every trait. Her gaze drifted down his strong chest, cut ab muscles, and down to spent cock. It was still half-hard, and looked like it was getting harder by the moment.

The elf lifted her gaze and looked into Asher’s eyes. She sat back on her ankles and grabbed her breasts, lifting them up slightly to him.

“They are swollen. I feel like I’m going to burst out of my skin,” she said.

Asher caught a drop of milky liquid drip from a nipple. “I think we both know what needs to be done.”

Elara let out a girlish laugh before she let out a breathy exhale.

The young man leapt sideways from the bed and onto the floor. He rushed out of the bedroom and into one of the side bedrooms. A memory touched his mind as he remembered, during the first day of being here and cleaning, he discovered there were chests under each bed.

“What are you doing?” Elara called out from the master bedroom.

Asher pulled out a chest from under a bed and opened it. Insides were carefully wrapped jars with cinched necks. He unwrapped one, seeing that it was clean and well kept. He picked up another and unwrapped the wax paper surrounding it. There were corks in a side compartment, also wrapped in wax paper. He opened up two of them and gathered the jars too.

Asher raced back into the master bedroom. Elara was sitting at the foot of the bed. She held her breasts as discomfort filled her features. The young man raced to her and placed the jars on the floor. The corks were placed on the bed, next to Elara’s naked hip.

The young man knelt between her parted legs and looked at her

swollen breasts with barely contained excitement.

“I think it’s time for a taste test,” Asher grinned.

Elara looked at him with strained eyes, before she nodded.

Asher leaned forward and licked at her nipple. Elara’s eyes widened before she let out a sultry exhale. The touch of his tongue sent spirals of bliss through her and her eyes half-closed.

Asher didn’t waste any more time. He latched his mouth around her engorged breast and nipple. The moment his tongue slathered against her, a creamy liquid squirted into his mouth.

Elara shuddered as pleasure and warmth wrapped around her entire body. She heaved as the pressure began to ebb. Her hand shot out and clamped on the back of Asher’s head, holding him to her swollen breast.

“Oh goddess, that feels incredible,” she hissed with now closed eyes.

Asher sucked, drinking down thin streams of her milk. Heat coursed down his throat and into his stomach. Warmth bloomed as he sucked on her nipple. Never in all his life he thought he would be doing something like this, but as her creamy milk filled his throat, and he drank it down, he couldn’t deny its divine beauty.

“Keep sucking,” Elara moaned as pleasure soothed over every tight nerve.

The connection blazed deeper. Asher was soon lost to it. The milk he drank began filling his mind with clarity and light. Mental gears turned like a well-oiled machine. The closest he could describe it was, his mind was opening to new knowledge.

Memories grew sharper. He was able to picture his uncle's book and the first few pages. He never could remember it before, but now, it came out in fine detail. He could read the elvish words like they were written in common tongue. The clarity brought it all together as he finally understood what was written.

Asher pulled away, a drop of milk running down from the corner of his mouth. Elara watched with ecstasy-filled eyes as he grabbed a bottle and pressed the smooth opening to her engorged nipple. He gently took hold of the side of her breast, and carefully squeezed.

Elara gasped as a thin stream of milk spilled into the jar. “What’s happening?” she asked with a hint of confusion.

“It makes sense,” Asher said as he grabbed the other bottle with his other hand.

Elara held the first bottle to her nipple, as Asher pressed the other jar to her other swollen breast. She then held both to her as he helped squeeze her round, swollen breasts.

Asher grinned as he helped milked the beautiful elf. “My uncle, this place, everything about the farm is for milking different creatures. It’s not just an experience for women to bring them closer to the divine, it’s a place to gather special milk that can be used to create potions!”

Elara blinked with heavy eyes. “The books I read spoke to an intimate experience. One that I understand now. It feels so good, your hands on me, milking life from my breasts. I want this. I want you to do this to me. I feel closer to the divine than I have ever before in my long life.”

The elf shuddered as milky white liquid poured into each jar. “No wonder the people like your uncle never charged for staying at these farms. The milk was the payment.”

Asher nodded as he gave each of her breasts a gentle squeeze. “I can see it clearly. The mayor came here to tell me that the town had fallen on hard times since my uncle left. He begged him to teach anyone from town his mystical knowledge. The book details that all milk is not the same. Depending on the race, their milk will provide a different effect. When mixed with other ingredients to keep it fresh, it can be used to create potions!”

Elara let out a relieved sigh as the milk stream began to weaken.

Asher looked at her with loving eyes as he continued, “Elf milk increases intelligence, and adds mana to a soul’s spirit. Drinking your milk allowed me to clearly recall a fuzzy memory. I read the first few pages of my uncle’s book, but I could never normally remember too many details. Now, I can see the pages in my mind like the book is right in front of me.

“My elvish is rusty, but with your milk, I can understand the words like they are written in common. I could figure out the nuances of the symbols, and translate them in my mind. This is outstanding!”

The milk streams petered out. Elara sighed in relief. Asher took hold of the bottles and lifted them up. He saw that each one was only a quarter full, but from what he remembered from the book, a quarter could make two potions.

With a blur of his hand, Asher snatched up the corks and plugged the top of the bottles. He then looked at Elara as she eyed him like a morsel of divine meat.

"I always want you, but the effects of the potion have pushed it to obscene desires," The elf confessed.

Asher grinned. "The effects of the elixir will stay with you for thirty days, and you will need to be milked once a day, or your breasts will swell and begin to hurt," he explained.

Elara smiled brightly as she looked up into his handsome features. Something was said without uttering a word. A bond, or whisper, speaking to their shared connection.

Asher placed the bottles on the floor beside them. He then sat beside the naked Elara. She leaned her head on his shoulder and let out a tired side.

"The excitement really pushed me," she said with sleepy eyes.

"You can stay in bed," Asher said as his arm moved behind her, took hold, and held her close.

"We can stay in bed," she said warmly.

"I would very much like that, but I do have a lot to do. My uncle didn't leave the farm in great shape. Things still need to be repaired, and additions need to be built."

Asher looked down on Elara's blonde hair, his heart now pounding in his chest.

"Are you okay...with all of this? I would never want you to be uncomfortable, now that you know what these farms are used for," he said with a caring tone.

Elara shifted her head and looked up with emerald-colored eyes. "Okay? I'm better than okay. That was an incredible feeling, one I want to keep experiencing. It was better than any story described it to be."

The elf lifted her hand and touched his scruffy cheek. Her eyes trembled with excited brilliance.

"We didn't make any promises to each other, but we both wanted a new adventure. The last few days have spoken to me, telling me this is the way, the path, for both of us. I very much want to see how far it goes, and what will happen next, if you allow me to stay?"

Asher grinned. "Stay for as long as you wish, in my bed, or in another. I will not be your keeper, and you are not my servant."

"But you can be my master, and I can be your slave. Or I can be your mistress, and you can be my young, handsome lover," Elara said with a deep, sultry edge.

Asher took in a quick inhale, the effects of the milk beginning to wear off. His head was a little dizzy, and his memory became hazy once again.

“I have known lovers, who would only choose one or other, but never both, or at different times. It made relationships difficult, and they ended poorly. It always felt like they had a lack of experience, or only followed their urges, and nothing else.”

Elara nodded as she leaned on him with sleepy eyes. “It’s a common dilemma for many. Fear of new or different things puts people on edge. But once you grow old enough, those fears become weaker, and desires become more pronounced.”

The elf looked up once again to the young man with present eyes. “The first night we spent together, you asked during our love play, what if I wanted others to join us. I gave you my answer, but I was curious, where did the question truly come from?”

Asher gave her a wry smirk. “An honest answer?”

Elara gave a small nod. “All relationships are built on some kind of trust. We are not pledged to each other, but we can play the parts for as long as we like.”

The younger man gave a single nod as truth spilled from his lips. “I’m always hungry, and not for food. It can be maddening, my urges driving me to the edge and back again. I know how to keep it at bay, through mediation and communing with the forests and living spirits, but it is still there, gnawing at me.

“I have always sought after what I learned from ancient stories. To have a harem, a true harem. I don’t want servants or care-givers. I can take care of myself. I want companions, lovers, confidants, a chosen family, not of blood but bound by desire, love, and understanding.

“It may sound selfish, but I don’t wish to share my lovers with other men. I may be understanding, but most other men are not. They are greedy in a sinister way. I wish to be greedy in a way that elevates our chosen family, if that makes sense.”

Asher let out a small chuckle. “Listen to me, talking like we’ve known each other for decades. You must think me a fool to prattle on.”

He looked over to Elara’s adoring eyes.

“You are never a fool in my eyes. As for what you’ve said, I understand what you speak. You wish to carve out your true family, and I cannot lie, saying it doesn’t appeal to me.”

The buxom elf sat up and turned slightly to face the younger man. “Asher, understand me as I say this, I greatly desire to be part of your dream. I have grown up in a society where carnal pleasures can be seen as something of mongrel animals, rutting under the glow of the full moon.

“You do not carry any of those societal chains. You are free and bright, and that is among many traits I find attractive about you. Enough so, I would gladly drink the elixir and allow you to milk me for hundreds of years to come. That is how powerful you are in my eyes. Your strength, and tenderness, is what I’ve always wanted in a lover.

“As for your overwhelming urges, why should you suffer? I would not be so chaste as to keep you under my heel. The deeper, darker side of my own urges would whisper to me, watching you take others in the throes in passion. I would surrender to you, following your commands, especially in bed. I have had relationships with men and women, and they both speak to me on a deeper part of my soul. I would respect anything we decide, but our family would be very close, if we wished it.”

“Would you be so understanding, that if I filled my bed with women, you would not be cross?” Asher asked with a raised eyebrow.

Elara let out an amused laugh as she squeezed his arm.

“Cross? No. I would be part of it. Should you grow weary, I would lick, slather, and finger any in our family, or perhaps, kneel to your altar, and suck on your holy item, wishing it to bless my throat. It means more to me to see you enjoy yourself. Your virile urges should not be silenced. They should be celebrated with dripping divinity.”

Asher blinked. “I...have never met such a soul as yours. I can hardly believe it.”

The elf put her arms around his neck and looked him in the eyes. “I can say the same for you. But I do speak the truth. To watch you and your inner beasts, wanting more and more, speaks to me in a way that brings me great pleasure. I have read many stories over the centuries, but to live it, is something else.”

Elara’s eyes took on a mischievous gleam. “And should you need a tender touch, and a loving ear to listen to your woes, I can be there for you. Should your frustrations overwhelm you, I can help you release them, on me or in me. If you need me to be your slave, I will accept my chains and perform anything you wish, to please my master. There will be no half-measures. We would be a waking dream of seduction and desire.”

The elf's eyes half closed. "But, I will require my play thing, from time to time. We can strike a balance, as long as we speak to each other with truth and understanding."

"I accept your terms," Asher said without hesitation.

"I accept your terms," Elara said with a sultry whisper.

The couple moved closer, their lips meeting in the middle. They held onto each other with such ferocity, Elara's nails drew a line of blood on Asher's back. Despite the trickle of pain, he did not break the embrace. His heart soared, and he could feel Elara's heart beating like a drum marching to war. Their connection blazed bright before they parted and looked at each other with loving eyes.

"No promises," Asher said, the words carrying a deeper meaning.

"No promises," Elara whispered back, understanding the same, deep meaning.

The elf looked down to see Asher's cock standing under its own power. It throbbed with needs and her eyes glowed with her own desires. She gently took hold, and began stroking him.

"There is still much to do," Asher half-protested.

"Tell me to stop," she said with a soft, but commanding edge.

Asher couldn't find the words as her fingers glided over his shaft, before taking a slightly firmer hold. She gently stroked, up and down, seeing the resolve drain from his eyes.

Asher looked at her, seeing the hunger in the elf's eyes. Her naked body was close, touching his as she stroked his cock. Large, creamy breasts swayed as she lovingly stroked her lover.

"I will not be the only one milked on this farm. You are free to go, after you spill your seed, and not before," she said with an evil leer.

"I must fulfill your wishes," Asher managed as her touch ignited his demonic urges.

Elara stared, seeing the hunger overcome him. It was like a demon tapping into the man's spirit. She leaned closer, her plump lips an inch from his ear.

"Remember my touch. It will be there, during cold nights. Remember my lips, as they kiss your sword. Remember my tongue, as your seed spills on it for me to consume," she whispered.

Asher was quickly losing control. The words and whispers struck like a hammer on a new sword. The moment bloomed brighter, the mature elf pressing her chest to his arm as she stroked his member.

Her scent rose up like a cloud, and he wanted to breathe all of it in.

“I will dream of you, fucking me until I can no longer stand. I will beg for you, before you silence me with your cock in my mouth. I will weep tears of joy, as you hold me down to unleash your might. But all of that will come, after you show me how much you desire me. I require proof of your affections, a tithe to ensure we seek the same thing.

Elara upped the tempo as she bowed her head. Wet lips sucked on the tip, as she stroked his manhood. Saliva dripped down the shaft, mingling with her fingers. The stroking grew smoother, and Asher was quickly losing any control he was hanging onto.

Elara lifted her head, but kept her upper body low. The tip of Asher’s cock touched her soft, very full breast. The sensations sang closer to a crescendo.

“I happily pay any tithe you desire, mistress,” Asher said before a loud grunt burst from his throat.

Elara watched with wide eyes, spurts of seed shooting up and striking under her chin. More pearl-white seed splashed on her chest and drops running down her smooth skin. She let out a long, happy moan, as more come spurted onto her chest. When it began to die down, she latched her mouth on Asher’s cock and sucked, drawing every last drop of seed from her lover and drinking it down.

When Elara sat up, she licked her lips and let go of Asher’s cock. Her fingers touched her now wet breasts, rubbing his come into her skin like a lotion. She sighed in delight as she felt his very urges sink into her skin and mingled with the heat of the moment.

Asher huffed as he watched her. The way she sighed and moved, it was like she was having a religious experience. It was something he could understand, for when he came, it felt like he was conversing with the very gods.

“You are a delightful morsel,” Elara cooed. “How I look forward to our adventures.”

The elf crawled into bed and flopped onto her back. Asher turned to see her eyes flutter before they closed shut. He stood up and moved to the side. He pulled the blanket over her and made her comfortable.

Standing to his full height, Asher looked at his clothes on the floor.

“Better get the day started,” the younger man said to himself before moving to his clothes and picking them up.

Asher stepped out of the front door and breathed in the fresh air. A memory still swam along his thoughts, him picking up the two glass bottles of Elara's milk and placing them in a cold chest in the basement alchemy lab. He then raced upstairs and stepped out, needing to get on with the day.

Asher turned to make his way around the house, when his gaze caught something on the dirt road between the front gate and the house.

He quirked an eyebrow as he made his way down the stairs and approached the spot he saw from the porch. He looked down at it with curious eyes.

A circle made of small, roundish white stones were placed on the path to his new home. There was nothing of note, in or around the small circle. Asher could fit his hand within it, with only an inch to spare between the stones and his fingers.

"What are you about?" Asher asked the stones.

They didn't answer.

He crouched down and began picking them up. He placed them in a pocket and patted it.

"I'm not sure what you're about, but someone is trying to say something. I will have to let it reveal itself, when the time is right."

Asher turned to the farm house and surrounding fields with swelling conviction in his heart.

"Time to make this place a true home," he said as a wind ruffled his hair in the beautiful, sunny day.

Chapter 7

Meeting the Neighbors

Asher walked up to a large home, which was also a partially converted shop. Glass windows took up a corner of the small mansion-like home. A sign above the door read, “Hammer Construction” in large, bold letters.

Sunlight beamed down on the young man as he lifted his hand and took hold of the door handle.

A bell chimed as Asher stepped in. It chimed again as the door closed. Looking around, he noticed the fine craftsmanship in everything, from the shelves, to the counter, to the furniture that dotted the shop.

Asher stepped to the counter when a voice shouted out from behind a curtain.

“I’ll be right with you!” they called out.

Asher waited patiently, his mind beginning to wander.

The last few days have been filled with bone-weary exhaustion. Inspecting the house, he and Elara looked at every room and closet. They found chests under each bed in the bedrooms, all filled with the same equipment Asher had used to milk Elara.

On the east side of the main floor, several empty rooms stood. One had shelves, with only a few books on one shelf. Elara quickly noticed it was a library, but it seemed Asher’s uncle had cleared it out before he left. Despite the emptiness, Asher and Elara knew it could be restocked again.

The north-east side of the main floor contained a very large dining room. It could feed thirty people easily. The couple assumed it was used often, the tables and chairs still within the room. When more people arrived, looking for the spiritual experience, they were going to have to be fed too.

This led Asher to sustainability. Blackwood Farm was too much farm for two people. Things had to be put in place to ensure the farm was self-sufficient. The chickens and rooster had taken to the simple coop. There was plenty of land to cultivate. Asher sat down and drew out his plans. When he showed them to Elara, she fell in love with the possibilities.

Three things were at the top of Asher's list of projects, a garden, a tilled field for crops, and a sitting pond. He had thought over how to make the farm very comfortable for all kinds of guests. A pond would be perfect for sitting in, and enjoying during warmer days and nights. Mist Valley was often shrouded in mists coming off the mountains during the mornings, but by late morning, most of the mist was burned off by the sun.

All of this led Asher and Elara to start working on projects. Elara took over, setting up the garden behind the house. Asher set to the task of digging out a pond on the left side of the property.

The work was back-breaking. Asher stabbed into the ground with a metal shovel and leaned into the work. Hours blended together in the cool mornings, and warm days. The young man worked his entire body, digging a wide pit. When he had the basic shape, he dug down, until his neck reached the edge of the pond.

Elara didn't have a much easier time with her task. The garden required digging out rows in the ground. She also spent time pulling out stones and making a pile beside the garden. She didn't complain, but Asher did visit her during his breaks, to see her cursing to herself as she didn't seem used to such difficult manual labor. When Asher would appear, she would look at him with a small smile, but her eyes couldn't hide the fact that she just wanted to be in the home, lounging the day away.

The end of the days were spent in the main room, lying on the couch together in paired exhaustion. The first two evenings, they barely spoke and retired early. By the third night, they both seemed to be handling it better. Better enough that they were able to get undressed and she sat comfortably on his lap, grinding out an orgasm until they both passed out.

Asher smiled to himself as the thought of Elara. She was used to schedules, scrolls, and meetings. She was not accustomed to working on a farm. She understood, to enjoy the farm, was to ensure it was ready to be enjoyed. She wasn't a prude with work, but she was honest that she wanted more sex, and less non-sexual labor. Asher promised her, when things were looking well enough, he would put her to work in more of an intimate sense. Not much to his surprise, she grew excited at future activities.

The curtain behind was brushed aside and a strong woman stepped out with a kind smile. Asher smiled as the woman with black hair, tied in a ponytail, and had arms almost as muscular as his, as she stepped to the counter.

“I’m Dina Hammer, of Hammer Construction. You must be the new owner of the Blackwood Farm,” she beamed.

The young man nodded. “Asher Blackwood. Aric was my uncle.”

Dina nodded and her smile faded. “Sorry for your loss. Your uncle was quite a character, but the whole town loved him. He always had amazing stories. He is missed.

“But for today, how can I help you?”

“I’m making many changes to my uncle’s farm. I have many projects to complete, but the first one is creating a sitting pond on the property. I need smooth, flat stones, a lot of them. I thought to collect them myself, but Mayor Oak mentioned you might be able to help with some supplies?”

Dina nodded. “I have a lot of wood and stone. I know exactly the kind of stone you will need. Can you tell me about the size of your pond?”

Asher explained as best he could the size and depth. Dina listened with attentive ears.

“You may need about five-hundred stones. I can sell them to you, two stones for one gold coin.”

Asher nodded. He didn’t have a lot of gold, but he also knew that if the farm was in shambles, guests might not be inclined to stay, or enjoy their visit.

The younger man pulled a coin sack from his belt and opened it. He then counted out two-hundred and fifty coins on the counter. He closed up the small sack and stuffed it in a pouch on his belt.

Dina slid the coins into a waiting bucket under the edge of the counter and nodded with a bright smile.

“I’ll be sure to get the stones to you tomorrow, if that’s okay?”

“It’s okay. I still have some finishing touches.”

Dina spoke as she kept her smile. “The winters get cold here in the valley. Your uncle tore down the barn he had on the property. I can have a new one built for you? It will take about a week, and will cost about seven-hundred gold coins, if you’re interested?”

Asher smiled. “I’ll consider it. After I planted the field, I was going to work on building a barn myself. If getting supplies becomes too difficult, I will be back here for supplies.”

“Of course,” Dina grinned. “Have to respect a person for wanting to build things themselves. I’m always here, unless I’m on a job. Don’t

be a stranger.”

“I won’t,” Asher said, keeping his smile.

He was about to turn around, and leave the shop, when a chime filled the air. Asher turned to see a handsome man and a beautiful woman step in, one after the other. The man was young, about the same age as Asher, as far as he could tell. The woman was stunning, with silky black hair. The pair wore black robes with gold and blue embroideries. Their robes gave them a rich, aristocratic style, he often noticed from people who set out quests, but would never get their hands dirty.

The pair caught sight of Asher, and eyes widened. Smiles bloomed as they approached the young man.

“Lord Asher Blackwood!” the man said with haughty flair as he glanced at the woman beside him. “Sandra, I told you what I heard was correct. A new owner has claimed the Blackwood farm.”

Sandra didn’t take her eyes off of Asher as she coiled her arm around the man’s arm. “Yes, my darling Roland, the next in the bloodline has arrived,” she said with a tone that Asher couldn’t decide if she was being genuine, or sarcastic.

“Where are our manners? I’m Lord Roland Windswell, and this beautiful woman on my arm is Lady Sandra Windswell. We own the Windswell Farm, south of town and close to the beach,” Roland said and held out his arm.

Asher politely clasped his forearm. The two men shook on the greeting before letting go.

“Good to meet you,” Asher smiled.

“Come to add some additions to your famous farm, eh?” Roland talked like they were good buddies, having a chat.

Asher didn’t take the bait. “Just some supplies. I prefer to do the work.”

Roland nodded. “Aye, a man of strength. Good to see people putting in the work.

“When you have some time, you should visit our farm. Our home overlooks the beach and ocean. We do love to entertain guests,” Roland offered.

“Thank you, but I know I will be terribly busy over the coming weeks and months. Perhaps another time.”

Roland nodded again. Sandra looked at Asher with a shrewd gaze.

“Of course! Maybe we'll bump into each other again around town. The people here are marvelous, us included,” Roland said and laughed at his own words.

“Maybe we will,” Asher said, already wanting to leave.

“We won't keep you,” Roland said with a slight bow.

Asher bowed to the man before standing up. He glanced at Sandra and she nodded at him. He began to walk around the strange couple, Sandra giving him an odd glance. When Asher was nearly to the door, Sandra spoke loud enough for him to hear.

“Dina, my darling, have you received any new shipments of opals?” she asked.

Asher's body tensed. He couldn't stop himself from walking out of the shop without looking suspicious. A memory of the circle of opals filled his mind as he tried to listen while the door was closing behind him.

“Opals have been a popular item, late...” the door closed shut and cut off what Asher could hear.

Why would opals be in demand? They are often used for jewelry and little else. They are not highly valuable, so why would there be a shortage?

Asher thought about it as he started the long walk back home.

The town center of Star Fall was a four-way intersection. Most homes and shops were only along the road from east to west. The north road led to a cluster of kingdoms, while the south road led through the small row of mountains and to the beach. The sea to the south was called the Crystal Sea, because of occasional worn crystals that seemed to be found in its waters from time to time.

The fresh air filled Asher's lungs as he walked. A sense of peace sank into his whole body. An image of Elara filled his mind. The stones would not arrive until tomorrow. That meant he had the rest of the day off.

Maybe Elara and I need to have a little more time together?

The elf set his entire spirit on fire. It had only been a few days, but they only seemed to grow closer with each one. Before any chores were performed, he would assist with milking her. They had a chest filled with the special jars. She often gasped and moaned to his touch. They would spill enough until there was no more. He would then take the jars to the basement for storage.

Asher's thoughts shifted to the milk collection and storage. He knew he had to spend some more time reading the codex. Making

potions was a little involved. Ingredients and processes were needed to stabilize the magical milk and change it into potions. Elara enjoyed being milked, but Asher knew, if the farm was going to succeed, they would need a few more guests.

The further Asher walked, the more the reality of his new life sank in. He knew, deep within his heart, that he would need to learn alchemy with his new life on the farm.

Maybe Elara and I can learn it together? She has some magical knowledge.

Asher nodded to himself as he approached his farm in the small distance. The sun hung low in the afternoon sky. The scents of the surrounding lands and forests filled his senses, calling to him like an old friend. Memories played on of traveling dark forests to reach dungeons. How he took small moments to bask in nature's glory, before readying himself for battles in crypts and dungeons.

Asher opened the gate and stepped onto his property, closing the gate behind him. He made his way up the dirt path to the porch. He stepped onto it and walked toward the front door. He slowed down as he heard more than one person laughing.

Asher approached the front door, hearing excited chatter and scattered giggling. He opened the door and stepped in, seeing Elara sitting on the couch with another elf.

The pair stopped talking and turned their heads to the young man who stepped in. Elara smiled brightly. The elf sitting next to her looked at Asher with wide eyes and a happy smile. The pair had teacups in hands, steam rising up from them.

"And the handsome hunter has returned home," Elara said gleefully.

Asher approached the pair with a pleasant smile. Elara and the elf with dark blue-ish hair, set their cups down on the coffee table and stood up.

The farmer eyed the new guest in their home. The elf had straight, dark blue hair that was almost black. She was thinner than Elara, but only a little. She was beautiful, with smooth skin and dark blue, oval eyes. She had high cheekbones and a slender neck. Her body was thin, but her chest and hips were not. They were pleasantly plump, giving her a smaller hourglass figure when compared to Elara. There was a shade of darkness under her eyes, like she read a lot, or spent most of her time in dark chambers. She wore a black dress that hugged her form. Her skin was pale, as was her cleavage. Her cleavage line was thin, running down to the top of her dress.

Elara moved to Asher and circled her arms around his shoulders. She hugged him tightly before looking at the new guest in their home.

“Asher, please meet Nynna Inkpond. She is from the Librras Province, and one of my dearest friends.”



Nynna bowed, “Please, call me Nyn.”

When the elf stood up again, she drank in Asher’s features with nearly predatory eyes.

Asher smiled, remembering the same look from Elara when they first met. If the two elves were friends, maybe they were around the same age. Asher internally smiled, finding the thought very appealing.

Elara reached up and ran her fingers down the side of his features. “Isn’t he handsome enough to eat,” the elf laughed.

Nyn bowed her head, a pink blooming along her pale cheeks.

“No need to be shy with us. You know how I am. Asher shares the same tastes,” Elara said with a relaxed tone.

Nyn lifted her head and grinned at the busty blonde elf. “It’s not shyness,” she said plainly.

Elara let out a wicked laugh. She leaned a little closer to Asher,

her lips to his ear.

“Nyn received my letter and decided she had to come to experience it for herself. She traveled through the portal from her province. It will be available for a few days, if she decides she wants to return.”

Elara turned from Asher’s ear and looked at her friend. “But I don’t believe she will want to leave.”

“Elara and I have written and talked to each other at length about these kinds of farms. It is a common thread that brought us together,” Nyn explained.

Asher smiled. “Welcome to our home and the farm.”

“Thank you, Lord Blackwood.”

“Please, Asher is fine.”

Nyn eyed the younger man from head to toe.

“She brought wine,” Elara said as she reached down under the coffee table and pulled up two bottles. She placed them on the table.

“We didn’t want to start drinking wine, until you came back,” Nyn said with a kind tone.

Elara waved her hand and a black slit appeared beside her. Her hand sunk into it and she rummaged around. When she pulled it back out, she had a corkscrew in it.

“I wonder if wine will affect my milk?” Elara laughed as she stabbed the corkscrew into the cork of a bottle and began twisting.

Nyn stepped around the table and walked right up to Asher. She stood before him and looked up with almond shaped eyes.

“I do hope I am not intruding. Elara and I have been friends a long time, but she does get carried away, in her way,” Nyn said.

Asher looked at the elf before him. He saw the commonality of middle-aged elves. They tended to look almost the same as younger elves, but carried a little more body weight and a degree of confidence he rarely experienced. It only added to their beauty.

“I do not!” Elara laughed and pulled the cork out.

Asher smiled. “Any friend of Elara’s is welcomed here.”

He watched Nyn smile.

Elara pulled three wine glasses from her dimensional pocket and placed them on the table. The black slit in the air faded away as she began to pour.

The air between the man and elf took on a heavy charge.

“Nyn is a scribe,” Elara mentioned as she finished pouring into one glass and began pouring into a second glass.

“Truly?” Asher smiled.

Nyn gave a small nod. “I seek to be a published author, but my work entails dictation. I scribe speech into words, or update tomes by rewriting them onto fresh pages in new books. It can be quite boring.”

“I don’t think so. I have a passion for reading, when I get the chance. I spent a lot of time in dungeons. Those places are not pleasant for sitting back with a good book.”

Nyn let out a sharp laugh as her eyes took on dreamy edges. “You must have many stories and adventures.”

“I have some, but I am currently on a new adventure with Elara and this farm. If you don’t mind me asking, did you read the same books as she did when it came to these kinds of farms?”

A full wine glass was placed in Nyn and Asher’s hands. Elara stood close as all three took a long sip of velvety red wine.

“I have read many of the secret tomes. At least a dozen have passed through my hands, and were passed on to others. Each one is different, but they share the same theme. To a casual reader, they would be seen simply as erotic stories. But to a trained eye, a reader can decipher the hidden puzzles to secret portals.”

Nyn turned her gaze to Elara. “We discussed many times about visiting a farm. I must admit, I was too timid to try. But not my dear friend Elara. She has a spirit that cannot be tamed.

“When she wrote to me of her plans, I didn’t believe her at first. But after a few hours after reading her letter, I could not deny the allure. I made my own arrangements for time away. I had already written detailed pages to access a portal, the shifts of the portals to the phases of the moon. When I looked them over, I saw my chance had arrived, and took it.”

Heat touched Nyn’s cheeks, but she kept a confident gaze.

“Well, we welcome you,” Asher grinned and took a sip of his wine. “Tell me, you mentioned you wished to be a scribe of tales. What do you like to write?”

Nyn blinked. “Other than Elara, no one has ever asked me that question.”

“I told you he was precious,” Elara said with a wicked grin and took a sip of wine.

The dark-haired elf sipped her wine as her gaze drifted to Asher's strong neck. "I wish to write erotica. It is taboo in most of the provinces. There is a small, hidden movement with a desire to read such works."

Her eyes took on a knowing gleam, "But to write effectively, there must be vigorous and detailed research. Ink is precious, and cannot be wasted on idle dreams. That is where experience comes in."

"Is that why you came here, for the experience?" Asher asked with an even tone.

Nyn shifted her gaze to Elara. "I came to spend time with my friend," she said before looking into Asher's eyes, "And to spend time on a farm where spiritual and physical experiences lead to a higher understanding of self, and others."

The dark-haired elf stepped closer to Asher. She lifted her hand and touched her palm to his strong chest. Her eyes slowly blinked as she inhaled his scent.

"Elara told me you have a big, thick cock, and the spirit of an incubus," Nyn said without a hint of shyness.

Asher didn't flinch as he took in her scent and enjoyed her hand on his chest.

"We are still discovering our limits," the ranger said with a casual tone.

Nyn eyed him with an intensity that could melt stone. "Limits are made to be reached, and eventually broken. But, since we are having a discussion, there are many layers to exploring one's limitations. Asher, would you care to have a conversation about intimate adventures and desires?"

Asher lifted his free hand and placed it over Nyn's hand on his chest. "I would. I think there is a lot we can discuss," he said with confidence before taking a sip of his wine.

Chapter 8

Wolves and Chaos

The sun sank lower toward the horizon. A cool breeze rushed through the valley, as another day slowly came to an end.

The dark forest stood with sunlight touching the top of trees. The ground and air grew cooler in the evening. Birds chattered in the trees. A twig snapped, and the birds grew deathly silent.

A loud huffing touched the air, followed by the movement of large paws. A small figure darted through the thick, dark forest. She huffed loudly as she ran with wide eyes. Long green ears caught the sound of growls and heavy bodies behind her, slipping through the trees as they tried to gain on their next meal.

The small goblin glanced back with wide, yellow eyes. She caught a glimpse of three large creatures, giving chase. They growled louder when she looked back and the goblin let out a desperate shriek.

“I think we should take our conversation upstairs,” Elara said with rosy cheeks.

Asher and Nyn stopped their casual conversation. They turned their gazes to the blonde elf as she approached them with a half-glass of wine and a slight weave in her step.

Elara opened her mouth to speak again, when she made a misstep. She stumbled forward, toward the pair. Nyn was frozen, but Asher moved into action. One hand caught the wineglass before it could spill. His other arm curled around the stumbling elf and held her close.

Elara looked up with wide eyes, before they half-closed with sultry desire. “Oh no, I’ve fallen. I should be punished.”

Asher couldn’t hide his laugh as he held the elf with one arm. He then brought the wineglass closer to her lips, helping her drink like she was a child. Elara closed her eyes as she sipped the red wine, not bothering to try and stand up from his arm.

“She tends to enjoy her wine,” Nyn said as she stepped closer.

“I’ve noticed,” Asher grinned.

“She did bring up something that I’ve been thinking about as well,” Nyn said plainly.

Asher looked up from Elara to see Nyn looking at him with a shine in her eyes.

“What are your thoughts,” Asher asked, but already had an idea of what she meant.

“I’ve never seen Elara so happy, and it’s plain as day because of you. I want the full experience, but I have my own wishes and needs.”

Elara struggled to stand up. Asher helped her until she was back on her feet. He held her by the waist as she swayed. She then flopped on his shoulder and held onto him for dear life.

“He does make me happy, but I also believe we make each other happy,” Elara said as she sobered up a little.

Asher held Elara to him as he looked at Nyn. “What are your wishes? What are your needs?”

Nyn eyed him before she parted her lips, “I wish to be the third in your relationship. I have much to learn when it comes to various styles of lovemaking and sex. I have some experience, but I would rather be an intimate slave to both of you. I trust Elara. Her affection and love for you, speaks to me and tells me to trust you as well.”

Elara stood up on her own power, but kept her hands on Asher. She looked at her friend with sobering, keen eyes. A wicked smile formed.

“Nyn, would you join us on this adventure?”

The elf nodded. “I do. It...has been difficult to envision some of the stories I have read. I wish to know more, so I can write effectively. I am willing to take the elixir and spill my milk for you both. I am also willing to belong to you both, for thirty days. After that, when the portal cycles to my province again, we can decide what happens after that, if you both agree?”

Asher and Elara looked at each other, but it was Elara who gave the younger man a wicked smile and gleam in her eyes.

“Can you handle two mature elves at once?” Elara grinned.

“I was going to say, can you both handle a demanding and younger man?” Asher flirted.

Elara touched a finger to his chin, slid it down to his neck, and touched his chest. “I believe we can...” the elf was cut off by a distant shriek.

All three in the main living room grew silent as a grave. When another shriek was heard in the distance, Asher broke away from the two elves and darted to the closet by the front door.

The closet door banged loudly as Asher's hands dove into the closet. He grabbed his quiver filled with arrows and slung it over his head, so the strap was across his chest. He then grabbed his belt with his short sword and clasped it closed around his waist. He then picked up his bow. He turned for the door as Elara and Nyn approached.

"Stay here!" he ordered. "Don't know what's going on out there and it's safer inside."

"We can help," Elara said as she instantly sobered up.

Asher looked at her with an understanding gaze. "I know you can, but I'll be okay. Stay here as I scout it out."

The ranger opened the front door and stepped out onto the porch. His hand reached for an arrow and pulled it, nocking it to the bow in one, smooth move. Asher used all his senses as he stepped out onto the dirt path of his new home. Ears flexed as he listened. Eyes drank in the area, looking for any hint of where the scream came from.

Bushes shook, before a short, green humanoid burst from the tree line.

Asher turned and drew the arrow back. He held it as he watched the green goblin launch onto his simple fence, and scrambled over a post. She tumbled to the ground and kept running.

Asher noticed her yellow eyes were wide with fear. Seeing her, he knew she wasn't a threat. Looking past her, toward the trees, he spotted a trio of large, dark shapes bounding through the forest.

"No enemy!" the goblin shouted as she ran for the lone man in front of the home.

Asher took measured steps toward the goblin as she ran toward him. She was in the open field as she ran as fast as her little legs carried her.

From the tree line, three large shapes burst out into the open. Gray and black fur covered their bodies. Asher's eyes narrowed, seeing that the three creatures were much bigger than their other brethren.

The three dire wolves moved at a frenzied pace. Two still had their gazes locked on the fleeing goblin. The third glanced at the man with a weapon aimed at them.

Asher continued to walk forward, bowstring and arrow pulled back. His spirit was calm as a summer pond. He aimed with deadly intent. Measuring the distance and how quickly the dire wolves were moving, he would only be able to get a few arrows off before they would be on top of him and the goblin.

“Help!” the goblin shouted as she raced toward Asher with tears in her eyes.

Asher nodded as the three wolves bounded over the simple wood fence.

The ranger exhaled as he let the arrow loose. The arrow blurred before stabbing into the eye of one of the wolves. The monster yelped and stumbled. It quickly recovered and charged with an arrow in one eye.

Asher’s arm moved with practiced ease. He pulled another arrow, nocked it, pulled back, and let go in a fluid motion. The injured dire wolf growled before the second arrow struck its other eye, and bore deeper into the creature’s skull.

The wolf didn’t make a sound as it went limp and crashed into the ground.

The ranger pulled another arrow as the remaining two wolves were gaining on the goblin. The dire wolves were the biggest he’s seen, their shoulders reaching his shoulder. All it would take was for them to get a single bite on the goblin, and she wouldn’t survive.

Experience guided his movements as he broke into a run. He aimed as he kept his pace steady over the terrain. A dire wolf leapt for the goblin, its mouth wide open. The twang of a bowstring touched the air, and an arrow stabbed into the open maw of the beast. The tip penetrated its brain and the monster wolf flopped to the ground, sliding to a halt.

Another arrow was nocked as Asher charged toward the goblin and remaining dire wolf. The creature huffed, but kept its gaze on the man. It veered slightly, bounding toward the man. A paw slammed into the goblin’s back and sent her flying sideways.

Asher let out his breath as he released the bowstring. The arrow shot forward. The dire wolf shifted its bulk at the last moment, the arrow sinking into his shoulder. It didn’t slow, nor stop the wolf as it bounded right up to the man with a loud snarl.

Time slowed to tiny moments. The goblin tumbled away as the wolf leapt at the ranger. Asher let go of his bow and a hand grabbed the pommel of his sheathed sword. The sword sang of metal as it was drawn in a blink. Teeth clamped onto his shoulder as the silver blade stabbed into the monster’s side.

The wolf whipped its head so hard, Asher was lifted off his feet and thrown. The young man grunted as he crashed onto the grass and rolled. Sword still in hand, he rolled back onto his feet as the dire wolf

was on him again. The blade flashed up, but the wolf moved low and used the side of its head to bash the man. Asher was lifted off his feet again, but he kept his balance as he landed, not far from the pond pit he had dug.

Time continued to move in slow motion. The dire wolf didn't hesitate as it launched at the ranger. Asher braced himself as he swung his blade. The short sword struck the thick, furry neck. Blood bloomed, but didn't stop the monster as it crashed into Asher and they both fell into the pond pit.

The goblin lifted her head and stared with wide eyes as the man and wolf fell into the pit.

From the porch, Elara and Nyn ran with wide eyes. Elara's heart hammered in her chest as she saw Asher fall out of direct line of sight. She let out a soul curdling shout as she prepared a spell.

Grunts rose up from the pit, touching the elves' sensitive, pointed ears.

Elara reached the pit edge, a lightning spell on her lips and ready to cast. She looked down with wide eyes as grunts continued to rise up from the pit.

Asher growled and grunted as he stabbed into the dire wolf's neck again and again. Blood spurted from the monster, splashing against the ranger. The light faded from the wolf's eyes as it went limp on Asher, keeping him on the muddy ground.

The ranger continued to stab like he was possessed. Fear, courage, and memories of fighting for his life in dungeons, all came crashing down on him, and his soul. Raw emotion moved his arm and blade, stabbing to the hilt as blood spurted onto him. When the monster's heart stopped beating, and it went fully limp, Asher drove his blade to the hilt into its neck and twisted it.

The rage and fear drained. Asher heaved as he laid down in thick puddles of wolf blood.

Elara saw his crazed expression. He stared upwards to the sky, like he was trying to destroy a demon by pure will. When his gaze shifted to Elara, the rage abated, and he began to calm down. The fear in Elara's eyes cut through everything. The inner demons sank down to the deeper recesses of his soul, and he let out a small moan.

The elf crouched down and slipped into the pit. She splashed into bloody mud and crawled to the pinned ranger, and her lover. Her eyes were wide as she approached. Asher held up a hand, to stop her from getting closer.

The ranger pressed his hands to the side of the giant wolf head. With a loud grunt, he barely lifted it off of him and moved out from under it. He let the head fall and huffed for air. Glancing to his shoulder, tendrils of pain grew louder. Blood soaked into his shirt, not just from the monster, but his own as well.

Elara was on her knees, moving through the muddy pit to Asher's side. She put her arm around him and whispered a short incantation. The couple grew weightless for a moment, before they floated up and landed on the grass, not far from the pit.

Nyn helped the goblin to her feet. The pair looked over to Asher and Elara, covered in mud and blood. They made their way over as Elara grabbed at Asher's shirt and ripped it open. She stared down at tooth marks in the younger man's shoulder, and blood leaking from them.

"There are healing potions in the basement," Asher winced as he grabbed his torn shirt.

The ranger worked quickly, rolling up the cloth. He tried to put it around his shoulder, but couldn't make it around. Elara grabbed it and wrapped it around the wound. She tied it tight and Asher grunted in pain.

"I can't lift you," the elf said with an edge of panic.

Asher grunted as she stood slowly up on his own. He began to weave, when Elara was next to him, taking his arm and putting over her shoulders.

Nyn rushed to their side and helped hold the younger man up. The goblin raced to their side with worried eyes.

"Let's get him inside," Elara ordered.

The four of them made their way to the farmhouse as the sun slid behind the horizon.

The kitchen door burst open as Asher and Elara stepped in. The ranger seethed as pain began to multiply from the rows of wounds. They reached the door to the basement and Elara snatched the keys off his belt.

"Stay up here," Elara commanded Nyn and the goblin.

She inserted the key into the lock and opened the door. The pair made their way down the stairs. When they reached the bottom, Elara helped Asher to an empty table. He sat on the edge as she let go.

"The chest over there," Asher pointed with a shaky finger.

The elf moved quickly to the chest and opened it. Four rows of

small vials filled the chest. She grabbed a red one and stood up.

Asher pulled at the makeshift bandage and ripped it off. Blood began to leak as Elara uncorked the potion. She put the potion to his lips and the young man drank deep. Warmth slipped down his throat and into his stomach. The pain in his shoulder began to ebb.

Elara took the potion and poured the rest on his shoulder. Magical liquid moved toward the wounds and they puckered. Healing energy filled the ranger as he and the beautiful elf looked at his wounds close up. The pain subsided, but the bite marks were still tender as Asher rotated his arm.

"It's already feeling..." Asher was cut off as Elara hugged him to her chest and let out a sob.

"I...thought you were dead," she whimpered as emotions dripped from her tone.

Asher tried to say something, but his face was firmly between her large breasts, and he didn't feel like breaking away just yet.

"I...I've never witnessed such brutality," she said with a small shudder.

Asher did pull back a little and looked up to Elara's wet eyes. "It can get like that, during adventures, or dungeon diving. But, are you okay?"

Elara gave a small nod with tears streaking her dirty cheeks. "I am now."

Asher lifted his hand and used his thumb to gently wipe away dirt and a tear from her cheek.

"This is only a taste of adventure. You can see why I wanted to leave it for a time. If you weren't here, I might have succumbed to my wounds in the pit. An infection would have taken root, and if I didn't climb out and see to my wounds, I may not have made it.

"You saved me," Asher smiled.

Elara let out a sad laugh and shook her head. "I only helped. I saw your demons. I know you would have crawled out and healed yourself. You don't need to lie to me to help me feel better!"

Asher's smile faded a touch. "Does this change anything? Does this sour your taste for adventure?"

Elara blinked wet oval eyes.

"It only makes the bond between us stronger. It doesn't sour the taste for adventure but, I must confess, I want more of our intimate

adventures, and less bloody ones.”

Asher let out a warm laugh. Elara grinned with tears in her eyes. The two embraced and held each other tight. For a time, they couldn't let go. When Asher stood up, Elara pulled her head back just enough for his lips to touch hers. Eyes closed as the couple kissed passionately.

When they separated, they looked into each other's eyes with deep understanding.

“Was a promise made?” Elara asked with trembling eyes.

“We don't have to answer that, not now,” Asher said with a reassuring tone.

Elara nodded and looked down.

Asher placed his hand on the small of her back and guided her toward the stairs. Elara walked, leaning her shoulder into the side of Asher's chest. They climbed the stairs and stepped out into the corridor. They made their way to the main room to find Nyn cleaning several cuts along the goblin's arms.

“You alive!” the goblin shouted and bolted for Asher.

The ranger was stunned as the goblin wrapped her arms around his waist and slammed the side of her face into his bare abdomen.

“You saved Blyss! You saved Blyss!” the goblin said with an excited tone.



Asher looked down at the goblin, his arms hovering above her. Elara stepped to the side and hid her smile with her hand.

Nyn walked over and stood beside the blonde elf. She looked at Asher's shirtless and dirty chest with unblinking eyes.

The goblin pulled her head back and looked up with wide eyes. "You save Blyss! Life debt to you! No leave your side!"

"Umm, err," Asher began.

"Goblins, so simple and yet so beautiful," Elara grinned.

Asher put his hands on the goblins shoulders and patted them gently. "Um, is your name, Blyss?"

The goblin nodded as she looked up at him with adoring eyes. "Yes. Name is Blyss Snorehiss. Run for my life. Through a dark forest. Try to escape giant wolves! Air wavy, like water when touched. Ran to different forest. Wolves chase. Saw you. Saved me."

The goblin pulled back and bowed her head. "Soul debt."

"You don't have to pledge a soul debt," Asher said.

Blyss's eyes narrowed as her brow wrinkled. "Hate goblins. Hate monsters. Hate wilderness! Love master. Stay by your side! Forever."

"Wild goblins tend to speak in broken speech, even among their own kind. With time, she will be able to speak proper common," Nyn

said with knowledge.

“It would seem our dear Asher has gained a new friend,” Elara added.

Blyss pulled away from the man, turned and bowed to the pair of elves. “Serve pretty elves too. No hate nice elves.”

“It would appear we have gained a new friend as well,” Elara smiled.

Nyn nodded in agreement.

Asher lifted his hand and scratched the back of his head. “Well, it seems it has been a crazy end to an evening. Let’s settle down and see if...” he was caught off guard by the goblin wrapping her arms and legs around his leg.

“Stay. Forever,” she grinned as she rubbed her cheek against his hip.

Asher looked down and blinked. Elara let out a laugh as Nyn smiled.

The ranger lifted his gaze to the elves and couldn’t hold back his own laughter.

Chapter 9

Dreamy Water

Blyss sat in the metal tub, steamy water up to her neck and bubbles surrounding her annoyed expression. The goblin's big ears and hair drooped, as a pair of scrub brushes were being used on her.

"Where's master? He should be here," the goblin said with her bottom lip out and eyes dripping with grumpy annoyance.

Elara and Nyn were beside the tub, scrubbing the forest goblin down in one of the communal washrooms on the second floor. Both elves had their hair tied up and back. They scoured the goblin, taking off layers of grime as she sat in the warm water.

"Asher is preparing his own bath," Elara explained again. "We are all terribly dirty, but you seem like you sprouted from a patch of dirt."

"Pond is fine for bathing," Blyss said as she crossed her arms in the soapy water.

Nyn scrubbed the goblin's back before glancing around.

"There are two of these kinds of washrooms on the second floor. Asher has a third, private one connected to his bedroom," Elara explained.

Nyn nodded and focused on cleaning the dirty goblin.

Elara looked at her friend and a small sigh escaped her lips. "I must apologize. I never expected your first day here to be so exciting."

The dark-blue haired elf lifted her gaze and gave the blonde elf a small smile. "You said this was an adventure, and the first day simply proved it. I'm actually quite excited. I would have never expected today's events back home, even in the countryside."

Elara nodded. "I hope it calms down a little. I would very much like to share what is happening with Asher and myself."

"He has opened your heart," the elf said plainly.

Elara couldn't hide her smile. "He's a treasure, one I would like to explore for a long time."

"I'm happy for you."

"Thank you. With time, maybe we will all be happy together," Elara said as she looked away to pleasant daydreams.

Nyn eyed her friend. "They may come looking for you. Leaving for a time is acceptable, but to leave for a long time, some of the elders may have questions."

Elara's smile faded a touch. "Damn the elders. They will never understand what it means to be free."

Nyn's expression didn't change. "There is a cloud of excitement with new adventures. Are you certain you are thinking clearly?"

Elara's eyes took on a serious gleam as she looked at her friend. "I've never been so sure of something in my life. Back home, I would be paired, or wooed by uninteresting, simple elves. I'm sure they would do their duty and provide, but they tend to lack the fire of many other races.

"Asher has that fire, the flame I have always been searching for."

"He will not live as long as we do," Nyn said with an edge of sadness.

Elara nodded. "No, he won't. But for the time we have, we will blaze as hot as the sun. I will not waste a moment. Even when he is gone, he will live on in my heart."

"I support you, my friend. I support our shared adventure."

Elara smiled. "I'm happy you are joining us. Our talks always sparked that fire, even if it is unspoken among our people. Tell me, will you try the elixir?"

The mature elf nodded. "I will. It will aid me as I research my writing. I want to experience all of it. I will not push away anything that may interfere with this journey."

Elara gave her a friend a calculated smirk. "This also means he is ours to play with. I can tell, he will not shy away from us joining forces. I believe he will welcome it."

Nyn nodded. "We will prepare our designs for those moments. I believe they will be delightful."

"How does master's cock taste?" Blyss asked Elara with greedy eyes.

The elf blinked as she looked upon the goblin before letting out a small laugh. "You are a feral creature, aren't you?"

Blyss nodded without hesitation. "Soul debt to master. I will ride his human cock. Anything to make him happy."

"Well for tonight, you will be staying in your room. We can discuss more about any future riding, when the time is right. Master

will need his rest,” Elara said and glanced at Nyn with knowing eyes.

Nyn nodded.

Blyss wilted. “Must wait. Then suck on master’s cock.”

“I will make sure she is clean and get her to her room. You should see if Asher requires any assistance.”

Elara looked at her friend and her heart fluttered in her chest. She stood up, streaks of dirt and water from the tub soaking into her dress.

“I should. I should also see to cleaning up myself. The day has taken a terrible toll, and I need my rest,” Elara said with a wicked gleam in her eyes.

Nyn watched as the mature elf turned and walked out of the washroom. She then returned her attention to the goblin with clean, beautiful, dark green hair.

Blyss lowered her gaze to the bubbly water. “She love him.”

“It would appear so,” Nyn said plainly.

“But I will love him...harder,” Blyss said with feral determination.

“Tell me, what will you do with him, once you have him?” Nyn asked like it was the most natural thing to ask in the world.

“A lot,” the goblin said with a wicked grin.

Asher dipped his foot into the scalding hot water. Heat engulfed his foot, and moved up his leg as he stepped in. He brought his other foot into the deep, wide metal tub. When he adjusted to the temperature a little, he sank down into it. The tub was deep in the center, reaching his neck. He lowered his head until it was underwater. The heat soothed his tender flesh where the wolf tore at him.

Muffled silence filled him as he allowed himself to be very still underwater, and simply soak in the hot water.

Thoughts shifted to the elves, and the little, feral goblin. His thoughts shifted again, thinking about Elara. A moment had touched them, and it needled at the back of his mind, and his heart. All of it felt right. All of it felt like it fit together, like a puzzle. Yet, the wolves proved that, even out here on a farm, the world can still be a dangerous place.

Asher lifted his head up out of the water. He moved to the edge of the tub and sat on a built-in bench. He put his arms across the tub edge, and let out a relaxing exhale. Eyes were half-closed, wandering

about the washroom and water closet.

The chamber was half the size of the master bedroom. The tub took up most of that. It was enchanted to produce water. When it reached a rune on the inside of the tub, it warmed the water. The longer the water stayed above the rune, the hotter it became until it stopped at steamy. Stone tiles ran along the floor and lower walls. There was a sink, and a large mirror before it. A throne stood by the corner. Asher would have never guessed his uncle lived this lavishly. He knew he did well for himself, but some of the creature comforts were extravagant to say the least.

A lantern glowed above the sink and mirror. There was a window by the tub. The curtain was partially open, catching the last of the day slipping behind the horizon.

“Why did you give all of this up?” Asher whispered to himself.

Uncle’s letters didn’t feel genuine to the ranger. He had read them countless times, thinking that his uncle was holding something back, something he couldn’t discuss in a letter. It added an unknown, something his instincts couldn’t sweep aside.

Memories tumbled into questions. Why did his uncle tear down half the farm? Why does he have secrets hidden throughout the home, and Asher assumed, along the property. Did his uncle owe coin? Did he make enemies and tried to escape? What if the ship wasn’t taken down by a random sea serpent? What if something far more sinister took place, and his uncle never had a chance to tell Asher directly his fears?

Asher stared at nothing as he pushed all those questions and thoughts away. The farm needed work, and that may have been his uncle’s design. Upgrading the farm would help uncover secrets, and if he wanted to find out more, he had to make the Blackwood farm his own.

The door to the washroom opened.

Asher turned his gaze to the doorway, Elara stepping in with a dirty dress, and some wet spots along the fabric. He lifted his head, but she waved him down.

“Relax. I came to join you,” she said and took hold of the shoulder straps.

The younger man watched as the dress slipped over her busty figure and puddled onto the floor. She wasn’t wearing any small clothes, her beautiful body now fully exposed.

“How are our new guests?” Asher asked as he watched the mature

elf walk toward him with a hypnotic sway of her hips.

“They are fine. Nyn was finishing up cleaning Blyss,” she said as she reached the edge of the tub and looked down on Asher’s strong body.

Her eyes noticed the pink spots where dire wolf teeth tore into his flesh. Lifting a smooth leg, she stepped into the hot water without flinching.

The couple were caught in the gravity of each other’s beauty. Elara looked at Asher’s naked body in the clear water, seeing that part of his body was very excited to see her.

Asher drank in the elf’s voluptuous beauty as she sank down into the steamy hot water.

Elara let out a heavenly sigh as she basked in the heated waters. She then moved to Asher’s side, sliding along his body and taking a seat next to him. He coiled a muscular arm around her slender shoulders and held her close as she pressed her body against his.

She relaxed, resting her head on his shoulder. “Blyss wanted to know how your cock tasted.”

Asher smirked. “What did you say?”

Elara closed her eyes. “I said nothing. It is something she will have to discover for herself,” she said before her hand took hold of his now rigid member under water and gently stroked him.

“You don’t have to do that,” Asher grinned.

“You fought three dire wolves and saved a goblin. The least I could do is play with your sea serpent.”

Asher noticed Elara’s breathing had changed as she stroked him. She took deep breaths as her hips moved against his leg. She pressed her large, firm breasts to him, as if silently begging to be touched.

The younger man said nothing as he gently touched her breast. His thumb moved gently over her standing nipple. The elf let out a heated sigh as she leaned into his touch.

“They...are...so sensitive. More so than before.”

Asher nodded. His cock throbbed in Elara’s smooth grasp. She stroked him, her fingers and hand moving at a steady pace. When his cock attempted to bounce in her hand, she knew she found the right rhythm.

Cupping her breast, he lifted it up and sucked on her nipple. Elara gasped as she looked down on him. Asher’s tongue writhed and played

with her. She upped the tempo on his cock, but it didn't stop him from licking away at her.

"Uh...please...don't stop," she said as she writhed in his grasp.

Asher held her to him with an uncompromising strength. He licked and sucked on her, feeling her squirm in his arm. She rubbed against him as she let out breathy exhales.

"Wicked," she hissed before her eyes fluttered.

"I want what I want," Asher said before returning to his intimate suckling.

Elara let out a breathy moan.

Asher tasted milk and suckled harder. A small stream sprayed onto his tongue and he sloppily licked at it.

"I...I'm very excited. The day...was too much," she said as she swam with the rising tide of ecstasy.

Asher continued to suckle as he let go of her breast. Teeth and lips held her engorged nipple to him, milk spilling into his mouth. He drank down her precious milk as his strong hand ran along her smooth skin. Fingers swept across her belly button and further down. When he reached her valley, fingers explored as she pulled away just enough to give him room. When a finger brushed her clit, a shudder ran throughout her body.

"You have made me your prisoner," Elara huffed as she moved her hips to his intimate touch.

Asher pulled away as he drank down her milk. His mind grew sharper, but all he could see was the beautiful elf.

"It's... too much," as she moaned with her thighs parted.

"One would say I am your prisoner," Asher said with a wicked smile. "Addicted to your beauty, your milk, your cunt. How dare you ensnare me so."

Elara lost all control. She stopped stroking him as her body betrayed her. Caught in a hurricane of bliss, she practically drowned in his deep touch. His finger massaged her clit, keeping his control.

"Rougher," she whispered.

The younger man rubbed and massaged a little deeper. His arm held her tight to him, as thin streams of milk leaked from her breasts and into the water between them.

Elara lifted a hand and touched his strong chest. She gasped for air, the deep swirls causing every nerve along her body to tighten to

the breaking point. White touched the edge of her gaze as she moaned like an animal in the forest.

The demons within Asher grinned. He liked seeing her squirm in his control. She moaned her delight as her hips moved with his touch. Reason bled away as her eyes rolled into her head. The excitement of the day had truly taken its toll. Exhausted, she couldn't fight his desires, not that she would. He took her, forcing her to enjoy an orgasm.

"You will enjoy this moment. When it is finished, we will enjoy the rest of the night," he said darkly.

The mature elf barely nodded. The heat of the moment took her, and in a flash, it blazed across her body.

Magical explosions rippled along her nerves and soul. She shuddered and bit her lip, pleasure blasting her nerves to glass. The swell of bliss was suddenly dwarfed by a larger swell. It crashed into her entire spirit, sending her with the current. Thicker milk leaked from her engorged nipples as she pressed her face to his chest to help muffle her moans. It had all proved too much, a third climax whipping her hard.

When the tidal waves of bliss subsided a little, Elara felt herself fall back into her body. She let out a soft, lazy sigh, not stopping Asher as he rubbed her abused clit. A satisfied moan floated between them as she snuggled closer in his arm and chest.

"I...I wanted to please you," she said softly and with closed eyes.

"You did," Asher smiled. "Seeing you climax brings me great pleasure. I could see it a thousand times and it would never be enough."

Elara huffed before her eyes slowly opened. She looked at the water close to her face, and saw cloudy milk mixing with the bath water. She blinked and sat up, Asher's fingers following her and continuing to rub her clit.

"Oh...I'm sorry," she said as she continued to leak into the tub water.

"Nothing to be sorry about. You tasted very good. So good that I want more."

Elara's eyes widened a hair as Asher clamped his mouth over a nipple and sucked milk into his mouth.

The elf broke from his grasp and wrapped her arms around his head, cradling it to her breasts. The sucking motion sent blissful

tendrils along her body as she fought to keep a coherent thought in her head.

“Am I now your cow?” she asked with a flutter in her voice.

Asher ignored her, rubbing her clit and suckling on her tit.

Radiant pink touched her cheeks and upper chest as the younger man drank from her.

“What will I do with you,” she said with warmth in her voice.

Asher remained to task, drinking and sucking on her. The more he drank, the more his mind worked. His prior concerns fell into blocks of logic. A deeper understanding overwhelmed him, knowing for certain that his uncle did indeed leave the farm in a certain condition so he could figure out the larger puzzle. The thought carried weight along his soul.

“I won’t...be the only one milked,” Elara seethed with bliss.

Asher pulled away from her nipple. He sat up as the mature elf was on him. She straddled his lap, his engorged cock between their bodies. She moved her hips, rubbing her valley entrance along the undershaft like a rutting animal. Waves appeared along the cloudy water, soon followed by small splashing as they hit the edges of the tub.

“The trap is closing in around you. Soon, you will not be able to escape. I have gained allies.”

Asher smiled. “You believe you and Nyn will have me in your clutches? I have youthful energy, and a hunger. Maybe my trap has already sprung?”

Asher grabbed Elara’s plump hips and lifted her up effortlessly. Her eyes widened in surprise as he lifted her up just enough for the tip of his spear to touch her valley. Still holding her, he gently impaled the elf on his throbbing member.

Elara’s mouth made a perfect oval as thick inches speared her sensitive flesh. She sank down to his power, her inner world tight from his sudden invasion. When she reached the hilt, she gasped as her inner world adjusted to his size.

“You said you wouldn’t be the only one milked. Milk my cock, if you can.”

Elara’s eyes fluttered as her body moved of its own accord. She bounced slightly, the motions only adding to the moment. Water splashed and spilled over the sides as Elara moved with dedication. She squeezed him like a vice and Asher let out a small grunt.

The intensity and rhythm grew. Moans grew louder as she slammed her hips down on his lap. Her fingers touched pressure points along his shoulders. Asher felt her fingers and then he let out a loud grunt, followed by his own moan.

“You’re strong, but I have experience, my precious morsel,” Elara said as she gasped and bounced.

Asher’s face was engulfed by Elara’s leaking tits. He held her by the waist as he licked and slathered on her bouncing breasts. Milk streamed down between them as their moans grew louder.

The younger man fought a losing battle. Control was stripped away as his body reacted. He grabbed her ass, trying to slow her down, but another touch caused him to help her move faster. Water sloshed out of the metal tub as the pair was caught in a whirlpool of lust.

The symphony between them reached its crescendo. They let out deep moans and grunts. Asher’s cock thickened, pushing Elara’s inner walls close to the breaking point. She let out a hellish scream as her own orgasm bashed her to pieces. Asher roared before spurts of thick seed instantly filled her inner world. The pair were locked in heavenly bliss, milking Asher’s cock with each tight bounce.

The water in the tub swirled with their love. They eased down, slowly returning to their bodies. Sighs fell from their lips as they held each other with eyes closed.

“I...I...” Elara gasped.

“I...know. I...feel...it...too,” Asher huffed.

They both opened their eyes and looked into each other’s souls. They then looked down at the cloudy water around them.

“We’ve...made a terrible mess,” Elara laughed.

“We can refill, and clean each other,” Asher offered.

“Yes, and maybe try to control ourselves enough to make it to the bed?”

“No promises,” Asher grinned.

Chapter 10

A Scary Gift

The door to the washroom opened. Asher and Elara walked out with smiles. A towel wrapped around Asher's waist. A towel barely wrapped around Elara's voluptuous form. The elf leaned on the younger man as they stepped into the master bedroom. The lantern light was dim and the bedroom was painted in inky shadows.

A figure was sitting on the edge of the bed.

Asher and Elara were caught by surprise as they looked down on Nyn. The dark-haired elf sat with perfect poise as she looked up at the man and elf. She was fully clothed and her eyes glowed like sapphires caught in the light.

"The goblin is asleep. Despite her protests, she was exhausted. The moment she laid down, she began to snore, rather loudly."

"I guess that's why her family name is Snorehiss," Asher chuckled.

Elara's eyes gleamed in the low light. "And you thought to be here, waiting in the dark, to tell us?"

Nyn gave a single nod. "I didn't want to disturb your time together. It sounded like you both were having a splendid time."

Asher wrapped an arm behind Elara's waist. She folded against his side with a satisfied smile across her lips.

"We had to bathe twice."

"The first bath was very messy," the elf giggled.

Nyn nodded as she looked at the loving gleam in her friend's eyes. She then turned her attention to Asher and eyed his strong chest and neck.

"I want us to take part in our agreement, but I wish to start slowly. I want to absorb our time together so I can understand and write effectively."

"We are happy to help," Asher said with understanding warmth.

"Tonight, will be a taste," she said as she reached over and took hold of Asher's towel.

With a small tug, the towel came away. Nyn let go of the towel and it fell to the floor, making a small puddle of fabric. Her gaze fell to Asher's rather impressive member.

“Lay down for me, please,” Nyn instructed.

Heat poured off the younger man, his member rising once again. He climbed onto the bed as Elara pulled off her towel. The elf climbed in with him, moving over him and settling at his side. Their bodies touched and the couple kissed. Nyn climbed onto the bed as well. She moved to the other side of Asher and slid down his body. When her face was aligned with his hip, she gently took hold of his member and stroked it.

Asher and Elara broke their kiss and looked down at the elf. She eyed Asher’s throbbing cock in her hand. She continued to stroke it and stare at it, like she was drinking in every detail.

“She likes to explore every detail. You will be able to tell from her writing. We used to send our written fantasies to each other. They were very explicit. I must admit, we did have some written fantasies where we shared a man.”

“Would make for interesting reading,” Asher managed to say before lips closed around the tip and began to suck.

“Maybe we will show you some of those stories, or live them,” Elara said with a sultry grin.

Asher nodded as bliss ran along his cock. He could barely keep his thoughts together. Despite the lovemaking in the tub, his member was hard as stone. Nyn felt different than Elara, but she also had such a technique that caused his hips to move slightly, stabbing his cock a little deeper into her mouth and throat.

Nyn didn’t gag. Her eyes were closed as she ran hot lips down the sensitive shaft.

“Oooo, I’m wet again,” Elara sighed.

Asher felt wetness, but it was along his arm and some of his chest. He glanced down to see drops of milk dripping on him. Her breasts were engorged again, and her breath heavy. Asher wondered if every time she was excited, would she produce? It certainly seemed that way as she brought a leg partially over his thigh and rubbed her slit against him. Wetness touched his leg as she continued to grind against it.

The younger man reached around from behind Elara and grabbed hold of her full breast. He gave it a strong squeeze, milk spilling onto his chest. She squirmed to his touch, her eyes growing heavier. Heavenly bliss coursed through her, but when his thumb ran over her tingling nipple, she let out a primal moan.

Nyn’s head bobbed as the couple held each other. Elara writhed

like an animal in heat. Her eyes took on a distant, sultry gaze as nirvana pulsed along her entire body.

"I...can't...stop," Elara said as one hand snaked between her thighs and she rubbed her swollen clit.

"No one is asking you to stop," Asher said playfully.

Elara's eyes fluttered as her fingers and hips moved to her own intimate touch.

The younger man held her close. He gave her a squeeze and didn't care that milk was spilling onto his chest. He watched her as Nyn's tongue ran along his shaft as tight lips touched the base of his staff. Her entire mouth and throat were tight, trying to suck his soul through his member.

"I...may have to milk you, after she milks you," Elara said with a breathy whisper.

"We may...have to set some ground rules," Asher managed as he was getting closer to release. "There is still work...that needs to be done."

"The only work I require is you sticking that thick cock in my sacred valley. I need you to flood it with your seed. And when you're finished, stuff my mouth and make me stay on my knees," Elara said in a flash of honesty before her toes curled.

Asher held her close as she shuddered hard against him. He gave her breast another squeeze, milk dripping from her nipples. Her eyes fluttered as explosions blasted her senses. A tremble followed, as did a long moan.

Her eyes rolled back into place and a happy smile bloomed across her lips. "Oh my," she grinned in faux embarrassment.

"I love your honesty," Asher said before the moment took him.

The younger man let out his own, strangled grunt. Nyn lowered her lips to the base of his cock, spurts of seed painting her throat. She pulled back, her lips massaging the shaft and being rewarded with more of his thick come. She pulled back until her lips slipped away from his cock. She held some of his seed on her tongue, memorizing the taste before she swallowed.

"You do taste very nice," Nyn said as she moved to the edge of the bed and stood up from it.

"I made one of the bedrooms my own. It is close to this one, and has some of my items," Nyn said before she turned and walked toward the master bedroom door.

“I look forward to more experiences. Good night,” the elf said and left the master bedroom, closing the door behind her.

“It’s a good sign. She rarely likes anyone,” Elara huffed.

The elf climbed onto Asher and straddled him. She moved her hips and rubbed her dripping honey onto his half-hard cock. The mature elf looked down with heated eyes as milk dripped from her standing nipples.

“But I knew she would. She has never been in a relationship like this, and I think she will take to it like we have.”

Asher held the elf by the top of her hips as she moved on him. “Are there any other friends I should know about? I just want to be prepared for any more surprises.”

Elara let out a girlish laugh. When she pulled back, Asher’s cock was hard again. The tip touched her quivering elfhood and thick inches pushed in. She gasped as she slowly impaled herself.

“I have to have...some secrets,” the mature elf said with a moan.

“Mysterious.”

She nodded as she rode his cock.

“I look forward to the time you beg us to stop,” the elf said with loving eyes.

“Me too,” he said with his own loving gaze and smirk.

The two fell into a small fit of laughter before moans rose up like a sultry symphony.

Morning light flooded the misty valley. It caused the mist pouring down the nearby mountains to glow in dreamy brilliance.

Asher opened the front door and stepped out onto the wide porch. He took in a deep inhale of morning air as he marveled at the foggy mists around the farm. He could barely see twenty feet in any direction, the ethereal morning mists clouding the world.

“It calms me,” the young man said to himself as he looked at the mists.

Thoughts floated to last night. He and Elara had continued on until they passed out. She flopped down on his chest and he held her close. They both huffed until slumber overtook them. Asher had to admit, it was one of the most restful and deepest sleep he had in a

very long time. When he woke up, Elara was still sleeping. He crept out of the bedroom and saw that the other doors were still closed. Yesterday took a lot out of everyone, and he let them sleep.

Asher's mind began to wander. There was still a lot of work to be done, in and around the farm. He still had to work out some kind of schedule for everyone involved. If they were going to continue with this adventure, everyone needed to know their place and part in the grand scheme, so they could work together.

The oddness didn't escape him. Much like a guild, or adventuring party had roles that need to be fulfilled, it wasn't that much of a leap of logic for a farm as well, even one as different as this one. They all had to work together to ensure the farm was running properly. Some farms, or even guilds, can be very strict and controlling. Asher already knew his farm wouldn't be that way. He always enjoyed when everyone worked together because they wanted to, not because they had to. Much like his relationship with Elara, they would all have to feel it out.

A calm flowed over his spirit as he understood all of this would be a different kind of adventure. He pictured the mature elf and his heart skipped a beat. It was like new doors opened, taking his life in a different direction than he ever intended. He wasn't sure what his father would have thought, but he knew his uncle would be grinning from ear to ear.

"I hope you're both in paradise, drinking it up," Asher whispered to his dead relatives.

He turned his gaze to the western field. His small smile slowly vanished as he saw two dire wolf corpses still on his property. He knew the third was at the bottom of the sitting pond.

Rotating his arm and shoulder, it felt almost brand new again. The healing potion really did the trick. He was grateful for it as it all could have been much worse.

Asher was about to step off the porch and make his way to the tool shed to get an axe, when a dark shape loomed in the misty distance. He turned and looked at the front gate to his property, seeing a vague humanoid shape. The mist parted further to the morning light. Soon, features began to appear, with arms wide out.

Asher stepped off the porch and walked the dirt road to the front gate. The closer he stepped, the more he noticed the figure was perfectly still. When he reached his front gate, he looked up at the figure and smiled.

A finely made scarecrow was leaning against a post of the wood

fence. It stared out with button eyes and a creepy smile. It was wearing worn and weathered farmer clothes, and had a straw hat. Straw stabbed out from its wrists and neck. It was mounted to a wood pole. A folded note was in the front, chest pocket.

Asher plucked the note and unfolded it.

Greetings!

Welcome to Mist Valley. Please accept this gift to help keep the crows away from your crops or garden.

We hope to see more of you in town!

Asher looked at the bottom of the note and saw that it wasn't signed. Lifting his gaze to the scarecrow, he folded the note and slid it into his own pocket. After that, he reached up and took hold of the scarecrow. It was very light, and easy to pull over the fence. He carried it under his arm as he made his way around the house. When he reached the garden, he stepped to the northern part of it, turned the scarecrow upright, and stabbed the pole into the ground. He pushed it as deep as it could go, before gathering some of the stones on the side of the garden. He then placed them around the pole to ensure it remained steady.

"Welcome to the farm," the young man said before turning and walking to the tool shed to start his day.

The morning mist burned away to a partially cloudy sky. Thick shafts of shadow drifted across the valley lands and mountains. Birds sung their songs as the air warmed in the early afternoon.

Grunts and a wet chopping rose up from a pit. A green goblin in a red dress and white shirt walked barefoot toward the pit. Blyss's large ears caught the sounds of her master laboring away in the pit. She stepped closer until she reached the edge. She looked down to see the young man with an axe in hand. Dire wolf body parts were strewn about in the pit as Asher began chopping at the neck, to separate the head from the trunk of the body. She kept her gaze on him, blood covering his clothes once again as arm muscles bulged. He brought the axe down, and with a meaty impact, the head came away from the neck of the furry monster.

"Master, food ready," Blyss said warmly.

Asher stood up. He huffed as he looked over and up to the goblin standing on the edge of the pit. He instantly noticed she looked different than how he met her yesterday.

The goblin's dark and thick green hair was combed behind her ears. It framed her features as she looked down with big, oval, yellow eyes. She had a cute nose and full lips. Where yesterday she was covered in scrapes, bruises, and streaks of dirt, today, she looked like she never saw violence in her life.

Asher's gaze fell to her green toes as they curled and uncurled along the edge of the pit.

"Wolf meat is good," the goblin said as she looked at the chunks of meat on the muddy wet ground of the pit.

Asher nodded as he looked down at it. "No sense letting it go to waste. Once it's cured, it will last us a while."

"I help. Give me meat. Bring to house," the goblin said in broken common.

Asher grinned. "It's okay. I'll do it. I don't want you getting your dress dirty."

The goblin eyed him for a moment. She then turned and silently walked away.

Asher looked up at the pit edge for a moment before he shrugged. He then hefted his axe and turned to the chopped-up wolf parts. He began to collect them when a shadow touched him from the edge of the pit.

Asher turned to see Blyss was standing stark naked at the edge of the pit. The goblin looked down with serious eyes. Sun painted her light green skin. Dark green nipples stood erect on her firm breasts. Thick, shapely thighs and hips gave her a strong foundation to her form. Between her thighs was a wild forest of dark green hair.

"No more dress. Give me meat," she said firmly.

Asher could barely contain his chuckle. The absurdity of the moment was not lost to him, and only added to the beauty of the day. Without further thought, he began tossing up chunks of bloody meat.

Blyss caught them, one by one. She quickly placed them on the grass before standing up and catching more. Soon there was a pile of meat beside the pit. Asher tossed up a large chunk onto the edge and climbed up. He watched as Blyss began picking up chunks and cradling them in her arms.

"Meat," she said before walking briskly toward the farm house, still naked.

Asher laughed in the sunlight.

The young man turned to the stack of meat and bone. He was

about to start picking it up, when he saw a wagon approach the front gate. Several people pushed, while Dina Hammer was maneuvering from the seat of the wagon. She lifted her hand and waved to Asher. Behind her was a wagon filled with thick, flat stones.

“Greetings!” Dina shouted.

Asher tried his best to wipe the blood off his clothes, which only made it smear more. He gave up and crossed the distance to the main gate. Once there, he opened it to let them inside.

The wagon rolled in. Dina stepped off and her boots landed on the ground.

“Where do you want your shipment?” she asked with a smile.

“Place it by that pile of meat over there. It's right next to a pit I dug out for the sitting pool,” he explained.

Dina looked across the medium distance to the stack of furry meat chunks and her eyes widened a hair.

“Were you attacked?” she asked.

Asher nodded. “Three dire wolves came from the dark forest, chasing a goblin. The goblin is fine, and staying with us for a little while.”

Dina nodded and looked at the bloody farmer. “I heard stories about monsters coming from the forest, but your uncle always said it was nothing to worry about. He told many of us at the bar how strange creatures came in and he quickly took care of them. He didn't explain how, and when we pressed, he simply laughed and changed the subject.”

She put her hands on hips and looked Asher up and down. “It would appear your uncle did leave the farm in good hands. If anything gets past your farm, people in town could get hurt.”

Asher lifted an eyebrow. He had no idea this was a concern. He wasn't sure how much the townsfolk knew about the strange portal in the forest, but aside from people, other things had slipped through. It was something he knew he had to remember, and maybe come up with a solution. His farm would be the first place any foul creature may skulk around, or worse, attack.

“Put the wagon over there and start unloading the stone,” Dina instructed her people.

The two men and two women pushed the wagon toward the pile of meat. When they were out of earshot, Dina stepped a little closer to Asher.

“The whole town's talking about you. They're excited that the farm is running again. You might start receiving gifts soon.”

“I did receive one. Someone left me a scarecrow this morning.”

Dina nodded. “The crows do like to pick at gardens and crops. You may need a few more, once you start planting more.”

There was a small silence between them, before Dina began speaking again.

“I shouldn't tell you this, but most of the town is preparing a surprise home warming party. They want to welcome you properly to the town,” Dina said in a low tone.

Asher nodded. It was a well followed tradition to hold home warmings to newcomers. It allowed everyone a chance to get to know any new residents. Asher enjoyed those kinds of parties, for the most part, but he also knew the darker side to them. Guests would try to outdo each other, by giving expensive gifts. It was a way to earn favor, and perhaps gain a favor or two in the future.

“When?” he asked flatly.

“In a week. The Windswells are organizing it.”

“I doubt I can stop it.”

Dina shook her head. “Even if you said no, they would surprise you in a different way. I would grin and bear it. Afterwards, the town will leave you alone to work.”

The side door to the farmhouse opened. A naked goblin stepped out with streaks of blood on her body. She had a chunk of raw wolf meat in her hands and she bit off a chunk of it. She turned to see Asher and Dina standing in the distance.

“Food getting cold! Wolf meat good!” the goblin shouted before tearing off another mouthful.

Dina gave Asher a sideways glance. “Would you believe me if I said this wasn't the weirdest moment from my time here in Mist Valley?”

“At this point, yes, I would believe you.”

The shop owner nodded. “I'll supervise the unloading,” she said and walked off.

Asher remained where he stood, watching the goblin standing naked and tearing into the chunk of meat like a slightly less rabid animal.

The ranger turned farmer started walking toward the goblin as

Dina and her workers unloaded flat stones. They stacked them neatly as the sun shone high in the sky.

Blyss smiled as she watched her strong master walking toward her. Her smile grew wider, bloody teeth appearing as she waved the chunk of meat above her head to Asher's amused grin.

Chapter 11

The Society

A stormy sky crackled with light before a thunderous boom was heard in the distance. The heavens took on a dreary mood as the air was filled with moisture. The storm grew darker with each passing moment, threatening to wash away the world in a deluge of rain.

Asher placed the last flat stone into place. Days had spun on, the ranger working tirelessly to complete his first project on the farm. Now it was complete, and the threat of the storm overhead, he took a moment to admire his work.

The pond structure was deep enough to stand in, but had a shelf of stone along the sides, allowing anyone to sit in and still keep their heads above water. The entire pond was wide enough for over a dozen of normal sized humanoids to sit in, and still have room left over. Gray liquid stone had already hardened between each black stone. It made with a comforting design, one Asher was ready to enjoy once it was filled with water.

Glancing up to the sky, that moment was coming much sooner. The morning mist would help, but a good rainstorm should fill most of it. Asher would have simply let nature do the rest of the work, but he wanted it to be perfect.

Asher dipped his hand in his pocket and pulled out a light blue gem. It filled the palm of his hand as he lifted it up. The water gem was similar to the water gems in the farmhouse. The sink, tubs, and showers all had them. They magically drew moisture from the air and turned it into a stream of water. Not every household had them, but Asher was thankful the farmhouse had many of them, including a few extras. He took one from the basement and was now ready to utilize it for the sitting pond.

The young man stood up and moved to an already carved out groove. He bent down to a bucket beside his boot, and pulled out a shaping tool with some liquid stone on it. He plastered some of the liquid stone to the groove. He then placed the blue crystal in it. He then added a little more liquid stone to the edges to secure it to place. When he was finished, he stepped back and looked at it with an approving nod.

The liquid stone hardened quickly. The gem gleamed in the diffused light. Asher knew, once the pond was full, the gem would

stop drawing moisture from the air. As long as it was submerged, it would lie dormant. When the water level would lower below it, it would magically activate, filling it with enough water to submerge itself again. He wouldn't have to worry about it draining out.

“Add a few plants, and some algae eating fish, and it should be clear and clean for a long time,” Asher said to himself.

A drop of rain touched his brow. A small stream of water poured forth from the gem and splashed against the stone floor.

Asher picked up his bucket and climbed out of the pond. When he stood on the edges, he looked down as water began to puddle at the bottom of it.

Feeling good, he turned and made his way back to the farmhouse. Rain began to fall. Lightning flashed in the distance. The edge of the storm had arrived and he looked forward to being in a warm, dry house.

When he stepped into the kitchen and closed the door behind him, the sound of rain filled the world outside the farmhouse.

Asher let out a cleansing exhale. Warm memories clouded his thoughts, spending the evenings with Elara, Nyn, and Blyss. Elara stayed in his bed every night. Nyn hadn't come to their room, but enjoyed sitting and discussing books in the evenings. Blyss took to being on the farm very quickly. She enjoyed cleaning, telling everyone that she wanted to make sure Asher was happy. Despite his many attempts to tell her to relax, the goblin wasn't having it. She pledged her soul to him, and she wanted to ensure he was happy, and comfortable. In small, quiet moments, the goblin confided in broken common to her master, how much she hated being in the wild. She also told Asher that she would do anything he wanted because he was the most beautiful man she had ever met.

Asher was never sure what to make of her direct comments, so he simply listened to her.

Nights were often spent in the loving throes of Elara's embrace. The mature elf was ravenous for his affections. He could not deny his own desires for her. The bonds between them grew deeper, and more entangled.

For the last few days, all was right. Asher found himself smiling and laughing more and he knew he had, in some way, made the right decision to stay.

His thoughts were broken when he noticed the house was quiet, too quiet.

He made his way out of the kitchen and into the main living room. He immediately saw Elara standing before the coffee table and couch. The coffee table had two potion bottles on them. Across from the standing elf, and sitting down on the couch, Nyn and Blyss turned to Asher as he stepped in.

Elara looked over to the younger man with a wry smile. "We were waiting for you."

"I'm glad I'm not interrupting," Asher grinned.

The blonde elf looked down on the goblin and dark-haired elf with a warm gleam in her eyes. "There has been a discussion. Nyn and Blyss have volunteered to take part in the experience."

Blyss nodded vigorously. "I want master to suck my tits!" she nearly shouted with excitement.

"Elara has explained the process and what she experienced. I'm intrigued and wish to experience it myself," Nyn said.

"I took the liberty of setting everything up, but wouldn't dare to proceed without your permission," the elf beamed.

Asher's gaze fell to Elara's simple belt. His key ring hung from it. He knew full well she went down to the alchemy lab to get the elixir. They had talked about being partners during this adventure, but she had told him in private, he was the leader and she only wanted to assist him.

"Is everyone truly in agreement?" Asher asked everyone present.

All heads nodded.

The sound of rain from outside further calmed Asher's spirit, and blended with the moment. He knew, things were only going to get more interesting from here.

Blyss's green hands blurred forward to her elixir potion. She pulled off the cork top and downed it like she just finished wandering the desert.

Asher and Elara's eyes widened on how quickly she drank it down.

Nyn was a little more reserved. She reached over and uncorked the top. She lifted it to her lips and began to drink. She lifted the potion bottle and tilted her head back, gulping down the elixir potion until it was empty.

The empty potion bottles were placed on the table as the sound of rain droned on outside.

For a moment, nothing happened. Nyn looked on with a calm gaze. Blyss growled in annoyance.

“I feel nothing,” the goblin hissed.

“My stomach feels warm,” Nyn said.

Asher glanced over to the blonde elf. Elara grinned like a mad mage after creating a flesh golem.

“Oh, you’ll feel it,” she said with a wicked edge to her tone.

Blyss stood up with tight fists by her sides. “I want to feel it...” she began and quickly trailed off.

The goblin’s eyes widened. Despite her light green skin, pink touched her cheeks. Her entire small body began to relax as her lips gaped for a breath.

“Now,” she said in a small, hissing whisper.

Nyn looked away, her pale features turning rosy. Her gaze lowered as warmth spread throughout her whole body. A moment later, she gasped.

Blyss weaved like a drunkard. The goblin’s eyes turned slightly glassy.

Asher moved to the pair and knelt down.

“You’ll be fine. Let the elixir lead you,” he said with a calm voice.

“I...feel...her,” Blyss whispered before she lifted her hands and touched her own breasts.

The goblin seethed with heated eyes, her breasts becoming plumper. They strained against her top, nipples pointing against the fabric. She exhaled with heavy breath as sensations overwhelmed her.

Nyn sat back on the couch. Her entire body writhed. Heat ran up from her chest, along her neck, and into her features. Her logic and analytical demeanor drained away to a primal state.

“This feels incredible,” the elf said with warm eyes.

Asher stood up and glanced over to Elara. The mature elf watched the others with unblinking eyes. Her own breasts swelled. Wet spots appeared and seeped into the fabric.

Asher moved to Elara’s side as she looked down at herself in slight embarrassment.

“You never have to be embarrassed,” he said to her.

“I’m not,” she said with a heavy breath. “But I will have to change frequently if this continues.”

“Or you can simply walk around naked,” Asher winked.

The elf leaned against him, one hand holding onto his shoulder. “Stop talking. The more you talk, the more turned on I am.”

“I don’t understand what you mean,” Asher said with a sly grin.

Elara shuddered hard.

“Did you just...” Asher trailed off.

“It...happens...sometimes,” she tried to say through waves of orgasmic bliss.

The younger man couldn’t fight his own growing erection. The mood turned into a lustful fog, enveloping everyone in the room. It even began to infect Asher as he saw the trio writhe with primal desires.

“Master...need...master,” Blyss said as she walked toward Asher like one of the lurching undead.

“It’s so hot,” Elara whispered.

Nyn touched her own breasts, feeling the new weight and size. “I never knew it could feel like this.”

Asher parted his lips, ready to tell everyone to go upstairs, when there was a knock at the front door.

All eyes widened as everyone looked at each other.

Asher took control, even if part of him was annoyed at the interruption. “Elara, can you get them upstairs? I’ll see who it is.”

The blonde elf nodded. She stepped to the elf and goblin. With a gentle touch, she herded them from the couch and to the stairs.

Asher listened as they made their way up. When they reached the top, he stepped over to the front door and opened it.

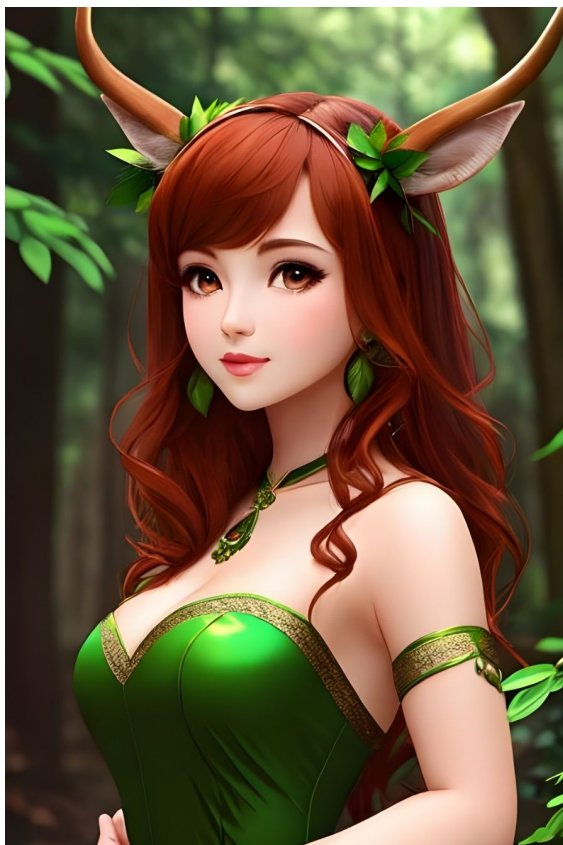
Rain came down in thick sheets. By the front gate was a horse-drawn carriage. The coachman sat in the rain as the horses shifted on their hooves.

Asher’s gaze quickly moved to the two people standing before him. A woman in a black dress stood. The dress was flowy from the waist down. A tight, black corset surrounded her waist and held up her impressive cleavage. She was beautiful, with pale skin and long, wavy black hair. Straps ran along her corset, and a satchel hung at her hip. A top hat graced her head, covered in drops of rain. A light jacket covered her shoulders and arms.

Beside the smiling woman was another woman, but she was

different. Her head was bowed, but a pair of small antlers stabbed up from her long reddish-brown hair. Furry ears were perked up, just under the antlers. She wore a similar outfit to the woman in black, but hers was a dark green with a corset top. She wore a green jacket and she had slightly pointed ears.

Asher's gaze fell to the knee-length dress and quickly noticed she had hooved feet and light fur covering her legs. They were bent back from the knees and Asher recognized her for what she was, a faun.



“Good morn to the new Lord Blackwood,” the woman in black smiled with perfect, white teeth.

“Can I help you?” Asher asked with a questioning gaze.

The woman bowed to him, as did the faun at her side. They stood up in unison, but the woman in black spoke.

“My name is Claudia Frost. Beside me is Amber Wildheart. We’ve come to speak with you about your uncle’s last wishes, and the future of your farm. May we come in?”

Asher was stunned. He had thought everything was already handled. There was no indication of anything further than simply

running the farm.

“Please, come in,” the younger man said as he stepped aside and bowed slightly.

Claudia and Amber stepped in. Water dripped from their clothes as they looked around.

“Let me take your jackets,” Asher offered.

Claudia and Amber shrugged off their jackets and handed them over. Claudia handed him her hat. Asher took everything and hung them on pegs beside the front door.

“I can have some tea made, to warm up the bones,” Asher offered his guests.

“Please,” Claudia smiled.

Asher nodded. “Please, have a seat.”

The young man rushed into the kitchen as his guests sat down. A sliver of panic ran through him, wondering what else his uncle was involved in and knowing that he had three women upstairs that had recently taken the elixir. All he could picture was Blyss charging down the stairs naked and demanding for him to come upstairs.

The metal stove was still hot with burning wood. Asher filled a tea kettle with water and placed it on the stove. He then made his way back into the living room to see Claudia and Amber sitting patiently.

Asher stepped over to a single seat chair at the head of the coffee table and sat down.

“We apologize for our sudden appearance, but with our work and your uncle’s wishes, we could not send word of our arrival. There are many prying eyes and we didn’t want to give them any tidbits of our movements,” Claudia explained.

Asher nodded, not completely sure what she meant.

“I will get to the heart of the matter. We are from the Opal Society. It is an organized society that aids farms very much like this one. We have connections, buyers, sellers, and farmers who work together to provide potions to the many different peoples of Valoria.

“Your uncle was part of the society for a very long time. He was a dedicated and relied upon member. He left us instructions to visit you, if you took on the farm after his passing.

“Your uncle was a great man. He is missed and you have our deepest condolences.”

Asher’s eyes widened just as the whistle to the kettle went off.

Without a word, he stood up and made his way into the kitchen.

Hands worked feverishly, taking out teacups and platters. He placed two of each down and grabbed tea bags. As he prepared and poured the tea, his mind whipped with a storm of thoughts.

My uncle led a secret life on a farm milking women and making potions. I thought this was just what he did, but he was part of something deeper. This explains a little about why a circle of opals was on my farm, but I doubt Claudia did this a week ago and then arrived today. I have so many questions, but I am not sure I want to know the whole truth.

Asher lifted the platters with steam rising up from the teacups. He made his way back into the living room and placed them on the coffee table, before his two guests.

Amber picked up her platter and lifted a teacup. Claudia continued to look at Asher with a polite smile.

“Lord Asher Blackwood, I’m sure you have plenty of questions, but there are a few things I must explain first, if I may?”

“Please do,” Asher smiled.

Claudia nodded once and continued, “Aric left specific instructions for you, should you take on the property. He also gave me a letter to hand over after our business has concluded.

“The Opal Society is extremely exclusive. New members are not even considered unless they have a sponsor. It takes years to become a full-fledged member, but those of blood relation to an existing member may join in less time. There is still more that must be done.

“Your uncle very much wanted you to join the society, and has done what he could to prepare you for becoming a member. He understood you might be hesitant to such an endeavor. He left behind some gold to help aid in your membership, should you choose.

“For you, Lord Blackwood, it will take a year from this day to become a full member of the society. This is to ensure you have enough time to understand the farm, and what the society is founded upon. I’m sure you’ve already found some of your uncle’s things, explaining the basics to running the farm, yes?”

Asher nodded.

“Good. That will save me some time from explaining everything. As you know, with a certain elixir, women from different races can produce milk. Each race carries different mystical properties, to which it still filters into their milk. With the proper recipes, the milk can be transformed into potions. These potions and milk can be collected for

export. They are picked up once a month. Depending on how much milk is produced, and the kinds of potions created, you will be paid handsomely for it. The collections are carted away and redistributed to many places, from towns to cities across Valoria.

“The society handles the largest distribution of potions across the continent. Your farm is part of dozens of farms located in many different parts of Valoria.”

Claudia shifted her gaze to the faun beside her. “Amber is a new member to the society. She is well versed in the inner workings of the society and is here to work with you with running the farm. She is being compensated by being a member, and from the gold your uncle set aside to assist you joining the society.”

Amber bowed her head and looked down. “I am happy to assist.”

Asher leaned forward with concerned eyes. “I don’t wish to run the farm like some slave trade or such.”

Claudia let out a haughty laugh before closing her mouth and smiling.

“Perish the thought. Milk farms are not run like cattle farms. The society has taken great care to avoid such barbaric ideals and notions. Everyone who comes to a milk farm is coming of their own free will. The society has zero tolerance for any abuse, deceit, or enslavement. You will come to understand, if you haven’t already, there is a desire to experience the elixir and its connection to the Divine Mother. She is the goddess of fertility, birth, and love. The elixir is not some spell or potion to recreate the experience, it is truly tied to the Divine Mother, allowing women to feel her connection.”

Asher eyed the two women. “What happens if I choose not to join the society?”

“Everything tied to the society will be removed from your farm. That includes giving up everything in his alchemy lab, and his books and equipment. It is a difficult thing to say, but we take what we do seriously.

“Your uncle didn’t create everything he has here. Some of it was given and furnished by our people. Most often, everything is collected before a new owner takes over a location and put back if they wish to join. Your uncle wanted you to have everything when you arrived, so you didn’t have to add time to your consideration. The Opal Society deals with many powerful clientele across the continent, working with us to keep society and kingdoms functioning.

“We are not a dark, or evil society. We are simply here to fulfill a

need. You were, or are, a ranger. You've gone on adventures or explored dungeons. I am sure you have drunk many potions, from healing to providing other helpful effects. Those potions didn't come from nowhere. We provide them to shops and others, at a cost. We are the common thread keeping our world whole, and allowing many to carry on with their adventures and staying alive."

"How secretive is the society?"

Claudia gave the younger man a wry smile. "We exist, but we do not speak plainly about our inner workings to those outside of the society. As you may discover with time, there are those who are jealous of our power and influence. There are those who desire to join, but do not meet the requirements or temperament of becoming a milk farmer.

"Lord Blackwood, you have some information left by your uncle, but there is much more below the surface. When and if you become a member, you will learn much more that you currently know now.

"Amber is versed in many things about the society, but even she doesn't know everything. If she truly aids you in making the farm better, she will increase her rank and influence from within."

"I'm not a spy, if you're concerned," Amber spoke up. "My place is to aid and assist. Your uncle was a favored member, and many looked up to him. I had hoped to meet him, but he met his end before I could."

"He was the life of the party," Asher said with a sentimental sigh.

Lady Frost nodded. "I know this is a lot to take in. Pledging to something grand does take some getting used to. I know your history through many discussions with your uncle. He cared for you like his own son instead of simply a nephew. Over drinks, he would let it slip that he wanted to see you grow up in less dangerous environments. I understand, running a farm has its own challenges. Random monsters that may wander in from the wild portals can be difficult to manage, but with your experience, you should have an easier time than most."

The woman in black lifted up her teacup, took a single sip, and then placed it down.

"Delicious tea. If there are no further questions, I will take my leave," Claudia said as she stood up.

Asher and Amber stood up as well.

"What if I have more questions? Is there a way to contact you?"

The woman smiled. "Amber has all the information you need. She

can show you the best way to contact me, should you need it. I will spend the night in town, and take my leave in the morning. Barring no complications, I will see you in a year for your final answer.”

Lady Frost’s hand slipped into her satchel and pulled out a wax-sealed envelope. She held it to her side.

“I know you’ve only been here a short time. Amber may be able to help you seek out those who wish to partake of the spiritual experience.”

A soft moan floated down the stairs.

Asher stiffened as he knew it was Elara’s moan.

Claudia didn’t break her gaze from Asher, but her smirk remained. “It would seem you don’t need that kind of assistance. It would appear your uncle was not the only one with attractive luck.”

She lifted the envelope up and held it out to the young man. Asher took it and held it at his side.

Claudia turned and made for the front door. She grabbed her coat off the peg and slipped her arms through. She then picked up her top hat and put it on. The door opened to the sights and sounds of heavy rain.

“I look forward to when we meet again,” the lady in black said without looking back. “Amber, enjoy your stay and work hard.”

Asher and Amber watched as Claudia made her way to the carriage and climbed in. The door closed and the coachman made a clicking sound out of the side of his mouth. The horses began moving, pulling the carriage with them.

Asher closed the door. His mind was spinning with all the new information. He had no idea how deep his uncle’s involvement was with running this kind of farm, and he wondered just how many secrets he had.

The young man turned to Amber. The faun stood with her head bowed and a shyness to her demeanor.

“Um, welcome to the farm, Amber,” Asher smiled.

The faun gave a small nod and a weak smile.

A moan floated down again from upstairs.

Heat touched Asher’s face as he rubbed the back of his head with his hand.

“Let me show you to the rooms so you can pick one,” he said as he tried to ignore another moan in the distance.

Chapter 12

Letter from a Ghost

A bedroom door opened. Asher and Amber peered into the simple room. It contained a bed, window, water closet door and a normal closet. There was a chest under the bed and the curtains were parted. Rain continued to fall beyond the glass.

“The rooms are mostly the same,” Asher began. “All the closets on this floor have many different outfits and clothes. You’re free to go into other rooms and change them out.

“There are two washrooms on the floor, but every room has its own private water closet.”

Amber nodded as she looked into the simple room. “I have everything I need in my Satchel of Carrying, but thank you. I may move some stuff out of here and into other rooms,” the faun said.

Asher nodded as another moan touched his ears. He glanced at Amber and she gave him a blank expression.

“I’m fully aware of what happens on milk farms. I...may be shy, but I’m not blind or deaf. I do look forward to working with you to help you decide if you wish to join the society.”

Asher rubbed his jaw. “With everything said, it still feels odd. I had no idea everything ran so deep across the continent. It makes me wonder, what else was I missing from my travels.”

Amber gave the young man a small smile. “There will always be secrets in the world. I cannot speak to other mysteries, but the Opal Society, as far as I’ve seen, is a positive and helpful one. If it wasn’t, I wouldn’t be here.

“It did take some getting used to the idea, but when I saw how they helped many people, I knew the society was right for me. I want to help you, but I will not force anything. I am your assistant and I will perform my duties to the letter.”

Asher dropped his hand to his side and smiled. “Thank you. I know I will have a lot of questions, but I think I’m needed,” he said as another of Elara’s moans touched the air.

“I understand. I will take this time to set up my room, and explore the farm, if you don’t mind?”

“I don’t mind, but the basement is locked for now. When you’re

ready, we can go down there together and talk about making potions.”

“I look forward to it,” Amber said as she kept her small smile.

Asher smiled before turning and walking away. He felt the faun’s gaze on him for a breath, before a door closed. He continued to walk, when he remembered the note in his hand.

Halfway to his bedroom, Asher opened the envelope and pulled out the letter from his uncle.

Asher, if you have received this letter, then my fate has been truly sealed. But it does bring me joy, if I am dead, that you are now running the farm and keeping it within our family.

Claudia Frost is a dear friend. We used to speak many times over drinks. She can be trusted to look out for your best interests. She most likely has made the offer of joining the society, but I also know you will have a year to decide. Take your time and enjoy the work. If you do join, you will be joining a family that has lasted over four hundred years. They will be grand allies, especially since our farms do have some enemies.

Time is precious, so I will leave you with this last tidbit. By the right nightstand, there are several hidden markings against the wall. Search for them and when you find them, remember 2-4-5.

I was always proud of you. Take care of the farm, its people, and yourself. Find my secrets and you will go farther than I ever did.

~Uncle Aric

Asher reached the door to his bedroom and stopped. Muffled moans rose up from the other side of the door, but the words in the letter haunted the young man. Enemies? Allies? More hidden secrets? It had all become a soup to a strange mystery. When he arrived, he simply thought his uncle had a quirky farm and deviant kinks. Now, it seemed much, much more.

Asher shook his head and pushed the thoughts away. He lifted his hand to the doorknob, took hold and turned it. The door opened and he walked in, closing it behind him. Moans and huffs filled the warm air of the master bedchamber as Asher drank in the sight before him.

Elara was mostly naked and on her back in the middle of the immense bed. She cupped and squeezed her own breasts, milk leaking from her engorged nipples. Her thighs were parted and Blyss was between them, her face buried between tender thighs. The goblin held onto the mature elf, her head moving like she was trying to lick the elf into submission, which to Asher, looked exactly like that. Blyss was naked, her clothes all over the floor. She was on her stomach, licking and sucking on Elara’s clit with wet sounds touching the air.

Beside them, Nyn was naked. Her voluptuous body quivered as she looked upon her friend with dreamy eyes. Milk leaked from her nipples as her fingers massaged herself between parted thighs. The elf did stop as she huffed, watching Elara's hands bunching up the sheets beside her. She shifted her gaze to the blonde elf, watching her moan and huff.

The sounds of falling rain filled the world outside of the bedroom, but here, ecstasy played its violin and all gathered were caught in its song.

Blyss lifted her head and her big, green ears perked up. She turned her head enough to look back to Asher standing by the bedroom door. Clear wetness painted her lower face and dripped off her chin.

"Mistress's moans bring master," she said with primal yellow eyes.

Elara's eyes fluttered open as she took deep breaths. "We... couldn't help ourselves."

"Nor should you," Asher said as he placed the letter on a nearby dresser.

The younger man made his way over to the threesome. The sheets around them were soaked with milk, and other liquids. To Asher, it only enhanced the moment. Even Nyn's often emotionless features were caught in the stream of bliss, unable to stop massaging her clit. Breasts looked engorged and she let out a whimper before her eyes fluttered again.

Blyss slowly rose to her knees and huffed. Her breasts were smaller than the elves, but they were big and plump on her. Dark green nipples leaked pale white milk. She took hold of her own breast and lifted it up. The goblin clamped her mouth on her nipple and drank her own milk.

Asher's manhood stiffened and became like iron. Clothes grew restrictive as he watched the three of them lost to primal desires and lustful needs.

Blyss let go of her nipple and turned slightly to Asher. "Master. I need your cock."

"We have all day. Do you like tasting mistress?" he asked.

Blyss turned her head and looked down at the dripping wetness from Elara's elfhood. "She taste good."

"Taste her some more," Asher smiled as he began to get undressed.

Elara sucked in a breath to Asher's words. Her eyes widened as

Blyss resumed her position between the elf's thighs. The goblin's tongue explored and licked like a rabid animal. When it slathered against the elf's clit, a sharp hiss filled the air.

"Again. I'm going to come again," Elara said as she felt powerless to stop it.

Now naked, Asher made his way to the side of the bed with Nyn. The dark blue-haired elf couldn't form words as her breath dripped past parted lips. Her fingers continued to abuse her clit, her hips moving to them to help summon another orgasm. She managed to look up to Asher's raging hard on beside her and she whimpered.

Asher ignored Nyn as he gazed upon Elara. The blonde elf cried out as another orgasm blasted her nerves to glass. Her body relaxed, but only for a moment. Muscles tensed as the goblin continued to lick at her clit.

Lurid scents rose up and Asher inhaled. The air tasted of sex as he looked at their writhing bodies. The demons along his spirit smiled and clamored up. A mouth latched onto the head of his cock, followed by a hand coiling around his shaft. He looked down to see Nyn sitting up. She sucked on the tip as she gently stroked him. Deep moans vibrated up her throat as she dripped milk onto her thighs.

Asher let the elf suck on him for a few moments. His hand ran through her silky long hair. When a thought struck him, he gently grabbed her hair and pulled her head back.

Nyn let out a gasp as she felt his power and control.

"I wonder how you taste?" Asher said before climbing onto the bed.

Nyn crawled back a little, sitting and laying down next to Elara. The two elves huffed with dripping desire as Asher moved between Nyn's parted thighs. He looked down to a small patch of blueish-black hair, above her pink and blooming slit. He glanced up to her standing light brown nipples, each one dripping milk. She looked at him with sultry, interested eyes, a tremble running up her spine.

Asher lowered himself onto his stomach. He kissed her wet valley entrance, before his tongue snaked out. It stabbed into pink folds and explored. It then slithered until it touched her swollen clit. Lips closed down over it, and he gently sucked as he whipped her pearl with his tongue.

A trembling moan filled the air. Asher's arms encircled Nyn's thighs, keeping them parted. Fingers pushed against her flesh, as he sucked and licked her clit. Wetness further bloomed, and he pressed

his face to her, her honey painting his cheeks and chin. His head moved, licking the mature elf like he had all the time in the world.

“His tongue...is demonic,” Nyn said with heavy breath.

“I told you...he was adventurous,” Elara said as she tried to fight through the waves of bliss crashing onto the shores of her soul.

Nyn’s mouth made a perfect oval as pleasure rippled along her spirit. She couldn’t stop looking at the younger man between her thighs, drinking and licking her like he needed her to live.

“Please, keep licking me, Lord Blackwood,” Nyn whimpered as her nerves were so tight that they were ready to break.

Asher ignored them both, licking and tasting the elf. He drank down some of her honey, and was greeted with more. He let go of her thighs and his hands moved up her body. When he touched her engorged breasts, he squeezed them as he sucked and licked her clit.

Milk streamed from both breasts. They splashed against Asher’s face and trailed down along her already wet stomach. Nyn’s eyes rolled into her head before she shuddered hard. Asher stayed to task, a surge of wetness greeting his mouth, cheeks, and chin. The taste was slightly different, but didn’t make it any less erotic. He continued to munch on her, savoring every drop as milk dripped and mixed with it.

Nyn’s leg wiggled as her world was ravaged by a blissful hurricane. She collapsed onto her back, her eyes rolled into her head and writhing to Asher’s mouth.

“Goddess,” was all Nyn could say as she tumbled through a river of ecstasy.

Elara couldn’t fight for control any longer. The goblin licked at her, breaking and licking every drop of control. Hearing and feeling Nyn beside her, it had all proven too much. The blonde elf let out a strangled moan before she flopped back. Orgasms rippled and exploded, showering her soul in dreamy flashes.

Elara and Nyn barely found each other in the haze, holding each other’s hand and gulping air for their very lives.

Asher and Blyss lifted their heads at the same time to see both elves had passed out, holding hands.

The goblin was on her hands and knees. She crawled over to her master and pushed at his hip. Asher turned onto his side and the goblin took hold of his throbbing cock the moment it was no longer pinned under him.

One hand stroked as the other played with her own nipple. Milk

leaked and she covered her hand with it. She then took hold with both hands, slathering milk on his shaft. She stroked him with dreamy yellow eyes.

“Need master’s cock,” she said as she stroked. “My pussy very wet.”

Asher barely tuned and sat up, when the goblin climbed onto him. She kept hold of his cock, pushing her thin slit to the throbbing head. When it pushed in, she let out a soft moan before driving herself down on it. Thick inches spread her open, the plump goblin impaling herself on her master.

The young man was stunned as she lifted her plump ass up and slammed it down. She moved with such a fast tempo, the sound of skin on skin filled the room.

“So big. I love your cock. I love you,” Blyss said as she held on and stroked his cock with her tight goblinhood.

The bed cushioned the goblins' frenetic pace. Asher grabbed her ass, slowing her down into long strokes on his cock.

“No need to be so fast. You’re so tight, I could enjoy you for a long time,” Asher said warmly.

“Please, breed me. I will be good goblin. I will suck and fuck anytime. I will show. I will prove,” she huffed.

Asher smiled as he held her close. “I know you will, but you can say no.”

“Never say no,” Blyss hissed angrily when then her green body shuddered.

“We’ll work on that,” Asher whispered as he spread her ass as she pounded down to the hilt of his cock.

Velvet heat rose up from the man and goblin. A distance filled Blyss’s yellow eyes. She continued to slam her ass down, driving her master’s member deep. She let out primal moans as she moved with powerful dedication. Green hands rested on his shoulders. Soon, nails dug into him as she gasped for breath.

“Master...” was all the goblin could say before her short body shuddered violently.

Asher’s grasp tightened on the goblin, keeping her steady as she let out animalistic moans. Wetness surged from their connection. The goblin’s valley tightened like a vice, causing Asher to grunt. The heat between them bloomed into a sensual fire, and the young man let out his own primal grunt.

Asher's cock thickened and spurting. Blyss threw her head back. She had wide eyes and her lips parted as dreamy ecstasy stormed along her body. She sank down, reeling from overloaded senses. Asher held her close, the goblin slowly milking his cock of every drop of pleasure.

For a small moment, the couple held each other. Blyss looked around with dazed and dreamy eyes. Asher held her close as honey and come leaked from their connection.

Blyss turned her confused gaze to Asher's eyes. She then stood up, his cock slipping from her. Wetness dripped and ran down her inner thighs. Milk leaked from her heavy breasts. She took hold of one creamy green breast with one hand, and curled her hand behind Asher's head with the other.

Asher was just waking from cloudy bliss, when a dark green nipple was pressed to his lips. He closed his mouth over her nipple, and began to suck and drink.

"Feels good," Blyss said with a faraway voice.

A small thought ran through Asher's mind, wondering what effect would the goblin's milk create.

The rain outside the bedroom windows stormed on.

Elara's eyes fluttered. The mature elf looked across the small distance on the bed, seeing Nyn's closed eyes and her naked chest moving to her gentle breathing. They were holding each other's hand, but Nyn had fallen into a deep sleep, her fingers loose.

Elara pulled her hand back and slowly sat up. She saw Asher's back and Blyss standing before him. Her breast was in his face as the goblin looked at Elara with dreamy yellow eyes.

"Mistress," Blyss said with a dreamy smile.

Before Elara's eyes, the goblin slumped onto Asher. He held her up as her oval eyes fluttered and closed. A low, hard snore rose up from the goblin.

Asher gently laid the goblin down on the bed. But when he turned to look at Elara, his eyes were filled with near demonic lust.

Elara stared as the younger man turned onto all fours. His cock was fully hard and covered with thick veins. It throbbed and bounced as he crawled closer to her.

"Asher?" she asked.

"It's Blyss's milk," he said like a feral monster. "I want more, much more."

Elara stayed her ground as Asher crawled to her. He took hold of her legs and spread them open. He looked down at her glistening valley and licked his lips. A madness filled his eyes as his hand ran down from her knee and along her inner thigh.

The mature elf eyed him as he seemed to barely keep himself in control.

"I..." was all Asher could say as every drop of his willpower was keeping him from taking what he wanted.

Seeing the feral madness in his eyes lit the elf's inner flame. She saw and felt his desire and his control. The inner flame grew brighter. She let out a soft moan, unable to hide her own desire. Wetness dripped from her as milk leaked from her standing nipples.

Elara lifted a smooth hand, and touched under his chin. Asher lifted his gaze and met hers. His eyes trembled as his demons roared for her.

"Take what you want, but drink from me as well," Elara whispered.

Asher growled before he pounced. He was on the elf, one hand grabbing her neck and holding her down to the bed. He didn't squeeze but simply held her down as his cock touched her quivering slit. Asher eyed her like a predator drinking in the moment before it attacked.

"Drink," Elara whispered.

Asher's hips moved, the tip of his cock pushing against her wet slit. With another growl, thick inches speared her tender flesh.

Elara's eyes widened. She exhaled as Asher slowly invaded her inner realm. Tight lips moved over throbbing veins as their connection grew deeper. The elf lifted her upper body against his controlling hand, pushing her large breasts into his face. Asher let go and managed to take a sliver of control by following her command. He latched his mouth onto her and drank down her creamy milk.

Energies throbbed, swirled, and blended together. The more he sucked, the more his hips moved, thrusting to the hilt and pulling back a few inches.

Elara hugged his head to her chest and fell onto her back again. She moaned loudly as the younger man was unchained. He thrust with power, but it didn't feel ordinary between them. Bodies moved with a growing tempo and heat. The sound of flesh on flesh played on.

Elara's eyes rolled into her head as her body shuddered from every thrust.

Heat filled his stomach before mystical energies weaved together. His mind grew crystal clear, but his body moved with heated urgency. He managed to pull away from Elara's leaking nipple and looked down on her with knowing, dark eyes.

"Blyss's milk...her goblin milk...makes my urges sing. It overwhelms me."

Elara's breath grew ragged as the younger man was unleashed on her. Her entire body bounced to his repeated invasion. He grabbed her neck again to keep her in his control.

"I...know," she managed between heavy breaths.

As quickly as it came, it began to cool. Asher's could feel his cock was still hard as diamond. The initial hunger of his urges dimmed enough for him to take back control. Concern filled his eyes as Elara moaned.

"Do not fret," she huffed. "I feel your thick lust...and I want it."

Asher's hand let go of her throat, when her hands shot up and kept his hand to it.

"No! Make me yours," she said in dreamy panic.

Asher's concern bled away. He gently squeezed her neck and she writhed in his grasp. Her hips moved up as his hips pushed down. The pair met in the middle as bliss rippled along their spirits.

A darkness filled Asher's gaze as he looked down on her. "You... belong to me," he said with a threatening growl.

Elara's eyes fluttered as she gasped for breath. The tightness of her neck, and the feel of his pounding invasion send tendrils of ecstasy along every drop of her soul. The powerless feeling, caught in his grasp, sent shockwaves of paradise through her.

Asher lowered his upper body, pinning the elf down with his body. He moved his lips close to a pointed ear as his hips punished her between creamy thighs.

"I will come for you when I wish. I will hold you close, running my fingers over your clit, forcing you to orgasm. Your moans will be music to my ears. I will do what I will, and you will beg for more."

"Yes...Lord Blackwood," Elara seethed as her eyes fluttered.

"Punishment will be pleasure. Pleasure will be punishment," Asher growled as his cock thickened.

Elara's lips parted a little more, before a shrill moan escaped her throat. Her body shuddered as the younger man pushed to the hilt,

again and again.

The mature elf lost all coherent thought. Milk surged from her large breasts as wetness squirted from their connection. The world was drowned out by fuzzy sensations and powerful inner explosions. It whipped her further into submission, squeezing her lover's cock as he pulled back, not wanting to let go. Whimpers touched the air as he continued his deep invasion.

"Mark me, Lord Blackwood," Elara said in a faraway voice. "Mark my skin, my body, with your seed."

Asher nodded. He pulled back, his cock slipping from her. He took hold and stroked it. He looked down with dark eyes, Elara writhing as milk leaked from pert nipples, and honey dripped from between her legs.

Asher stroked until his cock thickened. White seed spurted. Elara let out a warm sigh as pearl-white come splashed on her breasts and down her stomach. She lifted her hands and rubbed Asher's come on her body, mixing it with her breast milk. Another volley of spurts painted her skin as heat filled her porcelain features.

A faraway look filled Asher's eyes. He weaved for a moment as he stayed on his knees.

Elara sat up and took hold of him. She drew him close, the younger man flopping into her embrace. He closed his eyes, nestled between her breasts. A gentle breathing floated up from the couple. Elara coiled her arms and legs around him. Her fingers played with his hair, as their sweat mingled from touching bodies.

"Blyss's milk is dangerous," Asher said in a low, exhausted tone.

"I thought it added to our adventure," Elara said with an understanding tone.

"It didn't frighten you, when I held you down?" Asher asked as he lifted his head and looked the elf in the eyes.

"Frightened? Hardly," Elara said with an amused smile. "I welcome your darkness for it matches my own. We can switch control between us, as much as we desire to do so."

The elf glanced past Asher's face to see Blyss snoring on her side. "As for our little goblin, she seems to be fitting in nicely. Her eagerness to please has not gone unnoticed."

"This...is happening so fast," Asher said plainly.

Elara nodded. "Does it trouble you?"

"Does it trouble you?" the younger man smirked.

The elf let out a happy laugh. "Does that answer your question?"

"It does," he said with a single nod.

"Then we have nothing to fear. Nyn has confided in me that she is having a splendid time. Blyss has wanted this moment since we first met. It would seem, our little family is growing."

A memory flashed across Asher's mind. He pushed up on his hands and looked down on the wet elf.

"We have a new guest. That is who came to the door before the three of you came upstairs," Asher began before quickly explaining what Lady Frost said, and introducing Amber as his new assistant.

Elara listened to every word before Asher finished. Then she smiled.

"The stories I read always hinted at a secret society. A coalition of farms that worked together to bring the divine experience to those searching for it. I wish I could say I'm completely surprised, but I'm not. It makes sense, considering the work being done here and among other farms."

She reached up and placed her hand on Asher's chest. Warmth greeted her hand and she squirmed, visually drinking in his muscular upper body.

"I will keep your secrets, now and beyond," she said softly.

"If not, you will be punished," Asher said with a wicked smirk.

Elara let out a warm laugh. "Oooo punishment by pleasure, how will I ever overcome such discipline?"

"We can discuss," Asher said before he noticed his cock getting rock hard again.

He glanced down at himself and then looked back at Elara. "It's like you cast a spell on me."

"We haven't even touched the degrees of mystical knowledge I have. Sexual rituals among my people are very complicated, but some of it does carry over to you and I. With time, we may be able to create our own rituals to bring us closer to nirvana."

She pulled her hand away from his chest and moved it lower between them. When she grasped his thickening cock, she stroked it.

"For now, I should help milk you. I can't have my Lord Blackwood feeling unwell. It is important that you spill your demons for peace of mind."

"Yes, it's important to have a clear mind and balanced spirit,"

Asher grinned as rain continued to fall beyond the foggy windows.

Chapter 13

Potion Crafting

The dreamscape bled away as Asher slowly opened his eyes.

Gray light filtered in from the windows. A mist hung heavy in the early morning air, a gloomy start to a new day.

Asher blinked a few times before turning his head. He quickly noticed that he was alone in bed. He sat up and drank in the carnage left behind from a day and night of lovemaking. The sheets were bunched and askew. Many wet spots had remained. The air within the master bedroom still carried a scent of yesterday's activities.

Asher remained sitting on the disheveled bed, memories washing on the shores of his mind. During his lovemaking to Elara, Nyn woke up. She had looked at them, caught in the act and gave them a small smile, before slipping out of bed and gathering her clothes. She left the bedroom quietly.

Blyss woke up numerous times during the day and evening. The goblin was ravenous, often throwing herself at and onto Asher as Elara laughed. It was during a break, when the three of them rested, did Blyss tell them that the change she felt was exhausting, and why she passed out after every time she orgasmed. She, in her own broken tongue, assured that this was not normal, and planned to do more, after she adjusted to the elixir.

Despite the horny goblin's intentions, every time she passed out, Asher and Elara continued their intimate discussions, milking pleasure from each other many times. At one point, late in the evening, they all passed out exhausted.

Asher pulled back from the memories and noticed his body felt refreshed and full of energy. He threw the blanket aside and leapt out of bed. He looked back at the bed to see that the sheets and blankets needed to be changed, but that would be something he would attend to later.

The chamber was silent, but the former ranger could hear faint voices in the distance, coming from the stairs.

"Everyone must be downstairs," he muttered to himself.

Then his eyes widened.

"Everyone must be downstairs," he said again as he remembered that Amber was here as well.

Asher quickly moved to the closet and grabbed some clothes. He quickly dressed in a white shirt and dark green leggings. He moved to a dresser to get some socks, when he saw the letter, his uncle left with Lady Frost. He stopped searching for socks and lifted up the letter and read it again.

The words filled his mind's eye. He then turned and looked at the wall beside the right nightstand. He walked around the bed and moved to the wall. He knelt down and touched the wall with his free hand.

Fingers moved along the smooth surface. He wasn't sure what he was looking for, but his uncle said there was a secret in this location. When his finger brushed a bump, he blinked.

It was hard to see at first, but there was a circle of six bumps, all evenly spaced from each other. Some of the bumps looked a little worn down. A small mark was above the top bump.

"This looks like a secret combination," he whispered. He then pressed each small mound like it was detailed in the letter.

When he pressed the last one, there was a click and a whirl. Asher stood up and stepped back. To his surprise, the wall shifted and slid into itself. An opening appeared, but the top only reached his upper thighs. Something big slid out and Asher saw that it was a large, ornamental chest. There was another click, and the lid opened a few inches.

Asher knelt down to it and opened the lid. He looked down and raised an eyebrow to the many items within the chest's confines.

"Chains, odd glass bottles filled with different liquids, cuffs, whips, ropes, stone and crystal eggs, various kinds of phallic items, and several other items he could not identify, were in the secret chest. Everything looked clean and brand new, as if it was waiting for him.

A note was tucked between a chain and rope, part of it stabbing up. Asher reached down and plucked it. He unfolded it and began to read.

Dearest Nephew,

This treasure chest holds many things to aid you on your new adventures on the farm. Everything you see within is brand new. I contacted many discreet mages and enchanters to create the items within.

You may discover, if you haven't already, there will be many demands placed on you, physically, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually. All manner of women will come to your farm, to experience a rare connection to the divine, and to their connections on Valoria. As the new Lord of

Blackwood Farm, it is your duty to help guide and care for them. This can be taxing, even one of your youthful spirit. Use the items as tools to help all who come to your farm.

If you find yourself lost, or unsure which direction to take on your adventure, search for many hidden secrets. They will show you the many paths to personal fulfillment, or the fulfillment of others.

Enjoy your journey.

~Aric

Asher re-read the note several times before he folded it up again. He slid it back into the chest. His gaze then turned to the items inside once again. There were dozens of different kinds of items. Some were strange, and others appeared mundane, but Asher knew better than to think them ordinary. His uncle was meticulous when he planned to retire, and this chest was only one of many more mysteries to discover.

Asher closed the chest. Something twirled and clicked. The chest slid back into the wall, and the panel slid back into place. Before Asher's eyes, the wall looked exactly like it did before, except this time, he noticed the slightly raised bumps.

"I will have to investigate it further, when I have a moment," Asher said as he stood up.

The young man turned and left the master bedroom. As he walked down the hallway, toward the stairs, the sounds of talking and giggling increased.

He made his way down the stairs and onto the main floor. He walked out into the living room to see Elara, Nyn, Blyss, and Amber, sitting on the couch and nearby chairs, deep in conversation. They all stopped talking at once and turned to Asher with warm smiles and excited eyes.

Elara stood up and rushed over to Asher. She placed her arms on his shoulders and looked into his eyes.

"Amber is a delight!" the elf said with an excited tone.

"I was just informing everyone here that I was your new assistant with potion making and milk collection," Amber said with a wry smile.

Nyn spoke up, "You were still sleeping and we didn't want to wake you. Amber helped us with collecting our milk."

"Boobs hurt when wake up," Blyss said.

Elara nodded. "The mornings will be difficult, but with you and

Amber, we should be fine. The morning's collection is on the kitchen table."

The blonde elf turned away and held Asher's arm as she talked to everyone. "We will all have to do our part on the farm. That means chores, cleaning, farming, and such."

Asher gave a single nod. "I'm glad everyone is here, so we can discuss a few things. The farm does need everyone to help keep it neat and clean. We can take turns making meals, and handing out chores."

A memory touched Asher's thoughts. "I also wanted to let everyone know that there is going to be a home warming in less than a week. That means, most of the town is going to show up to welcome us to the town."

Nyn and Blyss nodded. Amber looked away as her expression remained blank.

Asher caught it, "Amber, is there something you don't agree with?"

The faun turned back with wide eyes, before her gaze sank and a sadness filled her features.

"Oh, well, I'm not sure it's my place to say anything."

"You're here and part of us and the farm. Speak your mind," Asher assured her.

The faun took a deep inhale before she spoke, "Is it wise to have a home warming party? Considering the work we are doing here, it is best to not have anyone over unless they are taking part in the experience, or assisting with the farm."

Asher nodded. "Amber, I completely agree. If I had a choice, I would keep the entire town at arm's length, but I already encountered a few residents and they have been very pushy. Enough so, that if I rebuke them, they may make things harder for us. I don't want to make any enemies, and we should be good neighbors.

"That is why, we will embrace the home warming party for a night. After that, we can focus on improving the farm and running it."

Amber nodded with sad eyes.

"I've never worked on a farm before," Nyn mentioned.

"It's quite rewarding, and quite difficult," Elara grinned. "I'll show you what I've done in the garden. Like anything, it takes practice. Maybe we will graduate to actually working in the northern field."

"I help clean," Blyss said.

Asher rubbed the back of his head. “Do you know how to make a bed, and sweep the floor?”

“No,” Blyss said truthfully. “But will learn, for you.”

“We will all learn,” Elara said warmly and squeezed Asher’s arm.

Amber stood up and bowed her head toward Asher. “I know many duties for keeping a functioning farm. I will help teach, after we process the milk for today.”

Asher eyed the faun before giving her a nod.

Elara let go of the younger man’s arm and moved toward Nyn and Blyss.

“Let’s help clean up the master bedroom and get the farm in order for the day.”

The elf and goblin stood up and moved to Elara’s side. The blonde elf looked at Asher with a wicked gleam in her eyes.

“Enjoy your work. We’ll make sure everything looks great.”

Elara, Nyn, and Blyss, marched off toward the stairs.

Amber stepped past Asher and walked toward the kitchen. The gentle taps of her cloven feet followed her, as did Asher. The pair made their way into the kitchen. On the table was a small crate with bottles of fresh milk. Corks were plugged into tops of each glass bottle.

Asher moved to the crate and hefted it up. The pair made their way back to the stairs and the door to the basement. Asher held the crate under one arm as he pulled out his keys and inserted them into the lock. The door clicked and opened.

Asher led the way as they stepped down the stairs. When they reached the bottom, lanterns glowed with dim light, chasing away the shadows. He moved to the main table and placed the crate down. Amber moved to his side.

“Have you ever made a potion before?”

Asher shook his head. “Spent a lot of time traveling, fighting, and exploring, but no potion crafting.”

Amber nodded without judgment in her brown eyes. She moved to a shelf and began gathering ingredients.

“Potion crafting is like any other skill. The more you do it, the better you become,” she said as she put down vials of ingredients on the table.

Asher picked up the codex from the table and opened it. He

looked over the first few pages, seeing some information was missing. Amber moved to his side and looked at the book.

“Your uncle kept detailed notes, but even he left some things blank. No codex should contain every drop of information. It is a last line of defense against those who would try to steal it.”

Amber tapped a finger on the first page and then ran it down over the elvish writing. “We want this recipe. From my studies, elf milk increases intelligence and mana. Milk from different species will create different effects. Often, there is a greater and lesser effect from raw milk. To harness the power of it and make it into a potion, you need to add ingredients to aid it.

“Mana potions earn more in potion shops. So do healing potions. Since Elara and Nyn had produced several bottles of milk, we should start there and make a batch of mana potions.”

Asher nodded. “What about goblin milk?”

Amber picked up a bottle of milk from the crate and set it on the table, one at a time. “Goblin milk is often used for crafting cure disease potions. Goblins are highly resistant to most diseases, and makes their milk valuable. As for the secondary effect, it makes the drinker very horny.”

The young man laughed. Amber looked at him with endearing eyes, his laugh music to her ears.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t laugh. I had a taste last night from Blyss, and well, yeah, it did make me want more.”

“It’s okay, it’s all part of the work. The elixir enhances many things about the drinker, not just their breasts and producing milk. It doesn’t make them connect to the Divine Mother, they are already connected and this solidifies the bond of fertility. It also inflames their natural urges and desires.

“The elixir does lower the chance of pregnancy. In the early years of arcane milk farms, it was a request from most guests. They wanted to live the experience, without carrying a child to term.

“When I explored the house, I noticed there will be many things that must be added to enhance their experience, such as a prayer room to the Divine Mother, a well-stocked library, plenty of food, wine, and places to lounge.

“I saw the sitting pond outside. It is full and beautiful.”

“Everything you mentioned did cross my mind. Inspiration helped with building the sitting pond, but everything else you described, I

thought the same because of my former guild. The guild house was made for comfort, and I want to do that here too.”

Amber nodded as she began laying out ingredients. “You have begun in the right direction. This will also mean we will need plenty of spirits, beers, and wines. Despite actual pregnancy, spirits and such will not affect the milk.”

Asher glanced from the book to the milk bottles and herbal ingredients laid out. He saw everything he needed to make mana potions.

Amber continued, “The potion market is very competitive, but I can already see the milk is a high grade. Bad milk will be dull. The brighter, the better.

“As for selling, there will be a special merchant with a wagon that will come to your farm once a month. They are very prompt, and will have gold in exchange for potions.

“Most mana and healing potions are worth about fifty gold. The merchant will buy each potion for half the selling price. The price changes depending on the potions you’re selling. Goblin milk processed into cure disease potions, will go for a hundred gold per potion, in which you will receive fifty gold for it. I can help you get your books set up so we can keep track of every potion made and sold.”

Asher smiled at the faun. “I had no idea it was so detailed.”

“It’s not only an experience, but a business. The society wants you to succeed because then, we all succeed.”

Asher rubbed his jaw. “Do you know some of the other effects from milk of different races?”

Amber nodded. “The codex can detail it better than I can. I am fluent in many languages, and can help you learn how to read the different recipes. That is why I am here.”

The faun looked away as heat pink touched her cheeks. “Several races can create healing potions. One of them is my people.”

Asher looked at the faun with understanding eyes.

“I know I don’t have to, but there might be a time where I want to,” the faun said softly.

“Let’s take all of this, one day at a time,” the young man said with a slight bow at the hips.

Amber looked at him and blinked. The pink in her cheeks glowed hotter and she turned to the table.

“Let’s start making your first potions,” she said with a heated edge.

Asher stood up and turned to the table. Amber continued to explain as Asher picked up a bottle of milk and poured some of it into a potion vial.

Hours slipped away like a thief in the night. Bags hung under Asher’s eyes as he looked at three crates filled with potions. Two and half crates had mana potions. The last half of the third crate had cure disease potions. Each crate had a total of sixteen potions, which came out to forty mana potions and eight cure disease potions. Amber calculated the value he would receive to be one thousand and four hundred gold.

The young farmer’s heart skipped a beat when he heard the number. That was more than he often earned on any single dungeon or guild quest. After traveling, inns, taverns, and fighting all sorts of monsters, he was lucky to get half that. Afterwards, he had to pay guild fees, restocking of gear, repairing armor, and such, he only had enough to survive until the next quest. It was a grueling life, one where he and his fellow guild mates dreamed of bigger pay days. They often talked about finding a dragon hoard, or a gazer’s lair. Mountains of gold and gems would be their ticket to a better life. Had he known how lucrative arcane milk was, he would have hung up his bow and sword years ago.

“This is a good start. When there are more guests, your earnings will grow,” Amber said as she looked over their completed work.

“We could truly improve everything on the farm. It can be a paradise carved out on Valoria,” Asher said as his mind buzzed with possibilities.

Amber nodded.

“I think I need some air,” Asher said as his head began to spin.

He turned for the stairs and began to climb. Amber followed him.

The pair emerged from the basement. The light in the windows began to dim, showing that evening was fast approaching.

Asher moved down the corridor to the kitchen. He opened the side door and stepped out into the warm, spring evening.

Orange light filled the heavens. Stars began to appear as night’s cloak crossed over the land. In the small distance, two elves and a goblin were alongside the sitting pond. Asher smiled as he walked

toward them, watching Blyss sitting on the edge of the pond, naked. The goblin was splashing Elara as she was standing in the middle of the neck deep water. The blonde elf laughed as she splashed the goblin back. Behind her, Nyn sat on the stone seat edge, her arms out beside her and topless as far as he could see.

Elara was laughing when she stopped and looked at Asher and Amber approaching. She couldn't take her eyes off of him as he gave her a devilish smirk.

Blyss turned and looked at Asher's approach. She pulled her feet out of the water, jumped up and charged. She wrapped her arms around his waist and pressed her cheek to his stomach.

"Master!" she shouted with glee.

"I see everyone is enjoying the pond," Asher said as he hugged the goblin back.

"We are. The water feels wonderful," Elara said as she moved her arms and legs in the clear water.

"We were going to attempt to rescue you both from the basement," Nyn said.

Blyss pulled her head back and looked up with endearing eyes. "Blyss no swim. Blyss happy to put feet in water."

"If you're staying, then we will have to teach you to swim," Asher said.

The goblin tilted her head. "If master says so," she said simply.

"Join us," Elara said as she didn't break her gaze from Asher. "Throw your clothes over there with ours. We'll sort it out later."

Asher let out a laugh before he took hold of his belt.

Amber backed up a pace, seeing the young man undressing without a hint of shame.

"I should go back into the house," Amber said before she caught Asher pulling down his leggings and stepping out of them.

The faun's eyes widened as she caught sight of his half-hard member attempting to fight gravity's influence.

"If you're going to be part of the family, you should know, clothes are optional," Asher winked at the faun.

Amber stood rooted to the spot as Asher moved to the edge of the pond. His strong shoulders and back caused waves of tingles along her spirit.

Blyss sat on the edge of the pond. Nyn kicked out her legs and feet as she kept her arms across the edge of the pond. Elara floated up, water dripping down her floating, firm breasts.

Asher leapt up and folded his legs and arms to himself. He struck the water with a high splash. He quickly surfaced, only for Elara to wrap her arms around his neck like a siren from the deep. She held him close, pressing her lips to his.

“Swim,” Blyss commanded the faun.

Amber hesitated. She bit the edge of her lip before taking hold of her short, green dress.

Asher and Elara broke their kiss, but not their embrace. The pair turned to see the faun’s clothes drop to the grassy ground and she stood naked.

Amber had a lithe body with slight curves. Her upper body had pale skin. Asher drank in her breasts. They were handfuls, with pink nipples. From the waist down, she was covered in brown and white fur. Brown fur ran down to her hooves as she stood. White fur lined her inner thighs and up along the front of her waist. The only other place with light fur was her womanhood. A pink line was plain for all to see as she walked over to the edge of the pond.

Asher smiled. “Join us.”

Amber stared at him as her heart thudded in her chest. Her lip quivered, before it firmed up. The faun bent her odd legs and launched into the air.

Time slowed as everyone looked up with wide eyes. The faun had leapt nearly twenty feet straight up. When gravity took hold, she plummeted down with a scared and happy grin.

The faun hit the water next to Asher and Elara, sending up a plume of water.

Blyss giggled as thick drops struck her.

Nyn kept her same blank expression as water splashed on her head, face, and chest.

Amber swam up and broke the surface to see Asher and Elara grinning.

“Welcome to the family,” Elara said.

A tiny moment later, everyone in the pond began to splash at each other. Laughter rose up and Blyss cheered them on. Nyn smiled as she kicked up her feet, adding to the chaos.

The last rays of sunlight vanished behind the horizon as the cool evening air floated into the valley and stars shone high in the dark sky.

Chapter 14

Drake Oil

The master bedroom door opened and two figures walked in, dripping wet. Drops of water trailed the younger man and mature elf as the door closed behind them. Elara had a relaxed smile as she walked ahead of the Asher. The young man couldn't take his gaze off the elf and her nearly sheer dress clinging to her curves.

The time in the sitting pool was filled with splashing, laughing, and playing. Amber couldn't stop giggling as she, Asher, and Elara splashed each other. Nyn had watched, occasionally splashing with her feet. Blyss cupped water and threw it at the storm of splashes.

After a time, everyone settled down and lounged in the cool water. The sun had set, and a spring chill floated over them. Despite the recent fun, everyone was exhausted from the day. Blyss was first to get up and yawn. The goblin left without saying a word. The next to go was Nyn. She bid everyone a fine night as she walked off half clothed toward the house.

Amber was third. The naked faun climbed out of the sitting pond and gathered her clothes. She glanced at Asher and Elara. Her lips parted as if to say something, but soon closed again. She bowed to them before turning and walking back to the farm house.

That left Asher and Elara in the pond. The couple held each other and talked. The air grew colder with each passing moment, and soon, they climbed out into the chilly evening. Hopping around on the grass, they quickly dressed while still wet. They then rushed back to the farmhouse, locked the door, and made their way upstairs.

In the bedchamber, Asher could not deny Elara's allure. She moved to the edge of the bed and turned around to face him.

"It's been a long day for all of us, but considering how hard you were in the pond, I can be persuaded to warm each other up," the elf said with a wicked tone.

Asher nodded when a thought touched his mind.

"I have something to show you," the younger man said before walking over to the right side of the bed.

Elara's wicked gaze turned curious as she watched Asher kneel down and touched the wall in an odd pattern. Her eyes widened a little when a panel slid along the wall and a chest slid out. The lid

clicked open and Asher lifted it up.

Elara stepped over and stood behind Asher, peering down over his shoulder. She saw a chest filled with all manner of items, from simple to slightly complicated. She also noticed ropes, chains, cuffs, vials with different liquids, and several wands.

“My uncle left me another present,” Asher said as he continued to look at the items within the chest.

Elara whispered a small spell and her eyes glowed for an instant. She caught glowing auras around many items within the chest.

“Most of the items inside are magical.”

Asher nodded. “I thought so. Some of them have small runes carved into them. I don’t know what many of them do, but I wanted to show it to you. Maybe, we can explore some of them.”

Elara smiled as her gaze fell to the vials. “What are those?”

Asher picked a vial up and saw a faint, brown liquid within. “It is labeled as Drake Oil.”

The elf’s eyes gleamed in the dim light. “Drake oil is very rare because of how difficult it is to acquire. It is used for healing tired muscles and warm massages. There have been whispers of the oil adding to libidos.”

Asher stood up with the vial in hand. He turned to Elara and looked at her with predatory eyes.

“It has been a long day,” he said.

Elara gave him a wry smile. “And it was a gift from your uncle. We should honor him.”

Hands rising up, Elara pulled at the top of her dress and slid it over her shoulders. The wet dress slid down her body and puddled at her feet.

Asher drank in her naked form and it continued to take his breath away. His leggings grew tighter as blood pumped. She stood with relaxed confidence, letting the younger man’s gaze linger.

The mature elf turned and crawled into the already made bed. She laid down on her stomach and rested her head on her arms.

Asher moved to the edge of the bed and put the potion vial on the nightstand. He then grabbed at his clothes and pulled them off. Each piece went flying in different directions before he stood naked. He crawled into bed and snatched the vial from the night stand.

The younger man uncorked the glass top of the vial. He poured

some oil into his waiting hand. With deft skill, he corked the bottle with one hand and placed it on the nightstand. He rubbed his palms together, spreading the oil until his hands were covered. Heat bloomed along his hands like dancing fire. He pressed his hands to the elf's back and began to move his palm and fingers with a rhythmic fashion.

Elara let out a long, relaxed sigh. Her eyes fluttered to Asher's strong massage. Palms pressed down, kneading her back, while fingers worked with guiding his hands up to her shoulders. He continued to massage her, while he visually drank in her beauty.

"You've done this before," Elara said with a soft tone as the tension in her body began to slip away.

"It's important to know where and how to tend to sore muscles," Asher said as his fingers moved along her silky-smooth skin.

"Oh, do tell," Elara said warmly as heat relaxed her further.

Asher moved to the nap of her neck and massaged it. He smiled when she gasped to his touch. He continued to massage her neck before moving up her neck and running fingers along the edges of her ears.

Elara closed her eyes as her body melted into a puddle. Her breathing grew as the younger man ran his fingers down her neck, along her back and then to her wrists. Oily fingers held her wrists, as his thumbs massaged along the inner wrist. A small moan escaped Elara's parted lips.

Asher's gaze moved to her plump, firm ass. He marveled at it, wanting to do more than massage. His inner demons climbed into his mind, whispering lurid things.

Strong hands moved to the elf's lower back. He continued to massage her until his hands were filled with her butt cheeks. He squeezed them hard before gently massaging them.

"I sense a question," Elara said with a sleepy tone.

Asher shifted his gaze to her head, and she looked away with closed eyes.

"How adventurous are we, tonight?" he asked.

Elara let out a small moan. "If you keep touching me like that, very adventurous."

Asher nodded as he moved to her parted thighs and massaged each one in turn.

"How do you feel about your dark canal?" he asked plainly like it

was a normal conversation.

“It’s considered a taboo in my culture,” Elara said just as plainly as Asher. “Most of my people dislike the notion of anything entering it. They consider it unclean.”

Asher moved down her legs, firmly massaging each calf muscle. “What do you think?”

“I think we agreed to our shared adventures. I myself have never had the experience.”

“It is something I can teach you,” Asher said as he moved to a perfect foot and began molding it in his hands.

A weak exhale emerged from the elf’s mouth. Asher’s touch sent spirals of bliss along her entire body. Her relaxed state deepened as she melted to his firm touch. Tingling sensations ran along her body and her nipples. Wetness bloomed between her thighs and along her nipples. The tingling grew and she gasped as he squeezed her heels.

“I would happily be your student,” she whispered as she mentally floated between the waking world and the dream world.

Confidence filled Asher’s spirit. He moved himself to sit with her feet before him. He continued to massage them, strong fingers working through each tiny, tender muscle. His gaze lowered to her blooming elfhood. It gleamed in the small light, wetness dripping onto the sheets from between two creamy thighs. A whimper rose up from the elf as Asher continued to massage her feet. The oil warmed her entire body. The added touch of Asher’s skillful hands caused a fever to take root.

“The first thing is to completely relax. It will loosen everything about you and make it easier for both of us,” he said with a soft, warm tone.

Another moan slipped from her lips as she fell deeper to his magical touch.

Asher’s gaze moved up to her firm ass. He eyed her wrinkled hole. It looked tight and inviting at the same time. His mind conjured a moment where he invaded her and his cock bounced in response.

“The first time is the most difficult, but know this, I’m here to guide you. Tell me to stop at any time, and I will obey it. This is meant to be fun, and not painful,” Asher said with an understanding, even tone.

Elara’s eyes fluttered as she imagined Asher holding her down and forcing his thick cock into her. Her hips moved slightly, imagining

him growling in her ear as his cock punished her. She couldn't hold back the deluge of lurid thoughts as they whipped at her. Electric excitement ran along her entire body as muscles relaxed to the point, she couldn't put up much of a fight, not that she would.

The heat along her body grew feverish. A hand moved under her. It was sandwiched between herself and bed.

Asher looked up from his work and caught the elf's finger massaging her own clit. Honey dripped onto her finger as she swirled and lightly pressed her pearl. Hips moved of their own accord, the mood sinking its claws deeper into her. A moan drifted up as the tender swirls further awakened her own demons.

The moment of intimacy grew. Asher rubbed her feet as he watched the mature elf play with herself. Small moans leaked from her mouth as nerves tightened.

A louder moan rose up as the tingling along Elara's nipples grew. Wetness surrounded her nipples as she knew she was leaking onto the sheets, but didn't care. The intimate song grew as her willpower began to crack. The heat of the oil and Asher's strong hands pushed her to the edge, and she was ready to jump.

"Show me. Show me what it's like. I promise to be a good student for your hard lessons."

Asher couldn't fight his urges any longer. A calm flowed over him as he took hold of his throbbing cock and stroked it. Oil touched the shaft and heat bloomed. The younger man moved up and over the elf. Elara let out small whimpers as her body betrayed her.

The younger man was over her, running the head of his cock along the tender flesh of her ass. Oil warmed his already diamond hard member. He lifted his upper body up as he straddled her legs. He let go of his cock and grabbed her ass. He parted each cheek away to reveal her dark brown pucker. It was partially opened, Asher knowing that he had truly relaxed her. He massaged her ass as it moved to their shared touch. The elf upped the tempo, rubbing her clit in faster circles.

Asher ran his finger along her asshole and it flexed to his touch. He then slowly pushed in and a moan rose up from the elf.

"A taste, before I use something bigger," Asher said.

Elara moved to his touch, writhing to his small invasion. His finger relaxed her and she already felt like she was getting used to it. The motion was not as terrible as many of her people made it out to be. When his finger slipped out, her lip wrinkled in dismay, wanting

to feel more. When something thicker touched her tight asshole, her eyes slowly opened.

“We will start off slow,” Asher said as he was over her again.

Elara let out a small sigh, when Asher’s throbbing head pushed a little more. It was at that moment, the mature elf’s eyes widened. Her lips parted into an oval. Her eyes widened more as the thick head of his member pushed a little more and little more. A loud gasp filled the bedroom as thick inches slowly opened her dark world.

Elara’s hands grabbed at the blanket. Fabric bunched in her tight hands. She gasped for air as thick inches slowly penetrated her dark canal. It spread her awareness as she lifted her upper body and was stopped short against his strong chest.

“You’re doing wonderfully,” Asher encouraged.

Elara let out a long, primal moan. Thick inches sank deeper. The heat of their bodies blazed into a roaring fire. Elara could not believe what was happening. Her world opened up to her lover as they crossed over together. She involuntarily squeezed his veiny shaft and he groaned in pleasure.

“Squeeze my cock,” Asher hissed.

Elara did as she was told, squeezing his cock as it moved. The pair fell into an immediate rhythm, caught in the tight connection between them. Thick inches pulled back a little and pushed back in. Elara gasped as she embraced Asher’s manhood as it forced her to accommodate his size. The sensual connection with slippery, warm oil, lubricated their bond.

“Asher...make me yours. Fuck me deep,” Elara said and bit her lip.

The younger man kept his steady pace. The gentle slap of his hips on her round ass blended with their grunts and moans. Thick inches stabbed deeper, the hilt of the younger man touching the apex of their connection.

When her asshole tightened to nearly strangling his cock, he let out his own moan.

Hearing Asher's moan caused Elara’s toes to curl. It was enough to push against his repeated invasion, and rub her clit. The fire roared into an all-consuming blaze. Pleasure dripped along their senses, trapped in the moment.

“I...surrender,” Elara managed before ecstasy blinded her.

Nerves vibrated until her entire spirit pushed. Magical explosions

cascaded along her senses and she let out the deepest moan of her life. Flicking her bean, she writhed to her own touch and the younger man invaded her dark canal. It overwhelmed her, sending her crashing and splashing into pools of primal bliss.

Strange moans rose up from Elara as Asher gently thrust. The motions and sensations played on, causing another wave of bliss to smash into the elf and drown her. She gasped for air and shuddered. She abused her clit as the weight of Asher, and the thickness of his cock kept her in place. She clamped her mouth on a pillow and bit it hard as every part of her was ready to fly to pieces.

Asher looked down on the elf as she collapsed onto the bed. She remained still, except for each bounce from his short thrusts. She took long breaths as he pushed and pulled along her sensitive asshole.

“Are you okay?” Asher whispered.

Elara gave a weak nod and squeezed his cock.

“Good girl. Remember this, if you want to make me happy.”

“Yes...Lord Blackwood,” Elara said with a sultry, weak whisper.

The way she said his name and title, pushed him over the edge. Asher’s cock thickened and Elara moaned louder. She felt her world widened a little more. Asher kept a steady slow rhythm. It had all become too much for him as she lifted her head and looked back with dripping ecstasy in her almond-shaped eyes.

Asher let out a strangled roar as she squeezed around his cock. Thick spurts of seed painted her inner dark canal. Pleasure bloomed as Asher lost control of his body. His hips pushed to the hilt as the elf strangled his cock. Their moans sang together as they moved as one.

Sensitivity slammed into the younger man and he slowly pulled out. Drops of come painted between her ass cheeks and seed emerged from her asshole.

Elara huffed as confusion and dizziness filled her mind and body. She slowly blinked, feeling Asher leap off the bed. He ran into the private washroom and came back shortly with a damp cloth. He crawled into bed and gently began to clean her.

Elara trembled as she slowly felt her spirit return to her body. Asher felt her trembles, and after cleaning her up, he tossed the rag and held her close. The mature elf buried her face in his chest and trembled. He held her and ran his hands along her smooth skin.

“I’m very proud of you. You are so beautiful and sexy. I just want to hold you close,” Asher said like an intimate chant.

The elf clutched at him, a tear streaking down from a closed eye. She dug her nails into him, not enough to break skin, but enough to keep him close. Her trembling slowed as milk leaked from her nipples.

Asher kept her close, not caring about the leaking milk. He only had eyes for her as he ran his fingers through her golden yellow hair.

The warmth between them relaxed her nerves. The trembling slowly stopped and her breathing returned to normal. Asher's fingers touched her back and gently glided along her skin.

"Did you enjoy it?" Asher asked with a hushed tone.

Elara gave a weak nod. She pulled her head back a little and looked up with relaxed eyes.

"You continue to amaze me," she said softly.

"You amaze me as well. I could barely hold back. You are so beautiful and fucking you makes me want to give up the outside world and take you any chance I can. Anything to feel you and hold you close."

"Is there a bard under your ranger physique?" the mature elf giggled.

"Not a bard, but a demon? Perhaps," Asher chuckled.

Elara closed her eyes. "You make me squirm. It has been barely two weeks, and yet I feel I have known you my entire life. All I can think about is you abusing my elfhood valley with that monster cock."

The mature elf opened her eyes and slowly raised her upper body. Milk leaked from her swollen breasts as she looked down on the younger man. The space between them grew warmer as she eyed him like a fresh kill.

"Your desires fascinate me. My people are so stiff, and you are so free. In my province, I would be invisible. But with you, you see everything about me. I can feel it with your hard manhood and how much you care as you fuck me."

Elara moved her leg and it trembled. "Even now, my legs are weak and yet, I want to milk your cock. I want you to feel good. I want you to surrender by painting my skin with your seed."

Her eyes took on a serious shin. "I want to see your moment of weakness as you spill your seed on others and on me. Is it strange to want such things? How they turn me on to watch you unable to control yourself."

"It's not strange. But to be clear, I do have some self-control, or I would have never finished the pond," Asher laughed.

The elf giggled. "Yes, the self-control of a paladin before their divine deity. You would put many holy figures to shame."

Heat flowed up Asher's neck as he gazed upon the beautiful elf. "I think, for the first time in my life, I have allowed myself to be free. Sure, there are responsibilities here, but I have never felt this free."

"The expectations of my family and guild, were to put it mildly, too much. I had thought this farm might have been a mistake, but now, it feels like my soul's salvation."

Asher took Elara's hand into his and gave it a loving squeeze. "And when I think of our intimate adventures, I get excited. I want to see how far we go. I want to feel you close as you orgasm to my touch."

Elara glanced at Asher's rising cock.

"I can see your enthusiasm," she giggled. "But we should clean ourselves first."

The pair nodded to each other before they both crawled out of bed. They walked into the washroom together. Elara grabbed a cloth off a shelf and stepped to the sink. She put it under the faucet and tapped a red gem for hot water.

Asher stood close by as she lifted up the wet washcloth. She looked down at his impossibly hard manhood and gently wrapped the cloth around it. She stroked him and cleaned him at the same time.

"We have to get you clean so I can suck on it," she said with a sultry, yet practical tone.

Asher simply nodded as he lifted his hands and took her heavy breasts into them. He ran his thumbs over her leaking nipples, coaxing out more of her creamy milk.

"If you're good, I will let you suck on my tits as we ready to sleep," Elara said warmly.

"What do I need to do to be good?" Asher asked with a wicked gleam in his eyes.

Elara let the cloth drop as she stroked his cock between them. She looked into his eyes as heat crawled up her neck. She kept her strokes steady with one hand, as she ran her other hand down his strong chest.

"Good is making me moan. You want to make me moan, don't you?"

Asher nodded. "I very much do."

“Well, let’s put your monster to work and see how much you can make me moan. After that, I’ll do what I can to help you sleep.”

“Yes, mistress,” Asher said as his contained excitement caused his cock to bounce in Elara’s firm grip.

A primal darkness swamped the land. The sky was especially dark, with thick clouds blocking out the night sky.

Blackwood farm stood with inky shadows painting it and the surrounding land. A chilly breeze pushed at the air. A dim light glowed from a window on the second floor, the rest of the farm silent and dark as a tomb.

The shadows along the side of the farmhouse shifted and moved. A figure walked with an odd gait along the side of the home. Fingers touched window edges and tried to open them. The lock was firmly in place, the window not budging.

The figure moved to another window, and another, testing each one. All were locked shut.

Shadows writhed and moved. The cold breeze caused tree branches and leaves to sway to its gentle power. The silence was deafening, yet, the figure moved to the kitchen door and tried to turn the knob.

The door was locked.

The figure shambled off just as the glow in the one bed chamber winked out. A cold wind billowed as night’s cloak deepened across the lands of Mist Valley.

Chapter 15

Farm Life Agreements

Morning glow touched Asher's waking eyes. Eyelids fluttered as he looked at the window to see the morning mists beyond the clear glass. A sense of relief and peace filled the small, waking moment. He let out a long exhale when the bedroom door opened and closed. When he turned his head to see who had entered, large, oval yellow eyes stared down on him from the side of the bed.

"Morning Lord Blackwood," Blyss said as she crawled onto the bed.

Asher's mind cleared from the dreamy haze as the goblin crawled to him and was on her knees. She looked down with bright eyes, seeing the young lord partially nude, the blankets covering part of his body.

"Mistress sent me to wake you," the goblin said before spotting his morning wood lifting the blanket around his waist by an inch.

"Good morning," he said as he stretched.

Blyss nodded before her green hand touched his covered, hard member.

Asher blinked as he dropped his hands to his sides. He lifted his head to see the goblin stroke him a few times before pulling the blanket back and revealing his manhood. She licked her lips before turning her wicked gaze to her master.

"Milk master," she hissed as she took hold and stroked him.

"Blyss, you don't..." the young man trailed off as she quickly wrapped her lips around his cock and began to suck.

Asher fought the instant wave of pleasure, attempting to say something, but as her plump lips ran down his shaft, the moment seemed to pass. Bunching his pillow under his head, he looked at the goblin as she was kneeling beside his hip, her head slowly bobbing up and down on his veiny manhood.

One of his hands drifted to her dark green hair. He touched and ran his fingers through it as she gently sucked on his member. The sounds of her intimate kiss rose up, blending with her throaty moans.

"It's a nice way to wake up," Asher mentioned as he enjoyed the moment.

Blyss pulled her head up and stroked his wet cock with her hand. She looked at him with weak eyes.

“Make you happy. Milk your cock every morning,” she said before kissing the head of his manhood.

“That is nice, but what would make you happy?” Asher asked with a genuine tone.

The goblin said nothing as she licked his head and stroked him. A small worry crossed Asher’s mind, not wanting to be some demanding tyrant. The goblin was very eager and accommodating, but it didn’t sit well with him that she only wanted to please him.

“Make master happy,” she said in broken common before sucking the end of his cock.

Asher curled up as inches appeared and disappeared between firm lips. He took hold of the goblin and gently lifted her head. She let out a sad moan, and quickly climbed up onto his lap. She hoisted up her simple dress and Asher quickly discovered she was not wearing any small clothes. Wetness touched the head of his cock, before the goblin impaled herself on her master. She sank down, inch after inch. Her eyes fluttered as she clung to him.

Wetness touched Asher’s chest and he quickly felt the goblin humping his cock. Her swollen breasts leaked as she growled, grunted, and moaned.

“You feel very nice,” Asher said softly.

“Thank you, master,” Blyss huffed as she upped the tempo. “Master’s cock feels nice. So big and thick.”

For a small moment, Asher thought to drink from the goblin again. But remembering her milk tends to amplify his already demonic urges, he decided against it. Instead, he enjoyed the simple act of desire and the goblin wanting to wake him up.

The sounds of Blyss’s ass slamming down on him filled the air around them. She reached a fevered tempo as she clutched at his broad shoulders. The goblin looked down as pleasure spiked. She closed her eyes and quickened her pace until she let out a shrill moan.

Asher held the goblin to him as she shuddered hard in his arms. She slowed down, milking her own orgasm. When it seemed she was going to stop, she picked up the pace again.

“Sorry, master. I came first. You must come. It is my duty to make you come,” Blyss said with slight disappointment in her voice.

“Never apologize for coming first,” Asher smiled. “I actually prefer

it. I like to see you happy.”

“Very happy,” Blyss grunted as she upped the tempo again.

The sound of skin on skin filled the large bedroom. It was almost distracting to Asher, but seeing the goblin enjoying herself had the same effect on him. She moved almost like he wasn't there, trapped in a loop of heaven. Before he knew it, his cock thickened as the pressure began to build.

“Ooooo,” Blyss moaned as her inner world was stretched nearly to the breaking point.

The goblin moved her hips faster. Wetness slicked Asher's cock as she moved in a frenzy. Urgency took hold of both of them. The pair grunted and moaned as both orgasmed at once.

Seed spurted as inner explosions erupted. Heat and pleasure blasted at nerves. The goblin continued to hump her master and he held her close, one hand traveling down to a firm ass cheek and giving it a squeeze. The moans continued until the goblin flopped down into his embrace and huffed for air like she nearly drowned.

The goblin pushed against his chest and looked at her master with a dazed and confused look.

“Clean master with mouth,” she said like she wasn't completely home and still enjoying the orgasm.

Asher let out a laugh. “It's okay. I'll clean up. I think you have to change anyway.”

The goblin gave a slow, dazed nod. She then began moving her hips, not allowing Asher to wilt.

“One more. Then clean,” she said.

“Blyss...” Asher began.

“One more! Then clean!” the goblin said loudly.

Asher grinned as Blyss moaned in the diffused morning light.

The front door opened and Asher stepped out. He took in a deep, cleansing breath in the misty morning.

All felt right with the world.

The young man exhaled and looked out at the mist shrouding the valley. He stepped to the edge of the porch and looked around, planning the rest of his day.

An instinct touched his senses and he looked down. An eyebrow

raised as he saw an odd footprint in the muddy ground.

Time in the wilderness enhanced his natural skills to the point he became hyper aware of any differences around him. Memories crashed on the shores of his mind, remembering seeing odd tracks around previous campsites, oftentimes by smaller critters, and other times, larger, dangerous monsters. As much as he tried to forget those mornings where he woke up to his camp being attacked, they never truly left his spirit. They fused into his memory, knowing something was amiss when he spotted small clues.

Asher crouched down and looked at the odd markings. He mentally went over the many different wilderness creatures and monsters that made tracks, but the one he was looking at didn't match any of them. It was a vaguely humanoid footprint, but with odd tendrils stabbing out from the sides.

Asher turned his gaze to the side, and noticed they had shuffled along the edge of the house. He stood up and followed them. He turned the corner of the house and watched as the tracks continued to the kitchen door. Eyes drank in the oddness as he looked around and saw that they vanished after this point.

The good mood slowly turned dark as Asher continued to look around. He stepped to the grass, but didn't see any new footprints. He glanced to the sitting pond, the gray morning mist obscuring the view beyond it.

Asher rubbed his jaw, remembering the circle of opal stones on his property. Now there were odd footprints around his home, but they mysteriously vanished. The last few weeks had been filled with dreamy bliss, but he began wondering if something else was happening, and he was too distracted to notice or investigate.

The wild gate could lead all manner of beasts and creatures here, but maybe it could also lead others here who wanted to join the farm. Maybe a shy visitor? There is no damage, or markings. Is this something I will have to prepare for, waking to any visitor who has come to partake in the experience?

Asher shook his head.

Maybe I'm overthinking it. When Elara arrived, she was shy and felt she had been rude by simply knocking. If I didn't answer the door, we may have not known of each other, or grow so close. Everything had happened so fast, but at the same time, it felt like fate unfolding before me, before us.

Uncle Aric was a man of many secrets, and with good reason. But maybe, this is another secret I have to uncover? Someone left those opals for me to find. They were sending me a message, one that I didn't decipher

yet. Maybe they returned to see if I discovered their hidden message? Either way, I don't want anyone to simply step into the farmhouse just because they can. The dire wolves proved that not everything that comes through the wild gate is friendly. I must prepare some kind of defense as a precaution. It may not be just women coming here, but monsters as well.

A small whine touched the misty air and Asher woke from his inner thoughts. He turned his head to the back corner of the house, and an annoyed growl touched the air next.

Smiling to himself, he made his way over and around the corner. A garden lay behind the house. The scarecrow was planted at its post, as Elara hefted a watering can and poured water onto budding green shoots, standing in a perfect line.

Asher remained silent as a ghost, watching the beautiful elf struggling with the heavy water can. Mud caked the edges of her long dress, and she moved awkwardly, spilling a small stream of water on the budding shoots. The mature elf was clearly not in her element, struggling to water the rows of plants.

Elara turned and cursed under her breath, seeing that she missed the second row of artichokes. She swung the water can over and spilled clear water onto it. She grunted as she tried to even the amount or spilling water, before she stepped on her dress. Losing her balance, she let go of the watering can and flailed as she tilted. The mature elf gave into the impending doom of falling, when a pair of strong hands caught her and held her up.

The blonde elf turned her wide gaze up to see Asher's smiling features and amused eyes.

"There is a reason not many farmers wear dresses when tending to the farm," he chuckled.

Asher helped the elf to stand up, but hands didn't leave her hips. Her hands were on his shoulders as she let out a relieved and frustrated sigh.

"I fear I've gone through most of my clothes already, and haven't washed them yet. I've been terribly distracted," she said with a demure smile.

"A feeling I know all too well," Asher smirked.

The elf looked to the side, eyeing the garden. "I've never lived on a farm before. I didn't think it would be so difficult. The simple act of watering the garden shouldn't have caused me so much duress."

"It takes getting used to," Asher said and gave her hips a slight squeeze. "My family always had farms. Every generation would spend

their youth adventuring. When they grew older, they settled down to grow crops and tend to gardens. I spent my youth helping my father and mother tend to the farm. It helped me become stronger, but also filled me with terrible boredom. I wanted excitement, and I didn't know it at the time, that was my father's entire plan.

"A boring farm life would entice me to leave, join a guild, and go on adventures. It is what he did, and his father before him did. My uncle was only one of a handful of Blackwoods that broke the cycle."

Elara gave the younger man a wry smile. "But now, we lead different kinds of adventures."

Asher nodded with a grin. "Yes, much deeper, and loving adventures."

The elf looked up with bright, loving eyes.

"I always lived in cities, and never ventured long into the countryside. Being here showed me a new experience, one I want to fully commit to, but as you may have seen, has been a little difficult. Gone are the days of working at a desk, and having drinks in the evening. Gone are the times where I can hand my clothes over and have them washed for a few silver pieces."

"Do you miss it?" Asher asked with serious eyes.

Elara let out a playful giggle. "No, not terribly. Despite my rude language, I am enjoying the experience. I simply have to get used to it. I can't have the lord of Blackwood farm and estate catering to my every whim and need."

"It does bring a closeness to the experience," Asher said as he pulled the voluptuous elf closer.

Their bodies touched and Elara looked at Asher with hungry eyes.

"Lord Blackwood? Is there something I can do for you?" the elf asked with a sly and wicked tone.

"Perhaps. My mace may need polishing. But we can discuss it later," Asher winked.

Elara let out a happy giggle as she relaxed into his warm embrace.

"This is what makes it worth it," she said softly. "I want to do better, and I will. As tempting as it may be for me to lounge around and enjoy your hard discipline, I want to aid you with the farm. I want to be present with responsibilities and duties, intimate and not so intimate."

"I had thought we already agreed to that, but it is nice to hear the words being said."

Elara slowly blinked as she looked at Asher's handsome features. "There have been many agreements, and more to come."

"First, we would tend to your clothes. I will help you wash them, so you have plenty to wear. You may need to be nude for a day and night, but I believe you will be fine with it."

"I saw a chain and collar in the chest. Perhaps I will be chained to your room, until you say when I can leave?"

The mood struck Asher like a tidal wave. He would have taken her upstairs and chained her as she said, when a nagging thought interrupted the moment.

"I want nothing more than to do that very thing, but we do have to prepare. We have only a few days before the surprise home warming. I doubt the guests will enjoy walking into a home with clothes strewn everywhere and chores not attended to."

Elara pouted. "Sadly, I suppose you're right. But think of this way, it will enhance the moments after everyone has left and we have our private world again."

"Can you contain yourself for that long?"

"Can you?" Elara said with a sultry gaze.

Asher looked at the elf with serious eyes. "The truth?"

"Lie to me," she smirked.

Asher nodded. "I will be a bastion of restraint and fortitude."

The mature elf eyed him with delighted mistrust. "Punishments will be severe, my young morsel."

"We will have to discover who is punishing who," Asher grinned. "But first, let's call everyone in the house together, so we can put everything in order before the party."

"Farm life can be so...distracting!" the elf laughed.

Asher nodded. "But the rewards can be very satisfying."

Elara, Nyn, and Amber were seated on the couch. Blyss was wearing new clothes and sitting in a single chair. Beams of sunlight poured in from a window, painting a small section of the floor in brilliant, golden light. Asher stood before the four women with an amused grin and serious eyes.

"As you all may know, there is a planned, surprise home warming for this farm, by the local townspeople of Mist Valley. The rumor had

reached my ears, and despite it interrupting our lives, we should greet them with open arms.

“As far as I know, they will arrive in the afternoon, or evening of the Saturn Day. That gives us a few days to get the farm in shape, cleaning and making it look presentable.”

Asher glanced at Nyn and Amber, before looking at everyone again. “I know the farm’s reputation is to create a relaxed, and calming atmosphere, where guests can lounge and produce milk. Almost everyone here has come for that experience, but I will need your help for a time, getting this place in order.”

“I will help master!” Blyss shouted.

Asher looked at the goblin and smiled. “I knew you would.”

Nyn sat, poised and proper. “I was under no allusions to not assisting with maintaining the farm. I agree to assist in any way I can.”

Asher kept his smile and nodded.

“I’m here to aid you as well,” Amber smiled with shy eyes.

The young man nodded.

Elara spoke up, “You already know my answer, but to everyone else here, that means we focus on preparation. As tempting as it may seem to pull our dear Lord Blackwood away, we must see to the farm first.”

“We must abstain?” Nyn asked.

The blonde elf nodded.

Blyss’s yellow eyes narrowed. Amber blinked. Nyn kept her cool, plain expression.

“It is only for a few days and nights. I will take one of the other rooms and not sleep in his bed for the next few nights.”

Asher noted an undercurrent of dismay. He knew their urges tended to get out of control because of the elixir. The only one not producing milk was Amber.

“But...master need us,” Blyss said with a disappointing tone.

“I’m sure he will be fine,” Elara winked at the lord.

I wonder if Elara meant for this idea not to work?

The gloomy mood stayed as everyone looked at the ranger turned farmer.

“Okay, let’s choose duties and get the farm ready for the party,”

Asher said as a happy, and concerned feeling filled his heart.

Chapter 16

Hungry Whispers

The bedroom door opened and Asher shambled in. His mouth was open and he took heavy, exhausted breaths. The light beyond the bedroom windows began to dim as evening approached. Sore muscles cried out as he slowly made his way to his bed. Trembling hands attempted to grab at his clothes to take them off, when the sight of his bed caused him to give up.

With a huff, Asher collapsed face down onto the bed. He stared at nothing as the room slowly grew darker.

The last few days had finally caught up with the young man. In preparation for the surprise home warming, he and his new friends worked hard to get the house cleaned and presentable. That alone wouldn't have brought him to the brink of exhaustion, it was the amount of wood he chopped down from the nearby forest.

Asher spent part of his day cleaning, and creating potions. He worked alongside Amber as they prepared a shipment for the day after the party. The two worked closely together and felt they had enough for a large shipment and extra big payment. It was during their work that they talked about the future of the farm. The sitting pond was beautiful, but the pair came up with the idea of an outside dining and lounge area. It would be open on two sides and have a roof over the middle. It would have a stone floor. Chairs, couch, and table would be placed inside. It would entice guests to come out and enjoy nature and the pond.

Asher knew it could be expensive to purchase the wood needed for such a project. He had some carpentry skills, and knew he could create the basic structure before purchasing furniture. With that, he set out every day for the last few days, with an axe in hand. He then began chopping down trees to make the structure. It wouldn't be complete in time for the party, but Asher knew the sooner he started, the better off they would all be.

Arms, back, and legs cried out in soreness as Asher laid in bed. Hours of chopping down trees and carrying over large pieces took its toll. Two days before the party, Asher was on his stomach and breathing hard.

Thoughts shifted to Elara and the others. Everyone had been on their best behavior, as they agreed upon. Everyone slept in their own

rooms, but Asher wished Elara was there, so he could cuddle into her bosom. He missed the elf, but even he knew he was in no condition for intimacy. His youthful energy had its limits, but his demons clawed at him nonetheless, wanting the elf close.

Weariness spiraled. Asher slowly closed his eyes as his breathing slowed. A short time later, he slipped into the dreamscape as his body healed from the backbreaking work.

Outside of the master bedroom door, Elara approached with sad eyes. Images of the haunted and exhausted look in Asher's gaze caused her to want to go to him, and ease his suffering. She knew she couldn't resist her own urges as she stood before his closed door. The evening had swamped the world and all she wanted to do was massage his worn muscles.

The elf's hands clenched at her sides. Damn the foolish agreement. She lifted a hand to take hold of the doorknob and let herself in, when a hand touched her shoulder. Elara turned her head in surprise to see Nyn standing beside her with a concerned gaze.

"He's exhausted," Nyn said softly.

"That is why I should be there to comfort him," Elara shot back in a low tone.

Nyn's hand slid down Elara's arm and she took her friend's hand into hers. The dark blue haired elf tugged at her friend to walk in the opposite direction.

Elara hesitated, wanting to pull her arm away. In a tense moment, she relented and walked with her friend. The pair made their way down the hall and to the stairs. They took the steps down to the main floor.

They emerged from the main corridor and stepped into the immense kitchen. Nyn guided her friend to the table and chairs. Elara sat down as the other elf moved to a cabinet and pulled out a box of teas. She then filled the kettle and set it on the wood burning stove.

Elara stared at nothing, her heart breaking a little. Emotions swirled as she tried to not admit to herself what they were actually saying. Time drifted until a steamy whistle broke her thoughts. She looked over to see Nyn pouring hot water into teacups.

Nyn lifted two cups and brought them over to her sad friend. She sat down as she placed a steamy cup in front of the blonde elf.

"Your feelings for him are apparent," the elf said as she lifted her cup to her lips and took a small sip.

Elara was silent, gazing down at the steam waving to her from her cup.

“You know what I’m going to say,” Nyn said softly.

Elara looked up at the elf with straight dark blue hair. “He makes me feel things I never felt before.”

Nyn nodded and closed her eyes. “I know. We read many stories when it came to these kinds of farms. They were always titillating and enjoyable, but you and I both know we weren’t sure they truly existed. Now that we know they are real, how far do we want to continue on this adventure?”

Elara slowly blinked. “You think me mad, for falling for a common man, but you know he is not as common as it may seem. He has a soul, desires, and his own pain.”

“I don’t think you’re mad. I do worry about how deep you want to proceed. Their lifespans are so short.”

“I’m nearly five hundred years old. In that time, I should have fallen in love many times, but this is the first time I have ever felt it, truly.”

Nyn sipped her tea. “I am close to your age, and never touched love as well. I gave up my meager attempts at such an experience. But I know what you’re feeling. It is not as deep as your experiences, but I can understand.”

Elara nodded. “He’s free in a way I never knew before. I’ve had elves court me, but they were so stiff, and uninspired. It’s like they followed a rule book and did not deviate from it.

“It’s not like that with Asher. He follows his heart, and his urges. There is a magic and mirth I cannot deny. I am drawn to it. He sees me as a beauty incarnate, and I want to drown in his affections.”

Nyn gave an understanding nod. “I’m not here to deny your affections. There is something deeper we should discuss. If you want to spend your days and nights caught in the throes of passion, love, and lust, I applaud you. But this adventure will have deeper consequences.”

Elara looked down and gave a slow nod.

Nyn continued, “I have read and collected many of the secret stories about these places. Some of them were forgeries, or written by those who never experienced them, but there are many others that speak to deeper truths, if you decipher the deeper meanings from the texts.

“Potion creation of this kind is deeply rooted in the world, but only those who belong to the Opal Society truly control it. They have the power to sway the balance from kingdoms to empires. That makes them dangerous.

“We both know from the stories, these farms offer a divine experience and respite from the everyday world, but there is a reason not everyone stays forever. All experiences come to an end. Some guests will leave to return to their lives, while others will wish to stay. Asher is strong and skilled, but even he cannot protect everyone should anyone take nefarious actions against the farm. How long before he will expand, hire guards, or use mystical weapons to protect us, and this place? Will we still have our freedom when we are walled up inside to be protected?”

“I don’t believe it will come to that,” Elara stated.

“In my heart, I hope it never comes to that. But I informed you and Asher that I plan to stay for thirty days. I still have a life back home, one I am not too pleased to return to. If I stay, there will be a disruption, and some may come looking for me. Some may come looking for you.”

Elara’s eyes widened a hair in shock. Lost in the throes of passion, she had forgotten her life back in the elven province.

“If we want to stay, we will have to ensure no one comes looking for us. There is an appeal to staying. To experience such a life and write my books is invigorating. We have to take some time to think on it, and decide if this is where we want to stay,” Nyn said with an understanding tone.

Elara smiled at her friend. “Yes, it is something we must think upon.”

Nyn reached across the table and touched her friend’s hand. “It was something I wanted to discuss, but it need not darken the evening. Blyss and Amber have already gone to sleep, exhausted from their day.”

Elara looked down on her friend’s hand, touching hers. She then looked up with a warmth in her eyes.

“I am you and Asher’s third. It’s difficult to see my friend so distraught and frustrated.”

Nyn stood up and took Elara’s hand into hers. The blonde elf stood up as they both walked into the living room.

A dim lantern glowed, giving the large room long, inky shadows. Nyn gently pulled Elara to the couch. The pair wore thin robes as they

moved. Nyn sat down, and Elara sat down beside her.

“We discussed many things during those nights. Wine always brought me close, but I never had the courage to go through with it,” Nyn said softly.

“I felt them as well, but could not discern the truth,” Elara said as Nyn undid the front of her robe and opened it.

Creamy breasts were uncovered as the elf shrugged off the robe from her slender shoulders. The dim light painted her pale skin, but did not cover any of her beauty. Nyn reached for her friend and undid her robe.

“Is this what you want?” Elara said as she didn’t stop her.

“It is what we want,” Nyn said with heated softness. “Our culture can be so binding, but here, we can be as free as we wish.”

Elara’s robe slipped down, exposing her naked body. Nyn slightly turned her friend away before gently pulling her with her. The dark-haired elf leaned back against the armrest of the comfortable couch, Elara’s back to her and laying against her friend. Hands moved with a delicate touch along smooth skin. Elara let out a heated exhale as Nyn curled a smooth leg around her leg, keeping her trapped within her embrace. Fingers smoothed over plump breasts before touching standing nipples.

Elara let out a gasp as electricity ran through her entire body. She relaxed in her friend's touch before writhing a little.

“There will be others who attempt to steal Asher’s affections. For that, we should form an alliance. Not from jealousy, but for playing this game of hearts and milk,” Nyn whispered.

“What do you propose?” Elara asked with a sultry whisper as fingers and hands massaged her engorged breasts.

“A secret pact, only known to us,” Nyn whispered as one hand gently gripped at a breast, and the other slowly slid down the elf’s stomach. “As your third, I must please the master and mistress. It is a duty I will not take lightly. There will come a time when I will be comfortable with my role, and cannot deny what is asked, or demanded of me.”

Elara let out a small moan as fingers touched her budding elfhood. She closed her eyes as Nyn slowly explored her, tendrils of bliss growing with each intimate touch. Nipples tingled as the blonde elf writhed to her friend’s advances.

Nyn looked down with dark eyes and a warm smile. Her finger

grazed Elara's clit and it drew a gasp from the elf. She parted her creamy thighs a little more, giving her friend permission to continue.

"I had wished this for some time," Nyn whispered as she gently pressed and massaged Elara's clit.

Elara bit her lip as her hips betrayed her. She moved to her friend's touch as a tingling filled her belly and nipples. Wetness gleaned from pert nipples and Nyn's thumb gently moved over them with a strong caress.

"I have also wished for Asher to hold me down and force himself on me. Pushing that monster cock into me and taming my spirit. When I hear his moans, and yours, I want to be there, licking and sucking on both of you, and being punished for interrupting your affections."

Elara gasped louder as her nerves vibrated with undeniable urges.

"I can finally speak to my urges, when I was afraid before. I'm no longer afraid. I give into my role, to be used like a slave."

Elara's breathing quickened as her nerves tightened. Thin trickles of milk emerged from standing nipples. They trailed down over plump breasts.

Nyn moved her lips closer to Elara's pointed ear. "What do you think we would do if he saw us, like this? Tell me."

"He would adore it. He would watch us with those handsome eyes. His body would vibrate with needs, but he would hold back."

Elara gasped as Nyn increased the tempo. Her finger swirled along the engorged clit. She fought through the waves of bliss, trying to keep her thoughts together.

"He...he would pull out his cock, and stroke it to us. I love seeing him handle it. He would be trapped in the moment. His demons would bully him, stuffing his cock in my mouth. I couldn't, wouldn't say no. I would suck on it until..." Elara let out a desperate gasp.

"Nyn...I'm getting closer," Elara said with ragged breath.

"All is well, mistress. I am here to please. Tell me more."

Elara's hands grabbed at the couch as if her entire body was going to fly apart. She pictured Asher looking down on them with hungry eyes, wanting, needing to punish them. How she would protest before he stuffed his manhood in her mouth to silence her. It played on as she sucked on it to please him. How she would let her guard down to let him come in her throat and make her drink his milky seed.

Heart pounding, she couldn't deny it any longer. Heat radiated

from her body, causing a dream-like haze to surround the two elves. Nyn held her friend to her, rubbing her clit as wetness dripped from between parted legs.

Elara's eyes opened wide as white touched the edges of her gaze.

"And when he came, I would suck on his cock until it was hard again. I would make him stay hard so he could never stop thinking about me with lips wrapped around it, begging for more. I..." Elara didn't finish as her nerves were blasted to glass by dozens of exploding stars.

Elara shuddered and his hips trembled as magical explosions pushed away every coherent thought. Wetness surged into a squirt as milk pulsed from brown nipples. Elara bit her lip, a muffled moan drifting up. She fought with every drop of her spirit to keep quiet or she would wake up the entire house.

The bliss began to fade a little. Her body relaxed as she fell into Nyn's embrace. Her friend continued to gently rub her clit, slowing down with each passing moment.

"Mistress is so kind, showing her affections," Nyn whispered before licking at Elara's pointed ear.

A daze filled the elf as she lay. Her thoughts took on a dreamy hue, thinking of Asher and wishing he was downstairs with them.

"We...will keep our pact," Elara huffed. "And we will decide what to do about our former lives, when the time comes."

Nyn gave a small nod. "Yes, mistress."

Asher lifted up a crate filled with potions. He whistled a tune as he carried them over and placed them with the others. The day had just begun and he was already being productive.

Amber stood by the main worktable, eyeing Asher as his back was to her. Her gaze drifted to his strong shoulders and neck. She couldn't contain her smile.

"You've been in a good mood all morning," the faun said as she shifted on her hooved feet.

Asher gently put the crate down, stood up, and turned around with a happy smile. "I had a restful sleep and the house is looking great. I'm actually getting excited for the party tomorrow," he said as he brushed his hands together.

Amber looked away with a shy smile.

Asher continued, "Once we finish here, just a few more tasks and we can all finally relax. Tomorrow should be fun."

"You've really taken to this life," Amber said with a soft voice.

"I think I am. It's been slow, but I finally see how all of this can work out."

Amber leaned her round rump against the table. She was wearing her green, knee-high dress. Her fingers curled along the edge and underside of the table as her smile slowly vanished.

Asher caught the change, seeing a darkness in her eyes as she continued to look away. "Is something amiss?"

Amber glanced at him, before looking away. "Volunteering and coming here was much different than I envisioned."

"In a bad way?"

Amber stiffened with wide eyes. "Oh, no, not at all. It's in a good way. I have visited a few farms to understand the inner workings of this work, but the owners of those farms were a bit too much, if you understand what I mean. They felt they could be any way they wished, and I had to smack away a few hands that were too close to touching me."

Asher's bright gaze dimmed a little. "It's like that sometimes, but it doesn't excuse it. I have met my share of perverted lords, ladies, and adventurers. There is nothing wrong with liking what you like, but people don't have to be rude about it. I firmly believe, as long as no one is getting hurt or mistreated, everyone should enjoy what they enjoy."

"I couldn't have said it better myself," Amber said with a cheery grin.

"Did you expect me to be a lech," Asher grinned.

Amber let out a laugh. "Maybe," she smiled.

"Well, I am, but in a very respectful way. I never overstep."

"I see that. The way you are with others, everyone agrees and enjoys it. You never act entitled, as it were."

"It's because I'm not entitled. If someone came here for an experience and nothing more, I must respect that. I may be the new lord of Blackwood farm, but that doesn't mean I should be a tyrant. Besides, Elara keeps me very busy."

"She really cares for you."

Asher nodded. "We really care for each other. I have missed her

the last few nights. I would be lying if I wasn't a bit excited for this party to be over with."

Amber bit her lip as she looked the human man up and down. She caught herself and looked away.

Asher simply grinned.

"I know it's only been a week, but I have been thinking about a few things," the faun said before standing up from the work table and moving to a small cabinet.

Asher watched her as she opened it up and pulled out a crystal vial. He knew it well, the divine elixir splashing inside as she brought it over and placed it on the work table.

Amber leaned against the work table again, beside the elixir vial.

"I have been thinking, I am here to assist you with the farm. Elara, Nyn, and Blyss have been providing milk daily for the potions, but we could improve our coin earnings if I help for a time."

Asher scratched at the back of his head. "As you know, it's your choice if you want to do that. I would never presume."

"No, I understand. I say this honestly, I want to help. We may be helping each other for a long time, and I want to help make the farm the best for us and the society."

The faun looked down at the vial with warm eyes. "I know the kind of effect it has on those who drink it. It can bring out deeper desires and urges."

She lifted her gaze to meet Asher's eyes. "You know, my people are not ashamed of intimacy. We revel in it and it can dominate much of our lives. I spent a lot of time trying to control my own desires so I could focus on being part of the society. But even now, that control is slipping away, piece by piece.

"If I drink this, I may have little control over what happens."

"We know what will happen," Asher said plainly.

Amber gave a slow nod. "The door is locked and I promise to stay as quiet as I can. But, will the others hate me?"

"I doubt it. If they were to hate you, I would have heard it by now."

Asher stepped closer to the faun. He lifted his hand and cupped her chin. He lifted her head up to look into his eyes. The pair spoke without saying a word, a mutual feeling taking root between them.

Amber picked up the vial. Asher let go of her chin. She uncorked

the top and lifted the potion to her lips. She gave Asher a long, confident look, before tipping her head and the vial at her lips. The cloudy liquid spilled into her mouth, and down her throat. Warmth bloomed as she drank it down. When the last of it was gone, the final drops slipping down her throat, she corked the vial.

Asher took the potion and placed it on another table. When he turned to the faun, she was sitting on the table and was kicking her hooved feet. Pink flushed her cheeks as she eyed him. She then reached behind her back and undid the buttons holding her dress together.

The young man stood a few feet away, watching the faun undo her dress and the fabric falling away. Skin was uncovered and small breasts hung freely from their entrapment. He admired her form, seeing her pale white skin smooth down to a fur. The hair was thin, like a second skin. Amber pulled away her dress and tossed it to the floor. She made no attempt to hide her nude body, sitting on the worktable. Her hand moved between furry thighs, touching herself intimately. Fingers moved to her budding slit like it was the most normal thing in the world.

“I imagined you coming into my room late at night,” she said as she rubbed her clit.

Asher stared with cool eyes, seeing the thin white fur along her inner thighs, and brown fur on the outer thighs. From his angle, he could see her rather ample rump, and a hint of the small, triangular tail pressed down at the apex of her rear. It fit perfectly, like a puzzle piece.

“I imagined you covering my mouth with your hand and feeling your cock as you had me in your power.

“I’m your assistant, and I wouldn’t have fought back. I would have resigned myself to it being part of the job, but it would be a lie. It would be something to tell myself as I grew wetter.”

A moan dripped from her lips as pink glowed along her cheeks. She looked down at Asher’s bulge in his leggings, unable to hide his growing erection. She upped the tempo, swirls, sending her closer to the edge.

“How...you would tell me to be silent, as your cock touched me. How I needed to be silent, so you would push it in and make you happy. I wanted to make you happy.”

A shrill exhale left Amber’s lips as a tingling sensation filled her entire body. Nerves blazed brighter as the swirl in her stomach spread out, sinking into every piece of her soul.

“I can feel her, the Divine Mother. She speaks to me,” Amber whispered.

Asher stayed his ground, seeing the faun writhe to her own touch. She lifted her head back as her fingers pressed and massaged her clit. A scent rose up and Asher’s cock struggled to be free.

Small breasts firmed and defied gravity. They slowly grew bigger before Asher’s gaze. Pink nipples stood erect, as the faun let out breathy exhales. Creamy breasts slowly grew a cup size bigger as Amber couldn’t contain herself.

“How I would whimper in bliss as you forced that meaty cock into me. How I would move on it as you growled. I would look back to your dark eyes. Oh...” Amber seethed as she felt herself getting closer.

Asher grabbed at his belt and unbuckled it. He grabbed at his leggings and pulled them down. He stepped out of his boots and shoved them away with his leggings and belt. He lifted up his shirt over his head and tossed it aside. His cock stood under its own power, all control lost to its influence. He stepped closer to her, his cock throbbing to her siren gasps.

“There you are, Lord Blackwood,” she sighed as gazed down on his standing member.

“Don’t stop,” Asher said as he pressed the back of his fingers to her cheek.

Amber’s fingers moved in frenetic circles along her clit, the heat in the basement lab getting thicker.

“You would fuck me, and whisper how good I felt. You would tell me how tight I was and I would squeeze you, wanting more.”

The tingling along Amber’s nipples grew, before a thin, milky liquid began to drip.

“It’s happening. I feel her, through me,” Amber hissed as she was lost to spirals of heavenly bliss.

Asher drank in the faun as she could barely control herself. She rubbed herself as she licked her lips. Her chest heaved as milk began to drip.

“This will help both of us,” Asher said with a deadly whisper.

“Yes,” Amber said before hands touched her shoulders.

The faun’s eyes widened as she was turned around on the table and forced onto her stomach. Her legs were over the side as her hooves touched the stone floor. She lifted her head in shock, when Asher’s commanding voice touched the air.

“Don’t look back,” he said sternly.

Amber did as she was told, looking forward and gripping the opposite edge of the work table. Milk leaked from her engorged nipples as strong hands ran over her round ass. She fought every urge to look back, until something hard touched her valley entrance. Wide eyes half-closed and a small moan dripped from parted lips. A thick pulse and throb touched her. The head pushed at her thin opening, and her eyes fluttered. Hands grabbed and held her small waist. Thick inches slowly invaded her womanhood and her eyes fluttered more.

Asher looked down on Amber’s parted cheeks. She moved her hips, begging for him to penetrate her further. Heat and wetness touched the head of his cock and his hips betrayed him, pushing deeper. Slowly, he pushed in, making her feel every thick and veiny inch. He held her down as she moaned like a wild animal in heat.

“Shhhhh,” Asher said with a commanding tone.

Amber bit her lip, pleasure singing across her soul. When he reached the hilt, she squeezed him to help adjust to his size.

“Lord Blackwood, you feel so good. I was wrong to resist you,” she whined.

“We were wrong to resist each other,” Asher said as his hips moved.

Wet inches appeared and disappeared between them. The tempo grew, Asher’s frustrations roaring in his ears. He missed Elara, but he also liked how this felt. The faun’s words struck at his spirit, and he was caught in her scent as his hips touched her ass and pulled back with vigor.

“I’m sorry. I beg for your forgiveness,” Amber panted. “I promise to be silent. If I’m too loud, make me choke on your cock.”

“I will, but your slit will do for now,” Asher growled as he upped the tempo.

“Yes...YES,” Amber said with a hard whisper.

The sound of skin on fur was muffled, but didn’t distract from the moment. Asher held her in place, using her as he thrust his frustrations into her. The demons along his spirit could not stop whispering. They reveled in the faun’s tightness and the shape of her ass. It was like a heart and his cock stabbing deep.

“Make me be your sheath. I promise to take your sword.”

The tempo grew into a fevered pace. Madness consumed Asher as bliss and pleasure spiked. The mood grew deeper, and warmer. A

small thought lingered, Amber's enthusiasm was welcomed, but his mind strayed to the voluptuous elf.

"Sweet Amber..." Asher hissed as his willpower cracked.

"You don't have to love me. You just have to fuck me when the mood strikes," Amber huffed as her eyes rolled into her head.

Asher's cock thickened at her words, but it was Amber who orgasmed first.

The faun let out muffled moans as magical explosions rippled along her body. Nerves released as milk leaked from her sensitive nipples. Pure ecstasy struck like a tidal wave and she was swept away. Her heart pumped hard as she shuddered, orgasm after orgasm breaking her down to her fragile, small self.

Asher's hips thrust, driving home his affections. Thick spurts quickly filled her inner world. He grunted as bliss curled along his entire body. He slowed, but the faun held his cock like a tight vice, protesting against him from escaping. Honey and come dripped from their connection, and Asher continued to move slowly, the pair milking every drop of nirvana.

"Lord...Blackwood," Amber said with a soft, satisfied exhale.

Asher looked down on the faun as she writhed on him. He let go of her waist. When he pulled back, and his cock slipped free, Amber let gravity take her down as well. She slipped off the work table and plopped onto the floor. She looked at Asher's wet, dripping cock a few inches away and licked her lips.

"Lord Blackwood, I must help clean your mace," she whispered before parting her lips and taking the tip of his hanging member into her mouth.

Small sucking sounds filled the space between them. He looked down at her as she closed her eyes. Her tongue slathered at the tip and shaft, as her lips slid upwards.

We have all just started this adventure together, and yet, I cannot control myself. What will it be like when more come to the farm for the experience? What will it be like if many more wish to stay?

Asher touched his hand to the top of Amber's head, between her small horns. She continued to suck on his cock in the warmth of their close bodies.

Chapter 17

Home Warming

The sun sank lower, touching the western horizon. The air was warm, for a late spring evening. Birdsong played to the end of the beautiful day, and welcomed the coming night.

Sunlight touched the high mountaintops surrounding Mist Valley. And despite the growing long shadows, a cluster of lanterns and bodies walked with ease along a dirt road. A wagon was pulled by a feminine dwarf, as several other people helped push along the sides. Others in the group carried various items and casual conversation floated like a cloud.

To the front, three people led the way. The mayor walked with a stern expression. Behind him, Lord and Lady Windswell carried lanterns, lighting the way.

A cloud of excitement charged the air around them as they carried on. In the distance, a farmhouse stood with lights glowing from nearly every window. In front of the house, tall torches burned with a welcoming light.

The mayor smirked as he looked ahead to the welcoming lights.

“We’ve been found out,” he said over his shoulder.

Smiles, giggles, and chuckles filled the crowd.

The group reached the edge of the gated property, when the front door opened.

Asher stepped out with Elara’s arm entwined with his. They were all smiles as they stepped across the porch and down the small steps. Asher was dressed in a white tunic, black leggings, and leather boots. Elara was clothed in a long, dark purple dress, a slit running up to her right thigh and exposing her leg with every step.

From the doorway, Nyn and Blyss stepped out. The dark-blue haired elf was wearing a revealing dark blue dress. She had a deep and revealing cleavage and sapphire gem earrings hanging from her long ears.

Blyss was in a simple ankle length red dress and white top. The goblin moved awkwardly, and scratched at her leg as the fabric seemed to annoy her.

Stepping out from behind the elf and goblin, Amber walked with

grace, wearing a long, flowing forest green dress. Her reddish-brown hair was tied in a bun, and small gems were stuck to her small horns. She had a welcoming smile as she looked at the large group of people approaching.

Asher and Elara reached the front gate. The couple uncoupled their arms and Asher unhooked the simple lock. He opened the gate wide as the group clustered before it with happy smiles.

“Well well, this is a completely unexpected surprise!” the ranger grinned.

The small crowd laughed.

“Do you dress like this normally?” Sandra Windswell asked with a knowing grin.

“Every night for dinner. We tend to keep it classy,” Asher winked.

The crowd erupted in laughter.

“Who let it slip?” Mayor Oaks asked with amused eyes.

“Whatever do you mean?” Asher said with faux concern.

The crowd continued to laugh and chuckle.

“It would seem the whole town has arrived. Well, since you’re here, everyone might as well come in and enjoy the evening together,” Asher said with a slight bow.

“We brought gifts!” a dwarf with a thick blonde braid shouted, followed by her own laugh.

Asher grinned. “It’s almost like a welcoming home warming. Please, come in.”

Townpeople followed the mayor and Windswells as they entered. The wagon was pulled and pushed in, several scarecrows standing up among crates and small barrels. It was parked not far from the porch.

Townpeople greeted the Lord of Blackwood with bows. They carried various gifts with them as they made their way toward the front door.

“We have a sitting pond west of the house, if anyone is interested,” Asher informed as he bowed to each person.

About thirty people clustered in the front yard, some of them moving to the front door and into the house. They looked around with smiles at the neat, organized, and rustic décor.

Mayor Oak and the Windswells stayed with Asher and Elara. Nyn and Amber led many more to the front door and into the house. Blyss

simply moved to the wagon and helped to unload it. When she and the dwarf eyed each other, they gave a simple nod and worked together to get small crates off.

“You have been here merely a few weeks, and it is already starting to look lovely,” Sandra Windswell said as she looked around.

“We have many plans to improve the estate,” Asher said, feeling a dash of discomfort for he never truly entertained before, and was simply following his mother’s example of engagements from his youth.

Asher glanced at the wagon with three scarecrows on it. “It would seem scarecrows are a common gift in Mist Valley.”

Roland Windswell cocked an eyebrow. “You received one already?”

Asher nodded. “A week after I arrived here. It was left leaning on my gate.”

The mayor nodded. “Some neighbors can get overzealous with their greetings.”

Sandra Windswell nodded in agreement. “It was decided as a town, we would wait for a time before a surprise home warming. It was so you could settle down and not be mobbed by everyone.”

“Not everyone could come tonight, but most of the town is here. As you may have surmised, Mist Valley doesn’t have a large community,” Roland said with a regal flair.

“Smaller can be better,” Asher smiled.

Sandra glanced at Elara's large breasts and then back to Asher. “Quite true,” she smirked.

“Let’s get inside and start the party,” the mayor said with a slightly gruff tone.

Heads nodded in agreement and everyone stepped inside.

Asher quickly saw that the townsfolk began truly setting up the party. Plates of food were uncovered and put down on small, empty tables. The dwarf and Blyss pulled the kitchen table from the kitchen and brought it into the living room. The dwarf began picking up small barrels and placing them on it, making it into a makeshift bar. Blyss ran back into the kitchen and came back with wooden cups bunched in her arms.

The large living room was packed with people. So much so, some of them spilled into the hallway corridor and the kitchen.

Asher touched his belt at his hip, feeling the key ring latched to it,

and keys dangling.

The kitchen door was opened and some townsfolk stepped outside to marvel at hanging lanterns by the house, and tall torches lighting up the sitting pond.

The dwarf cut through the crowd with a pair of large mugs filled with foamy beer. She stepped to Asher and Elara and handed one to each of them.

“Here ya go. Two of my finest drinks for two of the finest hosts,” the dwarf grinned.

Asher and Elara nodded as they took their drinks. They looked down on the smiling dwarf. She was beautiful, with her thick braid, short but strong stature. She was barefoot, and had thick toes. Her large breasts were barely contained by her shirt.

“The name’s Bolla Brewblade, owner and bartender of the Drunken Seahorse! Almost everyone in town calls me Bo. The Drunken Seahorse is the best, and only place to get drinks from across the world. I pride myself on keeping up on the latest drinks, and even brew my own concoctions.”

Bo looked up and made stern eye contact with Asher. “If you’re ever interested in tasting something, I’m sure I can pull something out for ya.”

Elara looked away and covered her mouth to not show her smile. Asher let out a chuckle and he bowed to the dwarf.

The mayor sighed. “Thank you, Bo. I’m sure Lord Blackwood has enough on his hands.”

“Lord Blackwood’s hands seemed to be filled all the time,” Sandra said with a haughty smile.

Elara shot the woman in the long, elegant white dress with an amused look. “He is kept quite busy because he only demands the finest,” the blonde elf said and glanced at Sandra’s handful breasts with an edge of disappointment.

For a tiny moment, Sandra’s eyes narrowed, before they closed and she let out an amused laugh.

One of the townsfolk opened a case and pulled out a violin. He moved to the corner of the room, lifted his bow and touched the strings before he played an uplifting melody.

Bo returned to her makeshift bar and began pouring more drinks for everyone.

Asher lifted his mug and took a sip. His eyes widened as it was

truly the best beer he had ever had before.

The crowd mingled. Nyn was among them, a gentle smile across her lips. Some of the townsfolk eyed the beautiful elf and carried on polite conversation.

Asher couldn't fight the homey feeling washing over him. It was nice, seeing so many people together and enjoying the evening. There were common people in the crowd, but there were also a few lizard people, elves, and hobkins. The hobkins were slightly shorter than Bo, and crowded by the bar. They had fur on the tops of their feet and were equally barefoot.

Sandra turned to her husband, "Roland, my love, if you don't mind, I'm going to steal away Lord Blackwood so he can give me the royal tour."

"I don't mind at all, my delicate rose," Roland said as a drink was pressed into his hand by one of the lizard people.

Sandra turned to Elara with unblinking eyes. "You don't mind if I take him from you for a time?"

"I'm not his owner. He can decide for himself," Elara said with a light scathing tone.

"Excellent," Sandra said as she moved to Asher and curled her arm around his.

Asher was sipping his beer as he was pulled away. The pair walked through the crowd and to the corridor, leading to the stairs and the eastern side of the large home.

"The home looks wonderful!" Lady Windswell said as she leaned on Asher's arm.

"Have you not been here before?"

The lady shook her head. "Your uncle was a private man during his time here."

Asher didn't let it show, but he distinctly remembered Dina from Hammer Construction saying that his uncle loved talking and hanging out with people from town, especially at the bar.

The pair turned into another corridor and Sandra noticed the open door to the library. She pulled Asher with her and they both walked into the room with mostly empty shelves.

"Oh! I saw a few books on the shelf, but it would seem your library will need to be filled. We have many books in our library. I'll have a few of the workhands bring over a crate or two. It is no trouble at all to spread stories and adventures to a handsome and wondrous

neighbor.”

Asher gave a side glance to the woman, before taking a sip of his beer. “Thank you, but that is unnecessary. I saw a bookstore in town. In between some of my projects, I will be visiting town to rebuild the collections for the library.”

Sandra smiled brightly. “Ah yes, the Book Guild. Nadia Tome is a splendid fountain of information when it comes to anything written, but she is often trapped in her own worlds. She would be here now, if not for some new adventure she was reading about. Be wary, she can be a little aloof at times.”

A suspicion touched the mood and Asher eyed the woman as she left his side and looked around the empty library.

“Lady Windswell,” Asher began.

“Please, call me Sandra,” she interrupted.

Asher nodded. “Sandra, why are we away from the rest of the party?”

Lady Windswell turned with a devious and amused look in her eyes. “Why, so I could see your home, and speak a little in private. I didn’t want to waste any time with possible meetings in the future. If you are anything like your uncle, you will be a busy man.”

Her eyes gleamed in the low light. “Did you ever get our message?”

Asher kept his expression blank, before a memory caressed his thoughts. He took a sip of his beer and swished his drink around.

“It was you and your husband who left the circle of opals on my property, and the scarecrow.”

Sandra let out an amused giggle. “The opals, yes, but not the scarecrow. We had one of the workhands come out and leave those beautiful opals for you to discover. We were hoping you understood the message.”

“And what exactly was your message?” Asher asked.

Sandra stepped closer and placed her hand on his chest. She looked up at him with devilish eyes as she drank in his musky scent.

“Why, to see if we can partner in future business arrangements, of course. We have known for some time what your uncle was a part of and what this farm meant. The society is a prestigious organization, one that only lets the elite and well-connected join. But we also know, you have to be sponsored, or of blood relation to be part of it.”

Sandra's hand moved slightly, massaging Asher's strong chest. She looked down at his neck and a dim pink touched her pale cheeks.

"Your uncle was very focused on this farm, and rarely spoke to the rest of the town. Considering the beautiful women in your company, I can understand why he enjoyed staying here.

"My husband and I wanted to welcome you to town, and perhaps open a dialogue between us. Our two farms are the richest in this town, why shouldn't we work together?"

"I am not wealthy," Asher said with a shrug.

"But you will be," Sandra said with a gleam in her eyes. "We know what you do here, even if the rest of the town ignores it. They're just happy living their little lives and welcoming the gold that comes here from us. Mist Valley couldn't survive without us, and everyone knows it. It's enough to discuss the future."

Sandra looked up at Asher with a heat in her eyes. "My husband and I are in agreement that we will do whatever it takes to further an agreement. You seem like a man of culture and of the primal ways. We could talk more, after I suck away some of the stress from your loins."

Asher lifted an eyebrow.

"Let me help ease us into a comfortable relationship," Sandra said and then she cupped his bulge.

Asher drank from his mug with one hand, while taking hold of Sandra's wrist with the other hand and pulling it away.

Sandra's eyes widened in rude shock.

Asher finished his sip before holding his beer to his chest. "I knew my uncle well. He was always a kind, giving man. He liked to help others in any way he could, but he also stood up for the rights of many.

"You and I have barely met, but I can understand why my uncle would not have business dealings with you and your husband. You have mentioned wealth and growing power, but said very little of actual people in town. You mentioned the owner of the book store, but had to say she was in her own worlds instead of being here. It's telling how you believe all should be here, trying to cozy into my good graces.

"My uncle is gone, and he left me this farm and everything with it. I must honor what he has left me, but I also know, he would turn in his grave if I were to have business dealings with your kind of

people.”

“My kind of people? You mean the rich, wealthy, and elite?”

Asher smiled, but his gaze was deadly serious. “No, those with greedy souls. You couldn’t even bring yourself to come out and place those opals on my property. You had a workhand do it in the early morning. You’re playing a game to appear mysterious, when in truth, you only want to gain more coin.

“Even if I let you do what you suggested, my answer would be the same, no.”

Sandra’s eyes half-closed. “You say no, but the future is not fixed. There may be a time where you may need allies against some unseen event. You re-buffed my offer, but you may regret it at another time. We only wish to share the benefits of working together, but hear me, you do not want my husband and I as enemies.”

“I used to kill monsters. Your threats are hollow.”

“How dare you speak to me in such a way!” Sandra said with a firm tone.

“It would appear, no one speaks to you in that way. It pleases me to be first.”

“You’re not the first,” Sandra’s eyes flashed with rage. “Your perverted uncle did the same. I thought you had better upbringing, but I can see the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree. I was mistaken to believe you would have some intelligence and finer wit.”

Asher sighed. “And now you have resorted to insults. Tell me, Lady Windswell, does that ever work in your favor? How many minds have you changed when you have shown your ugly wit, and dim intelligence?

“You forget yourself. I may have been a ranger, but my uncle showed me how to think and take in my surroundings. When we first met, I knew immediately, you could not be trusted.”

Asher swished his drink and smiled. “You tried to join the society, and they rejected you, didn’t they? That is why you’re coming to me, so you can gain a sponsor to reapply. I must be working with good people, if they saw through your flimsy attempts to be one of us.”

“Elitist snobs!” Sandra said with an angry tone. “They make poor decisions if they allow you to join them.”

“Maybe, but you will never know,” Asher said and took a sip of his beer.

Sandra’s face contorted into rage, ready to spew a litany of insults,

when Dina appeared by the doorway to the library.

“Asher, there you are! Some of the crowd has leapt into the pond and Bo is lining up shots,” the strong woman said with happy eyes.

The happiness dimmed when she saw Lady Windswell.

Lady Windswell stood straighter and lifted her chin in mild contempt. “We will speak again on these matters at a later date. We should join the party and enjoy your home warming.”

The lady in white walked past Asher, and then past Dina. She stepped into the corridor and around the corner, disappearing from sight.

Dina looked at Asher with a concerned gaze. “Is all well?”

Asher nodded and smiled. “All is well. Thank you for getting me. I believe I need a stiffer drink.”

The pair smiled at each other before walking back to the main room.

Asher drank in the crowd as happy laughter filled the air. The party had ramped up since he walked away. The buzz of excited conversation filled the large room as everyone was having a splendid time.

Amber cut through the crowd with pink cheeks. She had a large bell in her hands as her hooves clicked off on the wooden floor. She held up the gold bell to Asher with happy eyes.

“It’s a bell!” the faun said with a drunken wisp.

“I can see that,” Asher grinned.

The faun blinked and glanced at Dina. “It’s from Dina. We can put this on a pole by the main gate, so it will alert us if anyone arrives!”

“If your farm is anything like how Aric used to run it, you may get many visitors. I thought a bell might work,” Dina smiled.

Asher bowed to the woman. “Thank you. It is very much appreciated.”

Dina bowed to him. “It’s a gift, but if you need anything else, please don’t hesitate to come to me.”

“Of course,” Asher grinned as he stood up.

Amber hiccupped before turning with the bell in her arms and wandering off.

Asher surveyed the crowd and quickly caught sight of Elara. She was speaking with the mayor. She glanced at him and gave him a

warm smile. Asher smiled back, before he saw Lord and Lady Windswell in a corner. The lady was talking harshly as her husband listened with blank eyes.

Asher left Dina and walked through the crowd, toward Elara. When he was half-way through, a short green goblin slammed into his hip and wrapped her arms around his leg. Asher looked down to see her red cheeks and dizzy eyes.

“Love you, master,” Blyss said with adoring and confused eyes.

“You’re drunk,” Asher grinned.

Blyss nodded. “Love so much, I will kill for you,” the goblin said darkly.

Asher eyed the goblin. “How about we simply have fun and be there for each other?”

Blyss blinked and then nodded. “Yes, but will kill too,” she said with a toothy grin.

The goblin glanced over to a hobkin with a large beer and she licked her lips. She peeled away her own arms and stumbled off, after the hobkin and toward the bar.

I hope she doesn't kill anyone.

Asher approached Elara and the mayor. The pair stopped talking and looked at the young man.

“I believe some of the party has moved to the pond,” Asher smiled.

Elf and man nodded.

“We were just discussing the future of the farm,” Elara said.

“You’re planning on altering the farm and growing it. All I can say is, it’s pleasant to hear you taking the farm in a positive direction. The outside dining area sounds interesting,” the mayor said.

“There will be plenty of projects to keep us busy.”

The mayor nodded. “If you don’t mind, I would enjoy speaking more to what you have in mind. The whole town could use some improvements, and I would like to hear your thoughts.”

Elara glanced at Asher with warm eyes. “You both seem to have much to talk about. I’ll check on the guests in the pond, and make sure they are enjoying themselves.”

The voluptuous elf walked away, her hips swaying slightly to Asher’s gaze.

“Elara is a lovely elf,” the mayor complimented.

“She is,” Asher said before turning his attention to the mayor.
“What would you like to discuss?”

The mayor turned his attention to the young man. “I don’t want to get too deep into it, especially during your home warming party. I simply wanted to know more about your future here, and if there was anything the town as a whole can do for you?”

Asher sipped his beer. “I couldn’t say, not at the moment. It has only been a few weeks and I’m still feeling it out. There is much work to do and I am honoring my uncle’s wishes, but I am giving myself a year to decide if I wish to continue in my uncle’s footsteps.”

A shadow touched the mayor’s eyes. “Why wouldn’t you stay and continue his work? You’ve already made improvements, and Elara seems incredibly lovely. All your guests to the farm seem lovely. I haven’t dealt with too many goblins, but Blyss seems to adore you.”

“Elara, Blyss, Nyn, and Amber are wonderful, but I wish to make sure this is the life I want to live. For a long time, I wanted to be an adventurer, seeking fame and fortune. The harsh reality of a dream is learning certain truths no one discusses. Cold nights, meager food, dangerous monsters, and never knowing if you will survive to fight another day. Those truths weighed on me.

“Coming here was a break from life and death, to a degree. It is cozy, but I want to take a measured stance on anything I choose for the future of my life, if that makes sense?”

The mayor gave a slow nod. “I do understand, but I’m here to say you have myself and the entire town backing you and the farm. Mist Valley has its own kind of adventures and mysteries.”

The mayor glanced to the sides to see that no one was close enough to hear over the white noise of conversations.

“Lord Blackwood, I hate to say this but our town cannot survive without your farm. After your uncle closed it down, gold began drying up. The coffers began to bleed, and we had less and less visitors. Many in town whispered that they may have to close their businesses and leave for other places. It was your arrival that sparked hope again.

“As mayor, I am duty bound to do everything I can for the town and its people. I respect your stance on taking it slow, but may I offer some suggestions, such as taking on an apprentice to aid you in your work? Or perhaps, selling the farm to others who share knowledge of what is provided here? No need to fret, I am aware of the society, but know little of their inner workings. All I know is, they are very

supportive of those who are part of them.”

Asher eyed the mayor, seeing his mind working to find a solution to benefit everyone.

“Mayor, who else knows about the society, here in Mist Valley?”

“I believe myself, the Windswells, and perhaps a few others. But most don’t know, or don’t ask too many questions. Everyone in Mist Valley enjoys a simple, almost carefree life.”

Asher took another sip before looking down at his drink. “I appreciate the offer and advice, but I truly have to see. I don’t mean this to be unfeeling to the town or its people. From my experience, a year is enough to know if this is the life for me.”

Mayor Oak nodded and smiled. “You are correct. Forgive this old man for pushing too hard. You coming here brought hope to this old soul. The town needs this farm and the Windswell farm to survive, but I respect your candor.

“Do not take me rude if I spend the year trying to win your stay here in Mist Valley.”

Asher smiled. “I will not take it as rude. I look forward to seeing more of Mist Valley and its people. I will also keep in mind the seriousness of how vital the farm is to the town when I make my decision.”

“Thank you,” the mayor said with a light bow.

When the mayor stood up, he looked around the room at the drunken and happy guests.

“Enjoy the party while I say my greetings before I leave. These old bones tend to complain at times.”

“Of course,” Asher smiled.

The mayor shuffled off to the crowd and was greeted with smiles, and hellos.

Asher’s heart thudded in his chest. The mayor’s words were not lost to him, but the knowledge that his uncle and this farm helped to keep it together did add some weight to his decision, but it would have to be a decision for a later date.

The young man moved through the crowded room, drink in hand. People laughed and carried on as violin music played. A thought touched his mind and he made his way to the kitchen door and stepped out into the warm night.

Torch and lantern light glowed against the starry night. In the

small distance, some townspeople in their small clothes splashed in the sitting pond. Others stood by it, talking with drinks in their hands.

At the mid-point between the house and the pond, Elara stood with her back to him. She appeared to be looking at the party guests, but keeping a healthy distance while standing on the grass.

Asher approached from behind and moved to her side. His arm reached out and curled around her lower back and placed his hand on her hip. She leaned into him, resting her head on his shoulder.

“Everyone is having so much fun,” the elf said in a low tone.

“Why aren’t you with them?”

The elf sighed. “I thought I wanted to, but I realized I wanted to be there with you.”

“We can go now, and jump in,” Asher said warmly.

“Maybe,” she said before lifting her head and looking into Asher’s eyes. “But I wanted to talk to you first. I must confess, I could not keep to our agreement to be chaste for a few nights.”

Asher gave her a sly smile. “Neither could I.”

Elara blinked and grinned broadly. “It must have been Amber. Her tits are much bigger, and fauns cannot control themselves. Am I correct?”

Asher nodded.

Elara touched Asher’s waist and looked at him with adoring eyes.

“The other night, when you came in exhausted, I was going to go to your room and have my way with you. I had missed you and would have begged.”

“I wouldn’t have stopped you. I simply passed out,” Asher said in a low tone.

“I know, but Nyn stopped me. We went downstairs and talked over tea. She is taking her role as third seriously, enough so that aided me with my urges. To offer some history, we had never been so intimate like that before. We talked about it, but it was our first time.”

Asher squeezed the elf’s hip. “You know, that doesn’t bother me at all. Instead, I encourage it. You told me you adore women as well. We are on this adventure together, but you know you can be intimate with anyone who is a part of us.”

“I know, just as you can as well. It doesn’t bother me that you were with Amber. I was expecting it. She’s beautiful.”

“I think we are being a little harder on ourselves than we need to be. The agreement was only to get some work done, but the party is here and we are free of what was said.”

“It’s not that we are being hard on ourselves. It’s because this adventure is important to me, important to us. I want us to enjoy it and each other. The thought of returning home is gray in my mind, but staying here fills me with inspiration and bright colors.”

“I’m having fun too,” Asher winked.

The elf let out a happy laugh as she touched his chest.

“I want to punish you, my play thing,” Elara cooed in Asher’s ear.

“I want you to punish me,” Asher said with a wicked grin. “And maybe, I will punish you afterwards.”

Elara’s eyes gleamed in the light. “We can discuss when we have fewer party guests.”

“I look forward to it,” Asher said.

The pull between them was instant, the gravity of their hearts bringing their lips together. The couple embraced as the sounds of splashing, laughing, and faint violin music drifted into the beautiful night.

Chapter 18

Dripping Hearts

Amber waved goodbye to the last few party guests from the front door. Inside, Blyss and Nyn began cleaning up what little was left. Many of the guests cleaned up as they went, so the house was not in a terrible state. The goblin picked up a few things, her eyelids heavy. Nyn aided her, but her own legs were shaky from standing so much and how late it was. The mature elf sighed before plopping on the couch.

Blyss put some things away before coming back into the living room. Seeing the sleepy elf, she crawled onto the couch and sat next to her. She tilted over and fell asleep before her head fell in the elf's lap. Nyn's head fell back as she too fell asleep, her hand on the goblin's shoulder.

Amber came back in the front door and locked it. She saw the elf and goblin on the couch. The faun smiled as she walked over and picked up a blanket from the back of the couch. She draped it over them to keep them warm, before she too yawned and stretched her arms above her head.

The deep night shrouded Mist Valley, but a lantern light glowed from the master bedroom windows.

Asher closed the door as Elara stepped further into the room. She looked over her shoulder to the handsome young man with come-hither eyes.

Asher couldn't take his eyes off of her. His gaze slid down her curves as he walked toward her. The dress adhered perfectly to her hourglass shape. When he was close enough to reach out and touch her, she moved away to the right side of the large bed.

The younger man smiled at her playful game. He followed her to the side as she turned and sat down on the bed's edges. Oval eyes looked up as Asher's dark green eyes. The elf shifted a little on the bed edge as heat crawled up her neck.

"You were very bad," Elara said with a slight sternness.

She lifted her hand to her hair and pulled out the pins keeping it up. Golden yellow hair spilled down to her shoulders and she slowly blinked at the virile young man before her.

"We should speak on what you did," Elara said with cool eyes.

Asher knelt down to one knee before the voluptuous elf. "I never meant to offend your heart."

Elara slowly blinked once. She then lifted up her dress by the slit and pulled it aside. She parted her creamy thighs as her womanly elfhood was plain to see. Pink budded as wetness gleamed. Her womanhood quivered and a drop of honey ran down her inner thigh.

"I don't want you to talk to me. You are to talk to my cunt," Elara said with a commanding tone.

Asher's leggings grew tight as blood rushed to his member. The gentle hardness in her tone caused him to lose his train of thought. Her demand was all he heard, all he knew. Both knees were on the floor as he moved closer and in between her parted legs.

Elara leaned back slightly, seeing the look of hunger in Asher's eyes. When he bowed his head, she held her breath. When he kissed her budding slit, a gasp escaped her lips. When his tongue slid out to lick at her, she let out a soft moan.

The elf's scent drove the younger man mad. He moved in close enough to be comfortable. The bed was high enough for him to press his lips to hers, and let his tongue slide in. Honey coated his tongue as he stabbed as deep as he could go. He was rewarded with more wetness, before he slathered at her valley. He pulled back just enough to keep lips locked on her, but his tongue wormed upwards and caressed her engorged clit.

Elara's eyes fluttered. Pleasure sank into her as Asher's arms coiled around her thighs. He kept them parted, and in his control, as he gently whipped at her pearl, speaking their private language.

Elara's hips betrayed her, moving to his mouth and tongue. Feeling him caused ecstasy to sing. Her breathing increased as she looked down on Asher worshipping her. One hand moved to his head, and fingers slid through his hair. The wet sounds from their discussion filled the air between them.

"You must...have been frustrated," Elara whispered as her fingers ran through his thick hair. "The poor faun...never could escape."

Asher licked the elf's clit as he sucked and drank her warm honey.

Elara fought for control as his tongue weakened her resolve. "My handsome play thing, you could have come to me. I know it's hard to think, when your cock wants so much."

Asher upped the tempo of his tongue lashing.

Elara gasped and moaned as her own urges broke her down. She

closed her eyes and moved her hips to his intimate kiss. Tendrils of bliss crawled along every nerve. They grew tighter with each passing lick. The touch of his heated breath between her legs, caused her thighs to quiver. The firm, but gentle munching let a louder moan drip from her lips.

Elara opened her eyes and looked down. Asher's eyes were closed, and his face snuggled between her creamy thighs, like he always belonged there. She saw his smooth brow, at peace that he was speaking to her the way she wanted.

"I have to care for you and your urges," the mature elf whispered. "To know the torment...and agony, you must endure, can be concerning. How you need to spray your seed. I understand."

Elara gasped louder as the walls of control began to crack.

"Your words feel so nice. I want to show you how much you mean to me. You can fuck me when you want, but know this, I can fuck you when I want."

Asher barely nodded as he buried his face further between her thighs. Wetness dripped off his lips and chin as his urges and desire upped the tempo.

Elara's eyes half-closed as she curled her fingers in his hair and kept his head in place and to task.

"That's it. That's the melody. Your song unleashes my soul."

Asher pressed his fingers to her inner thighs. He held her in place as she huffed with each passing moment and tender lick. Elara's clit grew sensitive and the dam of control was breaking apart.

"Almost there, my lover," Elara cooed.

A fever took root in the couple. Hearts drummed in chests as they were enslaved to each other's needs.

"You...make me weak, but you must satisfy," Elara didn't finish as her lips parted into a perfect oval.

Elara's eyes widened as she threw her head back. She took in a deep breath before letting out a soul shattering moan. Pleasure and bliss trickled into a maelstrom of paradise. A tsunami of ecstasy slammed into her soul as his tongue licked her in just the right way. Heat and pleasure bloomed along her entire body. Tingling stormed and pleasure squirted.

Asher didn't flinch as wetness streamed into his mouth. He sloppily drank it as it dripped from their connection.

Waves of heat pulsed from the elf as she cried out again, another

parade of magical explosions blasting away all reason. Her fingers held tight to Asher's hair and clamped her thighs to the sides of his head. She trapped him as bliss washed away all reason. When a third wave of dreamy explosions rippled through, she gasped for air.

Eyes rolled into Elara's head as her arms and legs trembled. Her grasp on Asher's hair loosened. Nipples tingled before milk burst forth into the top of her dress. They leaked as she milked every drop of her own orgasm. All sanity flew away and a sudden weakness overtook her.

Asher felt Elara fall back into the bed. Her fingers let go of his hair as her thighs eased in his arms. He opened his eyes and looked up to see the elf's back on the bed, and dark spots spreading from her covered, erect nipples. Her breathing was ragged, like she couldn't catch her breath.

For a time, Asher simply stayed between her legs, licking and drinking her love. When his tongue caressed her pearl, she sighed in deep content. When he continued, she gasped and whimpered.

Pulling back, the younger man admired his work. Lifting up his head and upper body, he looked down at her as she laid, passed out.

Standing up, Asher kept his gaze on the beautiful, still dressed elf. He grabbed at his shirt and took it off. Next, he kicked off his boots, and then his leggings. He stood, his member hard as diamond as he looked down on the beautiful elf.

Without a sound, he moved to her. He took hold of her shoulder straps and pulled them over to her arms. He gently cradled her head and neck in one arm, as he pulled down the dress with his other hand. When it uncovered her breasts, milk leaked down her soft and smooth skin. When her dress bunched at her waist and hips, he gently laid her head down and moved off the bed. Taking hold of the dress, he gently pulled it off and let it puddle onto the floor.

The younger man climbed back onto bed and was on his knees beside the beautiful elf. He admired her for a moment, before curling his strong arms under her legs and upper body. Despite her voluptuous curves, she was still very light in his arms, as all elves seemed to be. He picked her up and walked over on his knees to the center of the bed. There, he gently placed her down.

Elara's eyes fluttered as she fought through waves of peace and bliss. She caught small moments, Asher over her and stroking his cock to her beauty. She struggled to move, wanting to kiss and suck on his member. She made a sound, but strong hands touched her as his knees parted her legs.

“How could I not fuck you,” Asher whispered as he lowered his hips between her quivering thighs.

Elara fought harder to wake from her blissful daze. Desire wanted her to be present, but her wicked needs moaned their delight when his thick cock head touched her dripping valley entrance. Lips parted as Asher’s monster cock slowly invaded her ungarded valley. Thick inches spread her inner world, forcing her surrender. She cried out when his mouth closed over a leaking nipple. Teeth caressed it and she gasped. Milk further spilled and he suckled on her. The tingling grew as she was weak and trapped to his power.

Hips moved with slow, steady power. One of his hands grabbed and massaged one breast, while he sucked on the other. He pulled gently, just enough to cause her to further wake. Eyes fluttered, but she couldn’t lift her head to see him. She could only lay there, some of his weight and his hips pinning her to the bed.

“Asher,” Elara said with a sultry whisper.

Asher ignored her, his hips moving with a stronger, deeper rhythm. The urges whispered across his soul, pushing him to further claim her. Her milk tasted like heaven. Her body radiated heat like a warm summer day. He couldn’t pull away if he tried, trapped in her glorious beauty.

Elara slowly regained her strength as Asher’s hips moved with powerful, short thrusts. Bliss curled her toes as she touched his back. Asher let go of her nipple and lifted his head. Milk dripped from his lips as the elf grabbed the sides of his head. She pulled him closer, their lips mashing together. Tongues danced as Asher pushed his soul deeper into Elara. The pair stayed connected, bodies betraying each other.

When their lips parted, Asher growled his undeniable urges. They whipped at him, the sounds of skin on skin rising up. Elara shuddered as she bounced against his power. Milk leaked as Asher grew more and more crazed.

Elara saw it in his eyes, he was too turned on to come. Frustration spiraled as he wanted to spill every drop of him in her, on her. Elara’s legs coiled around his waist as she wrapped her arms around his strong shoulders. She held him close, her lips close to his ear.

“I’m here for you. You can slow down. Feel me squeeze you. Feel me love you. I want your seed. I want you to fill my cunt until it drips out. I want you to fuck me again, knowing you can.”

Elara gasped as he slowed down, his cock moving slowly against her tight inner world. The younger man’s veiny cock speared her and

she moved with him, coaxing his love for her.

“That’s it, feel me squeeze you. I need you. I need you to show me how much you want me. I need to feel it...to be sure,” she said with such a sultry whisper, her own eyes fluttered in her head.

Asher stared at nothing as Elara filled his mind’s eye. Her scent and heat glowed like a long-lost dream. Her words comforted him and he eased enough for his cock to thicken. Pushing deep, he let out a long, hard exhale.

Elara’s inner world was pushed to the limit, when the mature elf let out her own, long exhale.

Long, thick spurts of pale white seed quickly filled the tight space. Pleasure glowed into heavenly delight as Asher and Elara were lost to it. Their bodies moved in slow, powerful movements, milking the shared orgasm. The zenith of their coupling radiated like many suns, as tingling paradise swamped every part of their bodies. Reality shifted into only two souls, floating in the starry cosmos.

When they drifted back to their bodies, Elara’s thighs wiggled before she let go. The elf fell several inches to the bed, and bounced in fuzzy heat. She gasped for air as Asher huffed over her. Their connection remained, as honey and come dripped from their union. Milk dripped from aching nipples.

“I...felt...it,” Elara huffed.

“I...felt it,” Asher huffed.

Exhaustion pulled on the mature elf. Sleep whispered to her soul as she could barely keep her eyes open.

Asher’s half-hard cock began to stiffen again. His cock slipped from her and he was on all fours over her.

“I...I...” Elara tried to say she was tired, but couldn’t say the words.

Asher looked down on her with hungry eyes.

“I’m not finished with you, yet,” he said before slipping his hand under her back.

Elara felt like dead weight as the younger man turned her onto her side. He slid down behind her, his standing cock between her round ass cheeks.

Elara stared ahead as a hand cupped her inner thigh and lifted her leg. She didn’t resist as his cock touched her unguarded valley and pushed in. Thick inches spread her inner world and she moaned her delight.

“I want you to remember you’re mine,” Asher said as thick inches slid in and out of her slit from behind.

Hips touched Elara’s ass as she felt his monster cock force her to stay awake and feel every pulse of pleasure. She moaned, but couldn’t stop her own hips from moving from his invasion. Seed and honey spilled from their connection as her moans sang to Asher’s ears.

“Yes...my lord,” Elara whispered.

Asher nodded as he held her leg up and made slow, strong thrusts.

“Now, enjoy your punishment for not sucking my cock when I needed you,” the younger man said darkly.

“Yes...Lord Blackwood,” Elara said as her toes curled and she drowned in dreamy ecstasy.

Chapter 19

Dark Intentions

Asher's eyes opened and a sudden brightness filled the world, inside and out. Turning over, he saw that the bed was empty, save for himself. He grabbed at the blanket and tossed it off like a rogue readying to slide into the shadows.

A rested and refreshed feeling glowed as he leapt out of bed and landed on his bare feet. He couldn't hide his smile. Memories of last night's activities were still fresh. They played on, he and Elara spending time in many different positions and plenty of cuddling in between.

It wasn't simply the love-making that brought his morning smile, but the unbound closeness they both felt and discussed between storms of moans and writhing bodies. The honesty between them glowed, and Asher couldn't remember when he was that honest with anyone, even on a soul touching level.

The younger man moved to his closet and began pulling out clothes. He quickly dressed as birdsong filled the sunny world beyond the windows. When he finished, he darted out of the bedroom, down the long corridor, and to the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs, he walked along with new energy in step. When he stepped into the living room, he eyed something he hadn't seen before. He stopped in his tracks and blinked.

Elara sat in one of the single, comfortable chairs. Nyn, Blyss, and Amber sat on the couch. All of them had one specially designed jar at one breast. The four women seemed to stare into nothing, their gazes unfocused. They gently exhaled in unison, milk spraying into the nearly full bottles.

Asher approached as they each held a jar in one hand, and squeezed their connected breast with the other. Creamy milk continued to spray as they didn't seem to acknowledge Asher was there.

"Is everyone well, this morn?" Asher said, not because of what they were doing, but because of their blank stares.

Heads slowly nodded as they barely blinked.

"The experience...has deepened," Elara said slowly.

"We feel the connection to the Divine Mother," Amber added.

“It feels incredible,” Nyn said.

Blyss slowly blinked and remained silent.

“Is this something I should worry about?”

All four women shook their heads slowly.

The good feeling stayed with Asher. “Can I help?”

“Help me,” they all said at once.

Asher grinned as he made his way over to Elara. His hands touched her shoulders and he began to massage them. The elf’s eyes rolled into her head and nearly instantly, her stream of milk grew a tiny thicker. After a few moments, he moved to each one in turn, massaging their shoulders and necks as some of them let out moans of pleasure.

After a few more minutes, all four women pulled away the milk-filled jars and seemed to wake from their trances. They corked the tops and placed them on the coffee table. Amber stood up and began collecting them. She put them in a crate at the end of the table.

“It felt wonderful,” Elara said as she sat back in her chair.

“Our bodies shouldn’t be producing so much,” Nyn said as she too sat back.

“The milk is not just a physical liquid, but a mixture of your growing mana,” Amber explained as she finished putting the bottles in the crate. “We are connected to the Divine Mother, and her power is also slipping into what we produce.”

“Love milking in morning,” Blyss said with heavy eyes.

Amber nodded. “Farms run morning routines differently, but we should decide on a steady routine. If we don’t expel the milk, our breasts are going to hurt.”

Asher moved behind Elara’s chair again and rubbed her shoulders. The mature elf let out a deep, relaxing sigh as she closed her eyes. Her body nearly melted into the seat.

Amber looked at the happy elf. “She produced the most this morning.”

“Did it have anything to do with the entire night of love making?” Nyn said with a faint smile.

The faun smiled and nodded. “Arousal deepens the connection, not only to ourselves, but to the Divine Mother.”

“It would appear, I have a lot of work to do,” Asher winked at the

faun.

Laughter filled the room before all the women nodded in agreement.

“What’s going to happen if we have more guests on the farm?” Elara asked without opening her eyes.

“Most of the time, guests stay for a few weeks to a month. Of course, there will always be those who want to stay longer, even years. There will also be those that want to stay forever. It depends on how the farm is run and the owner’s set rules,” Amber answered.

“My farm, my rules,” Asher said as he massaged Elara.

“It is your family’s estate. The Society is a partnership, nothing more,” Amber added.

“Do we become part of the society if we stay?” Nyn asked.

Amber gave a nervous, wry smile. “It depends. It will be a year before Asher decides if he wants to join or not. If he does say yes, he can designate anyone he trusts to be part of it, as long as they are part of the farm, either by helping running it, or a pledged loved one, or both. They will not have full member status, but there are some perks.”

“I do like how the Society doesn’t force anyone into anything,” Elara said with fluttering eyes.

“As I mentioned, it’s a partnership. Some who come here seek something they never experienced, or wished to experience again. It can be overwhelming, but with time, even those who thought they would never leave, do leave to return to their former lives.”

Asher looked down at the top of Elara’s head. For the first time in many weeks, he was deeply concerned. As if reading his thoughts, Elara lifted her hand and placed it over his on her shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze.

“I stay forever. Suck master’s cock, forever,” Blyss said without hesitation.

Everyone smiled and laughed.

“We will never question your stance or oath, my friend,” Nyn said with a small smile toward the goblin.

“There is still a lot of work to do, getting this place in better shape to receive guests. But after last night’s party, I think we can take the day off.”

Everyone nodded.

“Tomorrow is the delivery pickup. I’ll make sure the crates are stacked in the basement and ready to bring up for tomorrow morning. We will have potions and milk to hand over,” Amber informed.

“Sounds good,” Asher nodded before looking at everyone in the main room. “How about I cook and break our fasts. We have plenty of eggs, and left over food from last night in the cold chests.”

“Yes!” all four shouted and smiled.

Asher’s heart warmed as he saw his new, budding family.

“I’ll get started,” he said as brilliant sunlight streamed in from the windows.

The large farmhouse glowed in the sun as the day passed from morning to evening. The air grew a little cooler as the sun dipped behind the horizon, as another day was slowly drawing to a close.

In the master bedroom, Asher was naked and on his back. He lifted his head to see Nyn’s back to him and her ass rising and falling while his cock was buried in her. Wet inches appeared and disappeared between them as the elf moaned her pleasure. Her plump ass rippled as she slammed it down and brought it back up a few inches, and slammed it down again.

Beside Asher was Elara and Amber naked and talking. They glanced over with happy smiles as Asher was trapped by the dark-blue haired, mature elf. Blyss was on the other side of Asher with sleepy eyes and come leaking from between her thick thighs.

“You were...correct. His cock does feel very good,” Nyn said as she bounced on him.

Elara and Amber giggled.

Asher let his head fall back onto the bed, bliss and soreness singing their songs. The day had fallen into eating and fucking. Nyn had wanted to be last because she wanted Asher to last the longest with her during their first time. Despite her time there, she wanted to experience full penetration, but not be distracted as she researched it. She told Asher to keep his hands off of her, and let her explore the moment.

Asher, never one to interrupt research, agreed.

The time before Nyn was spent in the throes of passion between an elf, faun, and a horny goblin who didn’t know her limits. Elara and Amber enjoyed their time, but Blyss whined for more and more. Asher grew sterner as she couldn’t stop being on him, to the point he held

her down and fucked her so hard, she screamed for more. When her eyes crossed and she went limp, Asher finished and collapsed in exhaustion. That was when Nyn took what she wanted.

“I am a little peckish,” Elara mentioned.

“I’m hungry too,” Amber agreed.

“Need...food,” Blyss said with a sleepy hiss.

Elara moved closer to Amber and rested her chin on her arm. The elf looked down to Asher as he gritted his teeth and kept his hands on the bed.

“Are you hungry, my lord?”

“Yeah,” the younger man growled through his teeth.

Amber touched Elara’s large breast and gave it a squeeze, milk dripping out. She ducked her head a little and drank from her as Elara shifted her gaze down to the suckling faun.

“Oh, that feels nice,” the mature elf said with a motherly tone.

“I would get us something, but,” Asher let the words hang in the air as Nyn shuddered hard on him.

The elf’s mouth hung open and her eyes closed, drinking in the explosions cascading along her nerves and inner world.

Amber pulled back from Elara’s breast and sat up. She looked over her shoulder to Asher and everyone else.

“Blyss and I can prepare some plates with food. We will bring it up and have it on the bed,” Amber said with a happy smile.

“Leave me,” the goblin said as she feebly tried to crawl over to Asher.

Asher continued to grit his teeth until pain turned into a cloud of bliss. His cock thickened and Nyn moaned louder. She sank down to the hilt, when spurts of seed painted her inner world. Hips moved slowly, milking the younger man’s member.

Nyn fell forward onto her hands, not breaking the connection. She was breathing hard as wetness and come spilled from their union.

“That...was...delightful,” Nyn huffed.

Amber slipped out of bed and her hooves touched the floor. She circled the bed to the other side. Blyss tried to crawl closer to Asher as he gasped for air. The faun grabbed her and pulled her across the bed to her.

“No!” Blyss said feebly.

Amber picked up some clothes and threw a long shirt onto the sleepy goblin.

“Come on. Master needs a break,” Amber tried to reason.

“What about Blyss’s needs!” the goblin growled.

“I will pull you off the bed,” Amber smiled evilly.

The goblin began making annoyed grunts as she slipped off the bed and attempted to put a shirt on. When it was over her head and draped down from her shoulders, it was quickly noticed that the goblin was wearing Asher’s shirt like a dress.

“It smell like master,” the goblin giggled before holding the collar to her nose again.

Amber put on her own shirt, before guiding the goblin with her and out of the bedroom door.

Nyn uncoupled herself from Asher and fell onto her side on the bed, taking deep breaths.

Asher sat up and looked down at Elara’s smile.

“This was fun, but I am looking forward to more adventures. I hope your body can handle it.”

“We’ll test it, after some food,” Asher said with intent in his eyes.

Elara smiled as she laid on her side with excitement in her gaze.

Asher slipped out of bed and stood up. He stretched as he knew the night was going to be far from over. He walked over to the window and looked at the dark countryside. The sun had already set and night’s cloak covered Mist Valley.

Elara turned onto her other side and stared at the younger man’s butt. “Nyn, when you write your stories, be sure to get every detail correct.”

The elf made a weak nod.

Asher didn’t turn back, his gaze still on the dark countryside. A new calm flowed over his soul, the answer to a question growing brighter in his mind. His heart thudded a little hard, partly from exhaustion, and partly from excitement.

I think I already know my answer, but I will still have to give it some time. A lot can happen in a year, so I should take it day by day until the fateful day where I agree, or disagree.

Asher’s thoughts shifted to the two elves on his bed. He dared not look back, for he would simply crawl into bed and continue their

tryst. He was already getting hard again, but his stomach cried out for food. He needed energy before the night continued.

The thoughts of the elves lingered. The faun and goblin joined those thoughts. They were all starting something much bigger than themselves, and they felt the connection to fate's threads. It swirled along his soul, a bright future and purpose bringing a swell of true happiness.

The moment fell away when a dark figure shambled by the house.

Asher remained silent, looking down to the grassy ground beside the house. The figure moved oddly, walking toward the front and vanishing around the corner.

The young man turned and darted for the closet. He grabbed a shirt and leggings. He quickly dressed before reaching in and grabbing his sheathed short sword within the closet edge. He drew the blade and turned around to Elara and Nyn staring at him with wide eyes.

"Someone or something is outside," Asher said in a low tone.

Elara and Nyn slid out of bed instantly and grabbed their clothes from the floor.

"It could be a new guest, coming from the wild gate," Elara whispered.

A loud bang came from downstairs.

"Stay here. Blyss and Amber are downstairs. I'll get them up here and lock the door afterwards. Don't open it until you hear my voice," Asher directed.

"We are not cowering here. We're coming with you," Elara said as she put on her simple dress.

Nyn nodded as she put on hers.

Asher gritted his teeth as time was running out. "Then stay back. If I'm attacked, run out the kitchen door."

The ranger moved to the bedroom door and gently opened it. Another loud bang came from the first floor, and the sound of straining wood followed.

Asher bent his knees and darted forward like a silent ghost. He moved swiftly along the long corridor. He reached the stairs and made his way down with silent, but quick steps. When he reached the first floor, the sound of splintering wood and a door slamming open cracked the air.

Images of Blyss and Amber filled his mind. Worry bled into action

as he darted out of the corridor and into the edge of the living room, naked short sword in hand.

Cold spring air blasted in as a figure stood in the doorframe. Odd, stiff strands poked out from the figure as they wore a straw hat. Their clothes were disheveled. It had worker gloves on its hands, and plain, weathered boots on its feet. Its head was tilted forward, the hat brim covering part of its face.

Asher instantly felt he had seen the figure before. A tick later, he recognized the scarecrow from the garden.

The figure lifted their head and showed a sack for a face, with button eyes and features drawn on it. Straw poked out from its neck and joints.

Asher firmed up his jaw, seeing that it wasn't any of the new scarecrows from the home warming, it was the one that was left for him as a gift, leaning on his fence.

Reality grew crystal clear as sudden movement charged. The scarecrow bolted for the young man, its arms and legs making odd movements, but not slowing down.

Asher darted at it, closing the distance in a blink. Gloved hands reached for him, but Asher fell to his knees and slid across the wood floor. His sword flashed as hands and arms missed him. He then was back to his feet and spinning around, his sword slashing across the scarecrow's back.

Hay was whipped into the air, but the scarecrow didn't fall. It turned around and lunged at Asher. The young man moved with skill as he avoided the scarecrow's grasping hands and sliced upwards. An arm separated at the elbow and straw scattered into the air. Asher kept moving, until the scarecrow used its entire body and crashed into him. Asher stumbled to the side, but stayed standing. He turned and pointed his blade, pommel close to his chest as the scarecrow charged.

Before Asher's eyes, the thing that looked like a scarecrow, impaled itself in the chest by his sword. It made no sound as it continued with depraved indifference. Its chest reached the hilt as its remaining gloved hand formed a fist.

The blow caused Asher to see stars. He stumbled back, but kept his grip and pulled his sword with him. When his gaze cleared, the scarecrow was upon him. The blade slashed as Asher dodged away. He readied to continue his attacks, when something clamped onto his ankle.

Asher glanced down in stern annoyance as the severed arm

flopped as the gloved hand latched onto him. His sword slashed, the cut blasting the straw arm and hand to pieces. Before he could recover, the scarecrow slammed a gloved fist across Asher's cheek.

Despite a hand filled with straw, Asher stumbled as it felt like he was hit with a big rock. He moved to try and recover, when a gloved hand frantically grabbed at his belt. The sudden awkwardness allowed Asher to plant his feet. He lifted his blade to bring it down on the scarecrow's head, when a gloved fist shot up under his chin. An explosion of pain sent him a few inches up into the air and crashing down on the floor.

Dazed, Asher barely made out the scarecrow as it bent down with its hand reaching down to his belt again.

Lighting and ice swirled along a pair of outstretched hands. Elara and Nyn aimed at the scarecrow's back as they whispered the trigger words to their incantations. Lightning streamed out from Elara's hand, while ice blasted out of Nyn's hand. Each attack streaked and slammed into the scarecrow's back.

Lightning and ice exploded. Smoke rose up as ice shards stabbed into the scarecrow's back. The scarecrow was stunned before standing up and gazing over its smoking shoulder to the two elves by the corridor.

"Hit it again," Elara said with a commanding tone.

The pair began a new incantation.

The scarecrow turned and took a hard step toward them. Its entire body seemed to coil, ready to charge. A shadow bolted up from the floor, short sword swinging from low to high. Silver metal flashed upwards, and a straw hat went spinning into the air.

The scarecrow took another step, before it fell into two halves. Straw burst from it when each half hit the floor. Asher stood over the mess as straw moved like long, yellow worm masses. The ranger's sword made a flurry of slashes until the mass was no longer moving.

Asher stood, heaving hard as straw floated down from around him. He looked up to Elara and Nyn's relieved gazes.

"No one move," came from the kitchen archway.

Asher, Elara, and Nyn turned to see a cloaked figure with a wand in one hand, and an arm around Amber's chest. The faun looked at Asher with wide, terrified eyes. The cloak hood slipped a little as a black wand touched the faun's neck.

Mayor Oak stared hard at Asher. "Where's the key to the

basement? Give it to me and everyone will keep their lives. All you will have to do is go to the wild gate and never come back.”

Elara and Nyn turned their hands to the older man holding Amber captive.

“Don’t!” Oak said as he tapped the wand point to Amber’s neck.

“Mayor?” Asher said as he stood at ease, short sword still in hand and blood dripping from a cut on his cheek.

“I just want the Lac Codex and a little of your blood. It will be everything I need to read and use it. There will be no need for any further violence if you hand over the key.”

“Mayor, put the wand down. We can discuss this. I know you’re worried about the town, but I can tell you, I want to stay,” Asher said with an even tone.

“Fuck the town!” Mayor Oaks growled. “It’s about the knowledge, and the gold to be made. I don’t want to be here any longer. The town is dying, and the codex will ensure I can move on to a better life!”

The mayor’s eyes narrowed as rage filled them. “This all could have been avoided if your uncle simply stayed. We had an arrangement. He paid well to keep it between us, to keep the Windswells at bay. With another year or two, I would have left this shithole with some coin.

“But he left, breaking our agreement! I knew I couldn’t trust his word! I knew if I was going to enjoy the rest of my life, I couldn’t wait on anyone else. I needed to take control of my own destiny! I need to be the one truly in power.”

Amber looked at Asher with fearful eyes.

Desperation filled the mayor’s cruel gaze. “If you just promised me, I would have worked with you. We could have had a new agreement, when you began making some coin. But you couldn’t give me a firm answer. I needed a firm answer!”

“Mayor,” Asher said sternly.

Mayor Oak shook his head, but his gaze never left Asher’s calm eyes. “I used to be a mage and adventurer in my youth. I used to travel with a party, seeking our fortune. When my friends died, I had nothing left but nightmares. I settled here, because I couldn’t do it again. I couldn’t go out there and die like they did, leftover chunks of meat from a giant’s clubs. Never again.

“But a piece of me did die. My courage was gone, slain with my friends. I took the easy path, and it led me to leading a town of

dreamers and idiots! It doesn't pay well, but your uncle gave me hope again, that I could lead a new life."

"You still can," Asher said with a softer tone. "Put down the wand. Let's talk it out. If you had an agreement with my uncle, I will honor it."

The mayor shook his head with eyes filled with resignation. "We both know, it's too late for that. The trust is broken, and I am tired of waiting on the world."

"Give me what I want, or I will start killing all of you and find it myself."

In the kitchen, a small, green hand reached silently into an open, island drawer, and pulled out a long kitchen knife.

"Mayor," Asher said calmly. "I know what you're feeling. I felt it too, many times. Adventure life is hard. Myself and my friends nearly died before I received my uncle's letter. I knew, if I didn't consider my uncle's offer, I would be dead soon. We can still salvage this."

Tears filled the edges of Mayor Oak's wrinkled eyes. "No, we cannot. You're young, you can still have a future. For me, I died a long time ago and the old man you see is nothing more than a ghost of a coward."

"Give me the key and blood. Leave and find a new life."

A small green body blurred from the kitchen and launched into the air.

Asher's eyes widened as he saw Blyss flying through the air with a raised kitchen knife and wild violence in her eyes. She flew silently, until she landed on the mayor's cloaked back and stabbed the knife into his shoulder.

"ARRGH!" the mayor grunted.

Time slowed down as Amber's eyes turned from fear to courage. She lifted up her arm and slammed her elbow into the mayor's ribs. He grunted as his wand shifted away. Amber darted from the mayor's grasp and toward Elara and Nyn. Blyss shouted obscenities as she repeatedly stabbed the mayor in the back while holding on to him.

Blood spurted as the mayor's eyes took on an evil gleam. He aimed his wand at the fleeing faun. Energy charged and spiraled along the black wand.

Asher was already moving, short sword at his side.

The mayor shifted and during another stab, Blyss lost her grip and fell.

Time moved like molasses as the wand went off, a lightning bolt blasting out of the tip.

Elara grabbed Amber when light flashed. The elf pulled the faun with her as she turned around, her back to the deranged mayor. A lightning bolt struck her back, sending the elf and faun off their feet and crashing down to the floor.

There was no thought or hesitation in Asher's mind. He reached the mayor in a blink. His sword swung out, aiming for the mayor's neck. A tiny moment was shared by Asher and the mayor, the pair looking into each other's eyes. One had fear, the other had protective fury.

The short sword sliced through flesh, meat, and bone. The mayor's head separated from his neck, followed by a fountain of crimson red.

Asher was on the other side as the mayor's body crumpled into a spewing mess. His head landed a short distance away as Blyss looked down on it with contempt.

Asher dropped his blade and darted to Elara and Amber. The faun held Elara on her side, tears in her eyes. The mature elf was breathing quickly, burnt flesh and exposed spine plain as day.

"No, NO!" Asher said as he slammed down on his knees beside her.

He was over her and looking down on terrified eyes.

"Nyn! Get the key ring from my nightstand! Get it now!" Asher shouted.

The elf darted to the stairs and up them.

"Elara, we have healing potions. We just need one to help you."

The mature elf nodded with wide eyes. "Don't leave my side," she said with fear in her voice.

Asher took her hand into his and squeezed. "I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere."

"This...has been...an adventure," Elara trembled.

"We will have many more. Just stay with us. Stay with me," Asher said with soothing, calm words.

Nyn appeared by them, keys in hands. She didn't wait for orders, rushing to the door and inserting the key into the lock. The door opened and she darted downstairs. Her oval eyes glanced around until she saw the stack of crates. She spotted red potions within one of them and rushed over.

Amber had tears in her eyes as she looked down on the wounded elf.

Asher's lips were close to Elara's pointed ear as he still held her hand. "A promise was made, and I will honor it to my dying day."

Elara's trembling eased and she turned her green eyes to his. "A promise was truly made," she said softly as joy filled her eyes.

Nyn bolted out from the basement entrance and uncorked the potion vial. Asher lifted a hand and Nyn put the potion in it. He brought it down carefully and put it to Elara's lips.

The elf's eyes fluttered as warm liquid spilled into her mouth. Blyss looked down with worried, tear-filled eyes. Amber sobbed as Nyn looked down on her best friend with wet eyes.

"Let the potion do its work," Asher said with loving warmth.

He leaned back enough to see her deep wound. At first, nothing happened, but as seconds ticked by, burnt flesh began to fall away. Skin and muscle grew and regenerated. The wound closed and mended. When the wound fully closed, and her skin returned to normal, a sigh of relief fell from everyone's lips.

Elara turned onto her back, her head still in Amber's lap. She smiled at Asher's worried eyes.

"Our adventures are just beginning," she said with a warm, sultry edge.

Asher smiled before he lowered his head and kissed her. His heart hammered with bursting joy as she was on the mend.

Blyss stood up and glanced over to the headless body and blood pooling on the floor. The goblin huffed before turning her attention to Amber's crying, happy eyes.

"Mistress saved you. Soul debt to her," the goblin pointed at the faun.

Amber blinked with tears streaking down her cheeks.

Nyn smiled and touched the faun's shoulder with a warm squeeze.

Blyss turned with hands on her hips, looking down at the headless corpse of the mayor.

"Not first time, cleaning up body. Take outside. Unclean, keeping body in home," the goblin said and made her way over to the mayor's legs.

Amber and Nyn watched as the goblin grabbed ankles and, surprisingly, began dragging the corpse toward the slightly ajar

kitchen door. A thick trail of blood followed as the mayor's head lay nearby, staring at nothing.

Asher and Elara broke their kiss and he lifted his head to look at the faun.

"How did he get you, and not Blyss?" Asher asked in astonishment.

Amber wiped away tears as she spoke, "Blyss went to the water closet, while I was preparing food. The mayor came to the kitchen door, and I thought he was simply visiting. When I opened the door, he barged in and grabbed me, holding a wand to my neck. That was when the front door crashed open."

Asher sat down and rubbed the side of his head. "The scarecrow was meant to be a distraction, so we wouldn't see him. He might have considered taking your life if the scarecrow didn't get the keys. Or wait until the scarecrow killed us."

Anger and sorrow painted Asher's heart and mind. He slowly stood up. Amber, Nyn, and Asher helped Elara up to her feet. The elf weaved, before leaning on Nyn.

"Take Elara upstairs to rest. I'll help Blyss with the corpse and then go into town and contact someone about this," Asher said before turning his gaze to the mayor's head on his living room floor.

"Desperation makes us all lose our minds, from time to time," the younger man said before walking to the lifeless head dripping blood on his floor.

Chapter 20

Sunny Horizons

Morning brilliance bathed Mist Valley in warm light. Birds sang as they hopped from branch to branch. The breeze was gentle. The morning mist had burned away, leaving a fresh, clean scent across the entire valley.

By a road, a wagon was parked, with a lumpy figure in the back and covered by a white sheet. Small dots of dried blood were scattered along the sheet as two figures stood beside it in the sunny light.

Asher and Dina looked at the covered remains with sad eyes. She tore her gaze away from the wagon. A small group of Dina's workers were mulling about some forty feet away from them.

"It's a shame he took things so far," Dina sighed as she looked at the young man. "But I do have to ask, why did you get me?"

"Aside from who I know on the farm, you've been the only person I have talked to from town. I figured you would have some idea of what to do next," Asher said plainly.

Dina nodded as she looked down. "Mayor Oak was a good mayor, for the time he was here. We all knew he was having a rough time with life, but we tried to be supportive. In the end, it seems he just snapped."

Dina shook her head. "Star Fall will be without leadership for a time, until we can prepare a special election. We took it for granted that he would be leading us for many more years."

The woman looked at Asher with understanding eyes. "We will transport the body to the town cemetery and notify his family of his passing. We will keep the details quiet, so he can move on in peace, if that's okay?"

Asher nodded. "It's okay. I didn't want it to end this way. I tried to talk him out of it, but he was committed."

"We don't have a sheriff, so we try to handle things on our own. I'm just happy that you and your guests made it through okay. Please, don't take his actions as an example of the type of people we have in town. We pride ourselves on small-town values and watching out for one another."

Asher smiled. "I don't. Everyone is responsible for their own actions."

Dina nodded before she made a hand signal to her crew. The small group nodded as they walked toward the wagon.

“I’ll sort this out. Try and enjoy your day and don’t be a stranger,” Dina said with a warm smile.

Asher nodded as Dina moved to the wagon and helped to pull it. He watched them make their way along the dirt road as the world was bathed in golden light.

Taking in a deep inhale, Asher enjoyed the clean air before exhaling. He turned and made his way back to the farmhouse. Once inside, he saw everyone gathered in the living room. They all lifted their heads and turned their gazes to him.

Elara stood up with concerned eyes.

“Dina will take care of the arrangements with the mayor,” Asher quickly explained.

Asher’s eyes took on sorrow, knowing what he had to say next.

“I know the farm is meant to be a relaxing, spiritual experience, but I understand if that peace was broken. I wouldn’t fault anyone for wanting to leave.”

The women glanced at each other. Time stood still as silence filled the large room. A blink later, smiles bloomed from all.

“Never leave master’s side,” Blyss grinned.

“It would be wrong to leave when we are just getting started,” Amber smiled.

“There is still much research to be performed,” Nyn said with a small smile.

Elara sauntered down the middle of the living room, toward Asher. She stopped right before him and lifted her arms, draping them on his shoulders. She looked into his eyes with a gleam of confidence and deep affection.

“We are on this adventure together. A promise was made,” the elf winked.

Asher placed his hands on her waist and held her close. A smile appeared and he looked upon the beautiful elf with dreamy affection.

“I’m happy to hear it, because we have a lot to do. The spring is here and we need to plant crops and continue building out our plans. I was also thinking, we should turn the farm not only a place for divine experiences, but alter the property a little to add a winery.

“Can’t have a place of relaxation without wine.”

Amber stood up with stars in her eyes. “Oh, I love this! Wine makes everything better!”

“Milk and wine? Sounds like the title for my first book,” Nyn said with serious eyes.

“Me follow master to the end,” Blyss said with happiness in her oval, yellow eyes.

Elara stayed close as she looked up to her handsome lover, “How forward thinking. I believe I’m going to enjoy our time on this adventure very much.”

“You better,” Asher said with a wicked grin, when a voice came from outside.

“Hello!” the voice came again.

Everyone turned to the front door, but it was Asher and Elara who moved toward it, side by side. The young man opened the door and they stepped out.

A black, covered wagon stood on the other side of the fence, complete with two beautiful black horses. A man in black stood by the gate, his hood back and serious eyes staring right at Asher. He had a sheathed sword at his hip, black leathers and cloak.

The young man left Elara’s side and walked to the gate. When he reached it, he gave the stern looking man a slight bow.

The man in black leather bowed and stood up.

“Greetings, Lord Blackwood,” the man began. “My name is Samuel Thorne. I will be your consignment agent between your farm and the society. I will come once a month to pick up deliveries and transport them away. I will also handle payment of each batch of potions and raw milk.”

Asher nodded. “Good to meet you, Samuel. We’ll get the delivery together.”

The man in black gave a stern nod. “I’ll be waiting.”

Asher turned back to see everyone on the porch. “Amber, give me a hand,” he said as he walked back to them.

Amber gave Asher a nod.

The next half-hour was spent picking up crates and bringing them up from the outside side entrance leading from the basement. Asher and Amber worked, bringing up each one until the basement was cleared. The pair then began carrying them over to the wagon and placing them on the dirt road. Samuel picked up each crate and slid

them carefully into the back of his wagon. After everything was picked up and placed within the wagon, Samuel reached into a hip satchel that seemed to be much deeper than it actually appeared to be.

“I counted the potions and raw milk containers. It comes to two thousand, four hundred and fifty gold coins,” Samuel said as he pulled out a small, hefty sack of coin and handed it over.

Asher took the sack of coins into his hand, his face not betraying the good mood so much coin brought him in this moment.

“See you next month,” Samuel said as he stepped to the front of the wagon and climbed into his seat.

Asher and Amber watched as the man in black made a clicking sound with his mouth. The horses nodded before they moved forward and turned.

When the wagon slowly disappeared in the distance, Asher let out a long exhale.

“This is just the beginning,” the faun grinned.

Asher nodded. “Yes, it is.”

The pair headed back to the farmhouse with a bright future shining in their minds.

Night visited upon Mist Valley once again. The breeze picked up as warm air lingered from the beautiful day. Stars blinked into view across the clear, abyssal sky.

Asher walked into the living room with a book in his hand. He slowed to a stop to see everyone in the house lounging. Blyss sat before the fireplace, the flames dancing in her large eyes. Nyn was on the couch with Amber, the pair reading different books. Elara sat on a comfortable loveseat. The mature elf smiled at him and patted the seat next to her, ready to share reading a book together.

Asher smiled at the beautiful elf. In a matter of a few weeks, the farmhouse already began to feel like home. He knew there would be more secrets to uncover, and tasks to complete, but for tonight, he was happy to be with the women he was deeply fond of. There was no way to predict the future, but if Asher could hazard a guess, they would all have a grand time as they explored their lives together.

The young man walked toward the sitting elf. He grinned at her as she smiled at him with loving eyes. He was about to sit, when there was a knock at the front door.

Everyone looked up from what they were doing and turned

toward the front door.

“I’ll be right back,” Asher said as he walked past Elara.

The elf reached out and touched his hand as he stepped away, her heart growing warmer by the moment.

Asher reached the front door, bliss swirling along his heart from Elara’s touch. He grabbed the doorknob and opened the door.

A cool breeze flowed into the large room as a figure stood beyond the door frame. Asher’s eyes widened a hair as he drank in the woman before him.

The woman stood at seven feet tall, with pale skin and curved horns. The tips of the black horns pointed up as she looked down with interested eyes. Pointed ears graced the sides of the woman's head. Her features were angular, with high cheekbones and smooth, almost perfect skin. She wore a sheer red dress, but it could not hide her feminine curves and deep cleavage. Her feet were bare, but had three toes and her heel stabbed out. Each toe was tipped with a curved talon. A tail snaked into view from behind her with a triangular tip at the end.

The demon woman smiled with fanged, white teeth. Her slitted gaze drank in the strong, young man before her.

“My name is Katriss Bloodwater. I’ve come for the experience,” the demonic woman said with a sinister smile.

~Fin~

Dedications

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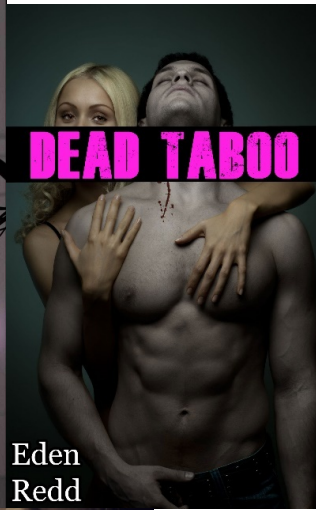
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Cebelius
Jamie Hawke
Chase Danger
Zachariah Dracoulis
Apollos Throne
Charles Dean
George Fisher
Paul Bellow
Mike Truk
M Damon Baker
Bonnie Price
Austin Beck
Marcus Sloss
D. Levesque
Bruce Sentar
Jack Porter
Neil Bimbeau

**A royal thanks to my ARC Knights. May your armor never dent
and your swords remain as sharp as your minds and sturdy as
your hearts.**

Brandon Patrick Moore
Akryn
Chris Pacheco
Richard G Stahl
Sir Daskarn
Darian Lawnsea
PwrQuad
Angus Hutto
Bob Milne
Ken Thompson
Knight Morgan Fellwyn
James Draven
Patrick Powers
Jon Johnson
Kell EverCross
Bruno Stolte
Greg Heckman
Mike Matthews
Jurjen van Dijk
Steven Sharp
Mr. Stud Muffin
Nigel Tufnel
Rashly the Flirt
Scully
Malaclypse The Third
Tanner Likins
Justin Turner
Michael Crowell
Josh Robinson
TJ Mueller
Roger Robinson-Turner
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Jess Wisto
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A Note from Eden Redd

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I am also on [twitter!](#) I tend to put sexy monster pics and quirky thoughts/ideas.

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